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LIFE AND TIMES

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS:

WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

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COMMENCED

BY CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.

CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED

BY TOM TAYLOR, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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ERRATA, VOL. II.

Page 13, line 2, *for* "Miss Marlow" *read* "Miss Hardcastle."

„ 19, last line. The picture referred to here, and in note 2, is not the painting which was bought by Mr. Grissell. *See* vol. i. page 479.

„ 19, *note*, *for* "Grizell" *read* "Grissell."

„ 25, line 15, *for* "Carlyle" *read* "Carlisle."

„ 74, last line but one, *for* "F. Malton" *read* "T. Malton."

„ 138, line 22, *for* "Deanery of Cashel" *read* "an Irish living." *See* page 85.

„ 153, line 11, *for* "Council" *read* "Counsel."

„ 190, line 23, *for* "Beconsfield" *read* "Beaconsfield."

„ 214, line 18, } *for* "Kirtley," *read* "Kirkley."
„ „ *note*, }

„ 233, line 23, *for* "Sir John Saville" *read* "Sir George Savile."

„ 280, *note* 3, *for* "Edward" *read* "Thomas."

„ „ *for* "Nettlebed" *read* "Nettlested."

„ 302, line 21, *for* "Aylesbury" *read* "Ailesbury."

„ 328, line 12, *for* "godson" *read* "protégé" [it was the son of Lowe here named who was Johnson's godson. *See* vol. i. p. 337, *note*].

„ 418, last line but one, *for* "porpose" *read* "purpose."

„ 424, lines 17, 18, *for* "Howard" *read* "Haward."

„ 431, lines 16–18, Edward Eliot was not created Earl of St. Germans; he was created Baron Eliot only. It was his son who, in 1815, was advanced to the Earldom of St. Germans.

„ 471, *note*, *for* "Ardin" *read* "Arden."

„ „ *for* "Mountmorris" *read* "Mountmorres."

„ 472, line 11, *for* "Thale" *read* "Thrale."

„ 487, line 21, *for* "Adams" *read* "Adam."

„ 491, line 21, *for* "Johnston" *read* "Johnson."

„ 505, line 17, *for* "Elliot" *read* "Eliot."

„ 536, *note*, *for* "Nichols" *read* "Nicol."

„ 537, line 14, *for* "Hayward" *read* "Haward."

„ 538, *note*, *for* "Mr. Waagen" *read* "Dr. Waagen."

„ 544, line 12, *for* "Lord Eden's" *read* "Lord Auckland's."

„ 548, line 24, *for* "Aylesbury" *read* "Aylesford."

„ 595, line 7, *for* "Porteous" *read* "Porteus."

„ 603, line 21, *for* "Edward" *read* "Edmond."

LIFE

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER VI.

1773—1775. ÆTAT. 50—52.

Routine of Sir Joshua's life — A Blue party at Mrs. Ord's — A Friday night at the Club — A Dilettanti dinner — 'She Stoops to Conquer' — The Exhibition — Ugolino — Boswell admitted to the Club — The naval review — Visit to the Isle of Wight — The Oxford degree — Letter to Mr. Gardiner — Portrait of Dr. Beattie — Sir Joshua elected Mayor of Plympton — Presents his portrait to the Corporation — Plan for decorating St. Paul's — Mrs. Hartley; fracas and duel on her account — Duel between Lord Bellamont and Lord Townshend — Lady Cockburn — Streatham Gallery — Mrs. Thrale's verses on Sir Joshua — Dr. Barnard's verses — A dinner in Thrale's copper — Sitters for 1773 — (1774) Letter to Beattie — Decoration of the Society of Arts' room in the Adelphi — Barry's quarrel with Burke — Goldsmith's embarrassments and 'Retaliation' — His illness and death — The Academy dinner and Exhibition — Hannah More's introduction to Sir Joshua — Gainsborough comes to London — Sir Joshua's nephew's tragedy — Visit to Devonshire — Dissolution of Parliament — Analysis of the Sixth Discourse — Sitters for 1774 — Sir Joshua's practice at this time — (1775) Outbreak of war in America — Sir Joshua's connection with the prominent men on both sides — The public indifference to the war — The Duchess of Devonshire — Mrs. Sheridan — Omiah — Johnson attacks Sir Joshua for drinking wine — Hannah More in London again — The feather head-dresses — A dinner at Mrs. Montague's — Jephson's 'Braganza' — The Dilettanti choose two pensioners — Dr. Campbell's impressions of Dr. Johnson — The wits at Mrs. Abington's benefit — A dinner at Thrale's — A field-day at the Club — A dinner at Owen Cambridge's — Hanging troubles — Hone's picture of 'The Conjuror' — The Academy dinner — The Exhibition — Walpole's account of it — Sir Joshua's pictures — Portrait of the Primate of Ireland — Wolcot's testimony to Sir Joshua's equanimity — The regatta — Romney in fashion — The portrait of Miss Bowles — Northcote gives Sir Joshua notice to quit — Some of his recollections — Deaths of Admiral Saunders, Dr. Nugent, and Mrs. Parker — Sir Joshua's character of her — Motion to omit Gainsborough's name from the Academy list — Barry's self-denying resolutions — Pictures and practice of the year.

[1773, ætat. 50.—SIR JOSHUA'S prosperous and pleasant life had now settled into the routine of what may be called its second stage. His days, from ten to four, were given to the labour he loved; his evenings to society at his own house, or abroad. His Sundays were generally days of rest; crowned often by a dinner at his own villa at Richmond, or at the house of one of his many friends in that beautiful neighbourhood—Owen Cambridge, George Colman, Mrs. Clive, or his old master, Hudson. In the autumn he made short visits to country houses; dividing himself among the many friends who sought his cheerful and unpretending company at Blenheim or Althorpe, Easton, Ampthill, or Elton. Every now and then he made a longer excursion, generally to his native county, for which his affection seems never to have lessened, and where municipal was now added to social honour. At still wider intervals came a visit to the Continent.

But even when Sir Joshua was working his hardest, his life, through this stage, was not what it had been for his first ten years in London. An unbroken stream of sitters no longer poured into his studio, hour by hour between ten and four, from January to May, and again from September to December, with some slackening, but rarely any intermission, in the summer months. Much as Reynolds loved painting, no man probably could long have borne the strain of such labour. He now gave more time to society. His circle of acquaintance had enlarged, and he never lost a friend. The average total of sitters for the year had now fallen from the hundred and fifty, forty, thirty, at which it stood between 1755 and 1765, to sixty and seventy. Many of these are old friends and frequent sitters, in whose case the strain on the painter's mind must have been less severe, and the sittings relieved with pleasant and familiar chat. The intervals left by sitters Sir Joshua occupied on fancy subjects. "Boy," "Girl," "Shepherd-boy," "Shepherd-girl," "Children," are now continually recurring entries. It is to this stage that we must refer some of his most ambitious historical pieces, as the Ugolino, as well as most of those charming little pictures, so many of which contest places in our memories with his finest portraits, as much by virtue of their character and grace as by their power and ease of execution. Many of these belong to this year. One is the Strawberry Girl,[1] with her pottle on her arm, creeping timidly along and glancing round her with large black eyes. She might be little Red Riding Hood hearing the first rustle of the wolf in the wayside bushes, could we substitute a red hood for the odd turban-like headdress with which the painter has crowned his little maiden, and which even Sir Joshua's taste can barely make becoming, and hang on her arm the basket with butter and eggs for her sick grandmother, instead of the strawberry-pottle which gives her a name. To the same style belongs Muscipula[2] holding up the mouse-trap, while the cat eagerly sniffs at the poor little prisoner; Robinetta[3] feeding her bird, perched on her shoulder; and Dorinda[4] sadly crying over her pet's body by the side of its empty cage; the little shepherdess wreathing her lamb's neck with flowers, or leaning on the stile with her crook, while her lambs crop the may-bloom in the hedgerow. Nor are the boys of this class less characteristic, if less charming, than the girls, whether we take the honest, sturdy little street-salesman, with his cabbage-nets on a pole, and the little sister looking over his shoulder timidly, but with faith in the brother's protection; or the little gipsy vagrant[1] whom Sir Joshua had picked up, perhaps, dabbling in the kennels of Hedge Lane, or offering his link at the President's coach-window as he drove home from a late sitting at the Club, or an evening party at Mrs. Montague's. Struck by the boy's golden-brown skin, bright black eyes, and knowing smile, Sir Joshua tells him to come—the next disengaged morning—to the great house in the centre of the west side of the Fields, where he will travestie him into a blackguard Cupid or Mercury,[2] and put him on the canvas besides in his own gipsy rags. Then the streets furnish more refined faces, which he can turn to account as piping shepherds, contemplative youths, stripling St. Johns, and angels of the Nativity. It was in the streets, doubtless, that he picked up his famous Irish beggarman, White, formerly a paviour, now sitting for Ugolino. Thanks to Sir Joshua, White is now in such vogue as a model, that he can hardly find hours in the week for sitting. He has engagements at once, to sit to Mr. Hone in St. James's Place, as St. Paviarius; as a bandit or smuggler to Mr. Mortimer in the Piazzas; as an Apostle, to Mr. West in Panton Square; as a philosopher, to Mr. William Pars, A.R.A., in Percy Street. Such jobs are well enough, but he'd rather go back to begging, he declares, than stand for stingy Mr. Nollekens' bustos,—he pays so badly.[3]

---

[1] Now Lord Hertford's.

[2] Belonging to Lord Lansdowne.

[3] At Peckforton and Lord Lonsdale's.

[4] At Lord Lonsdale's, and in small at Frystone, Mr. Monckton Milnes's.

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[1] Both at Knole.

[2] See these pictures at Knole.

[3] Smith's 'Life of Nollekens.' White sat for the hair of Dr. Johnson's bust.—ED.

As a sample of Sir Joshua's life at this time, let us follow him through a week's engagements, filling up the outlines furnished by the pocket-book as we best can.

Monday, March 1.—"The boy" comes at ten; probably for the youngest son but one of the Ugolino group, which Sir Joshua is finishing for the exhibition. At eleven arrives an Irish gentleman, the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner,[1] now in London for his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Montgomery, one of the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Montgomery; of whom another is engaged to Viscount Townshend (lately succeeded in the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland by Lord Harcourt), and the third to the Hon. John Beresford. All three marriages are to come off this year, or next at latest. The upshot of Mr. Gardiner's sittings, besides his own picture,[2] was a commission to paint the three beautiful sisters, who began to sit to Sir Joshua in May. Mr. Gardiner wished, as he says in the letter introducing Miss Montgomery, to have their portraits "representing some emblematical or historical subject." Hence the picture, now in the National Gallery, of the three young ladies wreathing a term of Hymen with flowers. If an allegory was to be employed—and we see it was the patron's suggestion, and not the painter's—there could not be one more appropriate to these three beautiful girls, standing hand in hand on the threshold of marriage, with the future so bright before them. No other sitter is appointed for Monday; but at seven in the evening there is the Academy lecture, which Sir Joshua never misses—though Mr. Penny could hardly teach him much about painting. There is a reminder "To speak for a painter—Lord Pembroke," which hint we may eke out as we please; either Lord Pembroke had some work for a painter, and had asked Sir Joshua to find him one—a kind of commission the President very often had; or there was some painter in whom Lord Pembroke was interested, and had asked Sir Joshua to speak in favour of the man, or his pictures, to the Academicians whom he might meet at the lecture.

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[1] Afterwards Lord Mountjoy, and first Earl of Blessington: killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Ross in 1798.

[2] Now at Petworth.—ED.

On Tuesday, between nine and eleven, Sir Joshua, strange to say, is not to be found in his painting-room. He is "in the City," no doubt busy with one of his investments; perhaps getting rid of some of his India stock, which keeps falling as the struggle between the Company and the Government grows more and more fierce. He is back in Leicester Fields at eleven, to receive Mr. Gardiner, and perhaps the design for the picture of the three Irish beauties is already discussed. But Sir Joshua has an appointment with Mr. Knapp for twelve, so Mr. Gardiner's sitting is interrupted, but resumed at two, and probably continues till four o'clock strikes, and Sir Joshua lays aside his palette for the day. As he has no engagement to dinner abroad, he very likely receives one of his pleasant unceremonious scrambling parties at five, followed by a rubber or loo-table, with talk, and tea presided over by his nieces, Mary Palmer and her younger sister, Sir Joshua's pet, "Offy," who has lately been sitting for the Strawberry Girl, but thinks her uncle has made her far too much of a child for fourteen. Between cards and conversation, the guests sit late, and twelve has struck before steady Ralph Kirkley has lighted the last of the party out, and barred and bolted the house. Such precautions are not unnecessary in Leicester Fields, when the neighbourhood swarms with loose characters, and supplies a large proportion of their cases to Sir John Fielding and Justice Welch at Bow Street.

On Wednesday, at ten, the boy comes to sit for "the Shepherd,"[1] and Sir Joshua either keeps him till four, or works on his Ugolino, or his Strawberry Girl, or the portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, or passes a last golden glaze over his group of the beautiful young actress Mrs. Hartley, as a Nymph, carrying on her shoulder her boy, vine-wreathed, for an infant Bacchus.[2] And so the moments fly till it is time to dress for a four o'clock dinner at the British Coffee House, where Sir Joshua has appointed to meet a party, Sir Thomas Mills, probably, Cumberland, Adam Drummond, Richard Burke (now home on leave from his post at Grenada), and perhaps Caleb Whitefoord and Dr. Barnard. They adjourn to Drury Lane at half-past six. The play is Home's new tragedy of 'Alonzo.' This is the third or author's night; when the proceeds of the house, after deducting the expenses,[1] go into the pockets of the author, who, besides, often realised by the sale of his copyright to the publishers as much as he received from the theatre. Mr. Home's 'Douglas' has made him a reputation, and the house is crowded. 'Alonzo' is a terrible specimen of the heaviest legitimate tragedy, with all the stock motives and machinery: a secret marriage between Alonzo (Reddish) and Ormisinda (Mrs. Barry); a mistake of jealousy by Alonzo, and a retirement from the world in disgust; a son, Alberto (Clinch), brought up in ignorance of his father; in Act V. a combat between Alonzo and Alberto, interrupted by Ormisinda —distracted, in white satin—who stabs *her*self to prevent the unnatural duel, and is followed by Alonzo, who stabs *him*self; both suicides being without the slightest rational ground that I can discover. Thanks to Mrs. Barry's pathetic tones and lovely face, and the reputation of 'Douglas,' these five acts of doleful declamation ran their eleven nights, a fair success for that day. But in spite of respect for Mr. Home, admiration for Mrs. Barry, and excellent breeding, one imagines Sir Joshua hiding an occasional yawn, and very thankful when they came to the killing, and he could get away to bed; or, likelier still, to a merry supper at the British or the Turk's Head.

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[1] This I believe to have been the Piping Shepherd, one of Sir Joshua's small exquisite fancy pictures, though it remained on his hands at his death, and was bought at Lady Thomond's sale by Sir George Phillips.

[2] Now in the possession of Mr. Bentley, of 7, Portland Place. Golden in colour, sweet in expression, and perfect in preservation.—ED.

Thursday is blank of appointments for either sitter or model. But there is plenty of work in retouching and finishing. At four there is a "dinner at home," but the party breaks up in time for Sir Joshua to attend Mrs. Ord's conversazione at eight. Mrs. Ord is the clever wife of a wealthy Northumbrian gentleman, and, though only a surgeon's daughter, has made her way to the front rank of the Blues, among whom she holds a place immediately after Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Walsingham, and Mrs. Vesey. Here Sir Joshua is certain to meet the chief literary lions of the day, Johnson roaring supreme among them, and occasionally turning upon a rebellious or offending brother lion and rending him; a bishop or two—very probably Shipley of St. Asaph, or Newton of Bristol, who, grave divine and writer on the Prophecies as he was, had not thought it wrong, even before he won his preferment, to travel all the way from Grosvenor Square to Goodman's Fields to see young Garrick; a sprinkling of lawyers and doctors, Dr. Warren or Dr. Brocklesby, Mr. Pepys, or young Mr. Jones, who has lately published his poems from the Persian. There will drop in, besides, during the evening, some of the fashionable wits and noblemen who mix with the literary society of the time—Topham Beauclerc, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lucan, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Ossory; and even George Selwyn may saunter in like a man walking in his sleep, and drop out one of his *mots*, of which the pungency is doubled by the languid gravity of the speaker. More formidable than the gentlemen is the closely packed circle of ladies, in high *têtes*,—crowned, most of them, with queer caps, or lappets, or other fabrics of lace and ribbon,—long stomachers, ample ruffles, and broad stiff skirts of substantial flowered silk or rich brocade. There will be Mrs. Montague, with her thin clever face, her grand air, her bright eyes, and her blaze of diamonds, talking formally and pompously, but neither unkindly nor sillily, to the Duchess of Portland and Lady Spencer; flanked perhaps by Mrs. Chapone, with a face like a Gorgon, but a model of the proprieties and decorums, and an oracle, as having sat at the feet of Richardson; or Mrs. Carter, the lady who knows Greek, and has translated Epictetus, and corresponds with masters of colleges and bishops; or Mrs. Lenox, another literary lady, but less learned than Mrs. Carter—for *her* translations of the Greek are through the French—and less favoured by fortune than most about her. She is just now in great distress, as the apartments which have been granted her in Somerset House are about to be pulled down in the course of Sir William Chambers's projected rebuilding, and she will pour out her griefs and fears in Sir Joshua's sympathising ear, or to Johnson, who, tyrant as he is to the strong, has always a kindly heart for the weak and suffering.

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[1] Then 60*l.* at Drury Lane. Happy times those for managers and authors!

But the younger and cheerfuller part of the society edge away, we may be sure, from this deep-blue section of Mrs. Ord's circle, and gather rather where flighty, deaf, and short-sighted Mrs. Vesey rattles out her incomparable Irish bulls and unconscious blunders with imperturbable good humour: or where—metal more attractive still—Mrs. Thrale (in spite of bankruptcy hanging over her husband's head) bandies epigrams and quotations with the wittiest and most bookish of the men, and rivals the most attractive of the women by the charms of her slight active figure, her bright black eyes, white teeth, and animated, if rather marked, features: or where Mrs. Cholmondeley, by her badinage and her beauty, reminds those who knew her lovely and witty sister, Peg Woffington, of that charming woman.

By her care Mrs. Cholmondeley was educated, reared for fire-side life, and happily as well as highly married, before her sister died at forty-two, without a woman-friend but the poor creatures her charity had relieved, or the fallen ones her tenderness had comforted.

The ladies sit late, and St. Martin's may be striking two as Sir Joshua's carriage turns the western corner of Leicester Fields on its way home.

Lord Cathcart sits on Friday morning, one of the representative peers of Scotland, a distinguished officer, who served and was wounded at Fontenoy, has been Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and is now about to be appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. He is proud of his Fontenoy scar, and requests Sir Joshua to arrange that the black patch on his cheek may be visible. It is not often a man has had a pistol-bullet through the head, and lived.[1] But before Lord Cathcart's arrival, Sir Joshua has had a sitting of one of his "Boys." Between him and Lord Cathcart, and pictures on hand to be finished and sent home, the day is consumed, and at four the painter dines with one of the oldest and most intimate of his friends, Mr. John Parker, one of the Members for Devon, and afterwards Lord Boringdon. Sir Joshua has known him from a boy; they are of about the same age. On the President's visits to Devonshire, Mr. Parker is always one of his hosts; Sir Joshua shoots and hunts with him, and advises him about purchases for his gallery, for Mr. Parker loves pictures as well as country sports, and is bent on having a good collection in his house at

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[1] In all the portraits of Lord Cathcart, whichever side is turned to the spectator, the black patch is on the side most fully seen.—ED.

Saltram, for which the Parkers have left their fine old Tudor hall at Boringdon. His amiable and beautiful wife, Theresa, is now sitting to Sir Joshua for that graceful portrait of her, with her boy of two years old, which now hangs in the Saltram gallery.

On his way from Mr. Parker's, Sir Joshua drops in at the Club, which now sups on Fridays, and at which he is the most constant of attendants. Johnson is absent, being confined to his house in Johnson's Court by gout and catarrh. But there is no lack of company or topics: Topham Beauclerc has to tell the humours of the last masquerade at the Pantheon, on the 18th of February, where Garrick had shone so brilliantly as King of the Gipsies, and jolly Sir Watkin had produced a great effect by riding in as St. David mounted on a Welsh goat. Then there is Garrick's admission to the Club to discuss, the ballot for which is fixed for this month. Johnson is known to be warmly in Garrick's favour, in spite of his contemptuous tone in speaking of the players. Johnson has talked of putting up Boswell's name for ballot, when he arrives from Scotland, in April. Sir Joshua says a good word for the loose-tongued, brazen-faced, pushing, chattering Scotchman, whom everybody else has his fling at. Sir Joshua compels them to admit that he is good company, that he thaws reserve wherever he comes, and sets the ball of conversation rolling. Then Colman opens his budget of difficulties and doldrums over Goldsmith's unlucky comedy, now on the point of production. It must fail; the public will never stand a farce in five acts; all the actors are throwing up their parts; Gentleman Smith declares he won't go on for young Marlow; Woodward has flatly refused Tony Lumpkin; and now

Mrs. Abington is in the pouts and protests she don't see herself in Miss Marlow. Poor Goldy is in despair. They haven't even found a name yet for his hapless play. 'The Mistakes of a Night' is pronounced too trivial for a comedy: 'The old House a new Inn' is voted awkward. Sir Joshua proposes the 'Belle's Stratagem,' and declares, if Goldy doesn't take *his* name, he will go the first night and help to damn his comedy. "There will be no need of his help for *that*," Colman whispers his next neighbour, silent, shy, kindly Bennet Langton. But the tide at the Club runs for the Author and against the Manager. Johnson has given his weighty *fiat*, has declared the comedy the best written for years, and has pinned his reputation on its success. Reynolds warmly maintains Johnson's opinion; Burke throws his eager and impassioned eloquence into the same scale; and before the Club disperses for the night, Goldsmith is comforted and buoyant with hope, and Colman silenced if not convinced.

On Saturday, at half-past ten, before Lord Cathcart arrives, Sir Charles Davers has a sitting.[1] Sir Charles is an honest country gentleman of Suffolk, and member for Weymouth. He is a friend and neighbour of the Bunburys, and has a good deal to say of Sir Charles's bets and gallantries, and Mr. Blake's wagers and matches. But his most interesting subject of conversation, I should suppose, must have been the terrible sufferings of the poor people about Bury St. Edmunds in the famine of last year, when the starving mob stopped the corn and carcase carts, and forcibly sold the flour, and meat, and coals, at their own prices;

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[1] His picture is at Saltram.

threatening to raise an English jacquerie, till the squires and farmers combined to put them down; Sir Charles Davers, with other loyal gentlemen, last April, having ridden into Bury St. Edmunds market-place, at the head of 800 of their tenantry and servants, ready to trample down and fire upon the rioters, if necessary, which happily it was not.

No sitters succeed Lord Cathcart; Sir Joshua dines at home, at five as usual. At seven he goes out to tea and cards (probably supper) at Mr. Roffey's, of whom I know nothing but that Sir Joshua seems to have visited him a good deal.

On Sunday (let us hope after he has taken his nieces to church) he has a sitting from the Duke of Grafton, now Lord Privy Seal. But this practice of receiving sitters on Sundays is even now—though Johnson has not yet bound Sir Joshua to give it up—exceptional; and only occurs in the case of persons whose time is little at their own disposal, or of very great people who make the seventh day of the week bend to their occasions as well as the other six.

This happens to be a Dilettanti Sunday, and Sir Joshua rarely misses one of the Society's pleasant dinners at the Star and Garter, where he is sure to find old friends and congenial companions. Here he can discuss good wine and pictures with Lord Mulgrave and Mr. Bouverie; bow to Lord Palmerston's or the Duke of Devonshire's praises of his last imported antique; hear Mr. Fitzpatrick's or George Selwyn's freshest bon-mot; and raise his eyebrows at the news that Lord Holland is thinking of paying off Charles Fox's debts, which his Club-friends put at something above a hundred thousand. Perhaps he takes part in the discussion of the dresses for the Henri Quatre and Charles the Second quadrilles at the next Almack's; hears the speculations as to the authorship of the Heroic Epistle, just now as much the rage at the Court-end of the town, as the Bath Guide before it, or the Rolliad afterwards; and shifts his trumpet as Lord Spencer expatiates on the last Andrea Sacchi which he has bought for a Guido. He has besides to beat up for votes for his new friend Mr. Luke Gardiner, who is a candidate for the Dilettanti, and comes forward for ballot to-night. There is a great deal of wit and *virtu* talked, a great deal of laughing, a great deal of wine drunk, in all which Sir Joshua takes his part genially but temperately.

The Dilettanti was not the only club where pleasure, good eating and drinking, and connoisseurship went hand in hand. The "Maccaronis," as the young men about town were called, were not satisfied with astonishing the outside world by the gigantic scale of their play, the shortness of their coats, the looseness of their breeches, the height of their toupées, the smallness of their hats, and the size of their nosegays;—they were determined to distinguish themselves, also, as munificent patrons of the Arts. With this view the members of the *Sçavoir-vivre* Club, one of the Maccaronis' strongholds, resolved, on February the 8th, to award every year, in March: 1st, A gold medal and a bank-note of 100*l.* for the best poem published during the course of the preceding year; 2nd, The same for the best picture in oil colours painted and publicly exhibited during the twelve months; 3rd, The same for the best work of sculpture produced under the same conditions; 4th, A smaller medal and 30*l.* in gold, for the best engraving on copper brought out and worked during the same time; 5th, A similar medal and 50*l.*, for the best musical composition performed within the year in any metropolitan theatre.

This comprehensive scheme for honouring and rewarding the fine arts differed in one respect, and to the credit of its proposers' good sense, from the common run of such projects. It offered its prizes not for the best works produced expressly to compete for the prize, but for the best ushered into the world under the ordinary conditions of demand and supply. This offer is one of many indications that, whatever we may think of the taste of those times, the men of wit and pleasure really took an interest in Art. There were three bodies of artists exhibiting at once: the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, the Incorporated Society of Artists, and the Academy were giving medals and premiums to students. We see the fashionable Clubs following their example—the Sçavoir-vivre, in offering medals and premiums; the Dilettanti, two years after this, in pensioning students for study in Italy.

I think we may attribute no small share of this awakened interest in the Arts to the Annual Exhibitions since 1760, and to the effect of Sir Joshua's and Gainsborough's portraits, the merits of which had certainly made more persons of good society have their pictures painted, than ever sat to all the painters in London within the same period.

On March 15, after a long and disheartening struggle with manager and actors, 'She Stoops to Conquer' was produced at Covent Garden. For some weeks previously Sir Joshua had been anxiously watching the progress of his friend's work. When a second-rate actor, Quick, was put into Tony Lumpkin, and Lee Lewes, the harlequin of the theatre, into Young Marlow, Sir Joshua, who for the first time in his life was attending rehearsals, with his sister and the pretty Miss Horneeks, Cradock, Murphy, and Colman, might well have trembled for the fortunes of the comedy. But Shuter, who played Old Hardcastle, had said of Lewes, in his green-room slang, "the boy could patter;" "could use the gob-box as well as any of them;" and before his second rehearsal, Goldsmith was as confident as Shuter. I see, in this keen personal interest of Sir Joshua in Goldsmith's play, a new proof of what must, I think, give all my readers pleasure to recognise—that warm affection for Goldsmith, which always comes out, as true affection should, in his friend's worst straits. He was in sad straits now, his health failing, his debts pressing. The comedy was his only chance, and all seemed to forebode that this, his sheet-anchor, would fail him.

Monday the 15th of March came, and Goldsmith's friends, under the lead of Johnson, gathered about him; for dinner first, the theatre afterwards. The pocket-book contains no entry of the dining-place, but Northcote says it was the Shakspere tavern, near the theatre. There were present Johnson and Steevens, Edmund and Richard Burke, Sir Joshua, Caleb Whitefoord, Sir Thomas Mills, Cumberland (who has left an inaccurate account of the scene), and some Scotchmen, prominent among them one Adam Drummond, an invaluable man for the first night of a comedy, being gifted with the most sonorous and contagious of laughs. The dinner was gay for every one but the poor author. Sir Joshua told Northcote that he observed the Doctor hardly spoke a word, and was unable to get down a mouthful,—in which, again, one seems to see the close and kindly observation of true friendship. At six the party betook themselves to the theatre, but Goldsmith had stolen away. He was found by a friend, between seven and eight, astray and anxious, in the Mall, and was drawn by him to the theatre, reaching the stage-door just at the first scene of the fifth act, where Mrs. Hardcastle, in her own garden, is persuaded by Tony that she "is forty miles away on Crackscull Common." Goldsmith heard a hiss as he came to the wing to Colman, who was standing there, divided, no doubt, between his delight as manager and his mortification as a prophet. When the author winced at the hiss, "Pooh!" said Colman, "don't be afraid of a squib, when we've been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder." This was the parting shot of the baffled prophet of ill. The play had "gone" with roars of laughter,[1] from the second act onwards; the curtain came down to vociferous applause. The comedy ran to the end of the season, and still keeps its place as one of the most popular of our stock pieces.

It is delightful to think of the warm shake of the hand and cordial congratulations that Sir Joshua had for

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[1] Northcote, in his 'Conversations,' is said to have been in the gallery the first night, with Ralph Kirkley, Sir Joshua's man. This I doubt. In his 'Life of Reynolds,' he says, in a note, "I recollect that Dr. Goldsmith gave me an order soon after this, with which I went to see the comedy; and the next time I saw him he inquired of me what my opinion was of it. I told him that I would not presume to be a judge of its merits. He asked, 'Did it make you laugh?' I answered, 'Exceedingly.' 'Then,' said the Doctor, 'that is all I require.'"

Goldsmith that night. How he must have enjoyed the discomfiture of the actors who had declined their parts, and the manager who had prophesied damnation! Never had Colman been so baited. At the Club, round the dinner-table, in the newspapers, all were roasting him for his blindness as a manager, and his blundering estimate as a judge of comedy. He ran away to Bath, but the fun followed him, and he had at last to entreat Goldsmith himself to take him off the rack.

The Exhibition opened, as usual, on the 24th of April. Sir Joshua's most powerful rival was not in the field.]

Gainsborough was always touchy, and quite disposed to snub the Academy on every opportunity. He had frequent quarrels with the council about the hanging of his pictures, and some such quarrel may have led to his present secession; as to which Walpole notes in his catalogue, "Gainsborough and Dance, having disagreed with Sir J. Reynolds, did not send any pictures to this exhibition."

Perhaps it was owing to the vacuum thus caused that Sir Joshua exhibited twelve pictures:—

Portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (marked by Walpole in his catalogue "very good").

A whole length of the Duchess of Buccleugh.

Lady Melbourne and Child.[1]

A half length of Mrs. Damer.

A Young Lady, whole length.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrick.[2]

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[1] At Brockett Hall. Engraved with the title "Maternal Affection." A large picture, in good condition.

[2] Sitting in their garden, he reading, she listening. It was painted for Mr. Fitzmaurice, Lord Shelburne's brother; came from him to Lord Orkney; and is now the property of Mr. Grizell.—Ed.

Mr. Banks,[1] half-length.

A Gentleman, three-quarters.

A Nymph (Mrs. Hartley the actress); with a young Bacchus (marked by Walpole "charming").

The Strawberry Girl;[2] and

Count Ugolino and his Children in the dungeon (marked by Walpole "most admirable"). The Ugolino leaves nothing to be desired, except that it had never been painted. I can conceive no finer treatment of the subject. Indeed it seems to me the *only* treatment. Flaxman, who could not help thinking of Reynolds in the father, is inferior to him *there*, while the studied arrangement of the bodies of the sons leaves the impression that composition of forms was uppermost in his mind. At least he directs us to this as the first thing. In looking at the work of Reynolds we are entirely absorbed in the story; and yet the art, the whole arrangement whether of form or colour, of light or shade, is the best possible.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Joseph. The animated picture already described. —ED.

[2] Which Sir Joshua always maintained was one of the "half-dozen original things" which he declared no man ever exceeded in his life's work. He repeated the picture several times. Lord Lansdowne has one of the best repetitions; Lord Normanton another. Lord Carysfort bought this picture and the 'Mrs. Hartley' from the exhibition for 50*l*. each. The original 'Strawberry Girl,' at its last change of hands, in the sale of Mr. Rogers's collection, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 2100 guineas. Mr. Bentley, the owner of the 'Mrs. Hartley,' has been offered 2000*l*. for the picture. When he bought it at Lord Carysfort's sale, a strange gentleman accosted him, congratulated him on his purchase, and after making excuses for the liberty he was taking, cautioned him never to allow a cleaner to touch the picture. He afterwards came up again and repeated this caution. Then, as if to justify himself for advising so authoritatively, he said, "You may believe I speak with some knowledge, when I tell you my name is Thomas Lawrence." Mr. Bentley has followed Lawrence's advice, and the picture is in the very finest preservation: it is painted in a glowing golden tone, that breathes of the warm South and vintage-sunshine; and being throughout finished by glazing *in* varnish, would of course be destroyed by any application of the cleaner's solvents.—ED.

Of the Ugolino Northcote says:—

"This painting may be said to have been produced, as an historical picture, by accident; for the head of the Count had been painted previous to the year 1773,[1] and finished on what we painters call a 'half-length canvas,' and was in point of expression exactly as it now stands, but without any intention on the part of Sir Joshua of making it the subject of an historical composition, or having the story of Count Ugolino in his thoughts. Being exposed in the picture gallery along with his other works, it was seen either by Mr. Edmund Burke or Dr. Goldsmith, I am not certain which, who immediately exclaimed that it struck him as being the precise person, countenance, and expression of the Count Ugolino, as described by Dante in his Inferno.

"Sir Joshua immediately had his canvas enlarged,[2] in order that he might be enabled to add the other figures and to complete his painting of the impressive description of the Italian poet. This picture, when finished, was bought by the late Duke of Dorset for 400 guineas."

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[1] We have seen above that he had fixed on the subject and was at work on this picture in 1770.—Ed.

[2] This enlargement of the canvas is plain enough on close examination of the picture. The Ugolino has stood well. In point of expression, light and shade, and composition, it is by far the painter's finest historical picture. But in spite of Mr. Leslie's high authority, I cannot but think it shows the mischievous working of Sir Joshua's "self-denying" theory of High Art, in the emptiness and poverty of parts of the painting—for example, the dress and head of the fainting son, where subtlety and truth of colour and drawing are both sacrificed. I know none of his pictures which to my mind better exhibits at once the strength and weakness of the painter.—Ed.

[The picture is introduced in the catalogue by Dante's lines—

"Io non piangeva, si dentro impietrai:
Piangevan elli, ed Anselmuccio mio
Disse, 'Tu guardi si, Padre! che hai?'
Pero non lagrimai nè rispos' io
Tutto quel giorno, nè la notte appresso."]

Northcote, who was always remarkably thin, was the model for the young man in this picture who covers his face with his hand.[1]

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[1] We get a characteristic glimpse of Sir Joshua, soon after the exhibition of this year, in Boswell's account of a dinner at General Oglethorpe's, with Johnson, Langton, Thrale, and Goldsmith. The Doctor having attacked Garrick for meanness in introducing into his alteration of 'The Chances' a compliment to the Queen, Johnson burst out in a contradiction, closing with the question: "And as to meanness, how is it mean in a player, a showman, a fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling, to flatter the Queen?" *Reynolds* (mildly sensible as we always see him): "I do not perceive why the profession of a player should be despised; for the great and ultimate end of all the employments of mankind is to produce amusement. Garrick produces more amusement than anybody." *Boswell:* "You say, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick exhibits himself for a shilling. In this respect he is only on a footing with a lawyer, who exhibits himself for his fee; and even will maintain any nonsense or absurdity, if the case require it. Garrick refuses a play or a part he doesn't like; a lawyer never refuses." *Johnson:* "Why, sir, what does that prove? Only, that a lawyer is worse. Boswell is now like Jack in 'The Tale of a Tub,' who, when he is puzzled by an argument, hangs himself. He thinks I shall cut him down but I'll let him hang" (laughing vociferously). *Sir Joshua* (with the same desire to relieve Boswell, as he had before shown to save Garrick from Johnson's tossing and goring): "Mr. Boswell thinks that, the profession of a lawyer being unquestionably honourable, if he can show the profession of a player to be more honourable, he proves his argument." The next day we hear of Sir Joshua again, through Boswell, dining at Mr. Beauclerk's, with Lord Charlemont and other members of "the Club," preliminary to Bozzy's election to that Society, of which he gives us such an amusing account. Here, again, Reynolds is seen throwing his shield over a friend attacked by Johnson—Goldsmith being mentioned. *Johnson:* "It is amazing how little Goldsmith knows. He seldom comes where he is not more ignorant than anyone else." *Sir Joshua:* "Yet there is no man whose company is more liked." Johnson admits this; but ascribes it to people's gratification in finding themselves superior to so distinguished a writer.—ED.

[Barry, who in February this year had been elected an Academician, when he gave as his diploma picture the Medea, exhibited the year before, sends (besides two portraits of gentlemen), a Jupiter and Juno on Mount Ida. Neither the success of West's Death of Wolfe, nor the cold reception given to his own classical and mythological pictures, year after year, had taught him that Grecian heroes and gods and goddesses had no real hold on English minds. What is stranger still, West himself had fallen back into the classical rut, with Agrippina, Epaminondas, Telemachus, and Chryses; a Holy Family in imitation of Correggio's manner; and a portrait of a Gentleman in the character of a Roman tribune. But so it was still with most of the painters at that day. They could find no ground between portrait-painting on the one side, and Pope's Homer, the school-histories of Greece and Rome, and Hort's Pantheon on the other. One man only could invest classical subjects with living grace and charm—Flaxman, who this year, just emerging from studenthood, exhibits a figure of the Grecian Comedy, and a bas-relief of a Vestal.

The Exhibition contains already a large proportion of landscape, and the greatest part of it honestly done from Nature. It is surprising, however pleasant, to find that our landscape-painters so soon began to stray away from the tracks of Claude and Poussin. But De Loutherbourg was still more popular than Wilson; who, sick at heart from neglect and hope deferred, did not exhibit this year. Hoare, of Bath, Nathaniel Hone, Mason Chamberlain, and Sir Joshua's old rival Liotard, send each a large batch of portraits.

Northcote, still a raw country youth, working from morning to night at Sir Joshua's, copying for his own improvement, painting drapery for his master, standing as model, taking likenesses of the maids, and now and then turning out a chance head of a patronising visitor, exhibits this year for the first time,—a portrait, of course. Mr. Zoffany has the honour of exhibiting a portrait of her Majesty in conversation with her two brothers, and part of the Royal Family—a commission from the Palace. The King liked Zoffany because he worked neatly, and painted the players, in whom the King took a great interest. Sketches by Master George Morland are exhibited. This is the first appearance of the great painter of pigs, farmyards, inn-doors, and smugglers' haunts; now a youthful prodigy, and worked as such by a money-loving father. There are some wonderful things in the catalogue. J. F. Rigaud, Associate, paints "the portrait of a gentleman contemplating the analogy between moral and natural beauty," which reminds one of the stage-manager's demand upon the leader of the orchestra for music expressive of a man's going abroad and changing his religion. An honorary exhibitor sends "an allegorical picture, representing the Goddess of Health descending from heaven, crowning Industry, Temperance, and Exercise, whose residence is in the country. Ebriety, Gluttony, Venery, and Sloth, who are encompassed in large cities, are pursued by Pain, Sickness, and Death."

The number of works exhibited had risen from the first year's total of 136 to 385; and the receipts had increased, though not quite in proportion; 1006*l.* 8*s.*

having been received at the doors, against the 699*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* taken in 1769.

The King visited the Exhibition this year, before its opening, on the 22nd of April. The doors continued open till the end of May, by which time, unless the session was unusually prolonged, great London was thinking of leaving town. In those days country gentlemen had still some enjoyment of the country summer.

On the night of the King's visit to the Academy I find Sir Joshua at the masquerade. A series of them were given at the Pantheon this season. Madame Cornely, the most formidable rival of the managers, had the year before been forced, by debts and indictments together, to sell Carlyle House. At 4 on Saturday the 24th of April, the day the Exhibition opened, Sir Joshua dines with Boswell, then trembling with eagerness and excitement about his ballot for admission to the club, which was fixed for the 30th of April. He knew he was secure of Sir Joshua's support.

The country this summer was excited by the prospect of a naval war. It was conceived that France and Spain were concerting measures for striking a blow at the Russian fleet, which had been carrying on the campaign against the Porte in the Levant. The ministry expressed their determination to support the Czarina against the Bourbons, and a fleet of twenty ships of the line, two frigates, and three sloops, was assembled at Spithead, under the command of Admirals Pye and Spry, and Lord Edgcumbe. The King reviewed the fleet between June the 22nd and 26th. Sir Joshua had accepted the invitation of his friend

Mr. Fitzmaurice (Lord Shelburne's brother, and even a keener lover of arts and letters than his lordship) to visit him at his seat at Niton, among the beautiful scenery of the Undercliff. His friend Lord Edgcumbe had offered him the hospitalities of his ship for the naval review. He combined both pleasures, leaving town with Mr. Fitzmaurice on the 17th of June, and on the 22nd leaving the Isle of Wight to go on board the Ocean, Lord Edgcumbe's flag-ship. From her deck he saw the brilliant procession move from the Dockyard to Spithead, the King leading in his barge bearing the royal standard, followed by the Admiralty barge with its flag of office, the Admirals' barges with their flags, and the captains of the fleet with their pennants. As the line of boats swept past the fortifications, the guns of Blockhouse Fort, the saluting platform, and South Sea Castle, thundered in succession, while the fleet, moored in two lines abreast, manned yards and saluted, as the King passed on board the Barfleur, where he dined, at a table of thirty covers. As Sir Joshua was rowed off to the Ocean, he might have been saluted by a gay lady of his acquaintance, in the Admiral's barge, bound for the Barfleur. Fair and frail Mrs. Baddeley was Admiral Spry's guest for the festival, and dined every day on board the Admiral's ship.

On the 23rd the King, after viewing the ships in ordinary, again dined on board the Barfleur; and at six sailed in the Augusta yacht towards St. Helen's. The 24th, a day of rain, was devoted to the dockyard and arsenal, where artillery, stores, the brewery, cooperage, and magazines were visited by the untiring

King, followed by a levée and dinner on board the Barfleur. After which two of the admirals and the senior captains were knighted while the flag-ships saluted the royal standard; and the day was wound up by another sail in the Royal Yacht, past the saluting ships and fortifications.[1]

On the 25th, when Lord Edgcumbe received his promotion and kissed the King's hand under the royal standard on the quarter-deck of the Ocean, Sir Joshua was enjoying the beauties of Carisbrook. He had had enough of the naval review, and was not the man to throw himself in the King's way on his visit to Lord Edgcumbe's ship.]

He also visited Oxford in July, on receiving from the University the honorary degree of D.C.L.[2] (at the

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[1] Here is Sir Joshua's diary of this trip:—

Thursday, June 17th, Mr. Fitzmaurice at one. Dined Godalming; lay at Portsmouth.

Friday, 18th, at the George at Portsmouth. (Oglethorpe.)

Saturday, 19th, landed at Road (Ryde), Isle of Wight. Knighton (Niton), the seat of the Hon. Thos. Fitzmaurice.

Sunday, 20th, Shanklin.

Tuesday, 22nd (at Spithead), went on board the Ocean. The King in the barge.

Wed. 23rd, dined on board the Ocean; Admiral Spry; the King sailed in the yacht.

Thursday 24th, rained all day. King.

Friday 25th, Newport; Carisbrook Castle.

Sat. 26th, Sir Richard Worsley (at Appuldurcombe).

Sunday 27th, walked.

Monday 28th, set out from Niton, lay at Portsmouth; Greenway, Mrs. Napier, Major Archer.

Tuesday, 29th, set out from Portsmouth; arrived in London.

[2] Sir Joshua's honorary degree was conferred at the installation of Lord North as Chancellor, on Friday the 9th. The Professor of Civil Law, Dr. Vansittart, who at Oxford performs the duty intrusted to the Public Orator, of presenting the graduates to the Chancellor, confined his encomiums on this occasion, Northcote tells us, to Sir Joshua and Dr. Beattie, who was one of the fifteen that day graced with the degree. They included Sir Joshua's friends Lord Caernarvon, Lord Shelburne, Lord Bessborough, and the two Lords Spencer.

Dr. Vansittart, who, as Professor of Civil Law, presented Sir Joshua, was likely to have been more grandiloquent than even the common run of University encomiasts. He was a worthy, grandest Encænia up to that time celebrated). While at Oxford he visited Blenheim and Nuneham, and on his way home spent a day and night with the Burkes at Gregories.

Before he left London he had begun his picture of the three sisters decorating a Term of Hymen. To Mr. Gardiner, for whom it was painted, he wrote the following letter after his return :—

"SIR,

"I intended long ago to have returned thanks for the agreeable employment in which you have engaged me, and likewise for the very obliging manner in which this favour was conferred; but immediately after the heads were finished I was enticed away to Portsmouth, and from thence to Oxford, from whence I am but just returned, so that this is the first quiet minute I have had for this month past. Though it has been a little delayed by these holidays, it will not, upon the whole, fare the worse for it, as I am returned with a very keen appetite for the work. This picture is the great object of my mind at present. You have already been informed, I have no doubt, of the subject

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good-humoured man, tall and thin, a member of the Oxford circuit, and the elder brother of Mr. Henry Vansittart, formerly Governor of Bengal, whom we have seen sitting to Sir Joshua. Dining at the Crown and Anchor with Johnson, in 1772, Dr. Vansittart took so long to tell the company how the counsel on circuit at Salisbury were bitten by the fleas, that Johnson burst out, "It is a pity, sir, you have not seen a lion; for a flea has taken you such a time that a lion must have served you a twelvemonth." Northcote says that on this visit to Blenheim, Sir Joshua, to his surprise, found himself coldly received by the Duke and Duchess. He was mortified, as he had been most warmly invited; but could not conceive the reason. His sister, when he told her the story, asked him if he had not appeared before them in his boots. He had, and she at once pounced upon this as the reason—it was a want of respect for etiquette.—ED.

we have chosen—the adorning a Term of Hymen with festoons of flowers. This affords sufficient employment to the figures, and gives an opportunity of introducing a variety of graceful historical attitudes. I have every inducement to exert myself on this occasion, both from the confidence you have placed in me and from the subjects you have presented to me, which are such as I am never likely to meet with again as long as I live; and I flatter myself that, however inferior the picture may be to what I wish it, or what it ought, it will be the best picture I ever painted." . . . .

Of the subjects of this picture, the Marchioness of Townshend is to the right; the Hon. Mrs. Gardiner, the mother of Lord Blessington, by whom the picture was presented to the National Gallery, in the centre; and on the left is the Hon. Mrs. Beresford. The picture was exhibited in the following year. In the catalogue of the National Gallery it is styled "The Graces decorating a figure of Hymen;" and in one of these catalogues Sir Joshua is censured for having failed in expressing the peculiar character of the *three Graces,* which he never intended to do; for he described the picture in the Academy catalogue simply as "Three Ladies decorating a Term of Hymen."

On his return from Oxford, Reynolds, who joined with everybody, except Goldsmith, in admiration of Beattie's powers as a writer, and who shared in the favourable impression which was generally made by him as a man,[1] presented him with a picture of himself, which was more than a portrait. Beattie — whose 'Essay on Truth' had made a London lion of him—had received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law at the same time with Reynolds, and Sir Joshua painted him in his Doctor's robes, with his Essay under his arm, while a female personification of Truth is driving down to perdition three demons, one of which resembles Voltaire, and the others, it has been said, Hume and Gibbon, though Sir Joshua expressly disavowed the intention of personifying any one but Voltaire. [The trio are liable to the difficulty of identification usual with such personages; Northcote calling them Envy, Falsehood, &c.; Sir W. Forbes, Beattie's biographer, more accurately Sophistry, Scepticism, and Infidelity; and Beattie himself christening them Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly.] This picture is inseparably coupled with one of the only two instances in which Goldsmith is known to have objected to a thought of Reynolds.[1] "How could you," he said, "degrade so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Beattie? The existence of Dr. Beattie and his book together will be forgotten in the space of ten years, but your allegorical picture and the fame of Voltaire will live for ever, to your disgrace as a flatterer." Sir Joshua might have answered that he makes Voltaire shrinking away not before Beattie, but the winged genius of Truth, from whose breastplate pours the ray which dazzles him. The picture was left by Dr. Beattie to his niece Mrs. Glennie at Aberdeen, in whose family it still remains. It is unfaded and in perfect preservation. Whatever may be said of the allegory, Sir Joshua painted the picture con amore, and very finely. [Beattie has himself left in his diary an account of his pleasant intercourse with Sir Joshua at this time. "On Sunday, the 15th, we proposed to have gone to Arno's Grove, but Sir Joshua insisted on it that we should stay till to-morrow, and partake of a haunch of venison with him to-day at his house on Richmond Hill. Accordingly, at eleven, Mrs. Beattie, Miss Reynolds, Mr. Baretti, and Mr. Palmer, set out in Sir Joshua's coach for Richmond. At twelve, he and I went in a post-chaise, and by the way paid a visit to the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Markham), who was very earnest for us to fix a day for dining with him; but I could not fix one just now, on account of the present state of my affairs. After dining at Richmond we all returned to town about eight o'clock. This day I had a great deal of conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds on critical and philosophical subjects: I find him to be a man, not only of excellent taste in painting and poetry, but of an enlarged understanding and truly philosophical mind. His notions of painting are not at all the same with those that are entertained by the generality of painters and others. Artificial and contrasted attitudes and groups he makes no account of; it is the truth and simplicity of nature which he is ambitious to imitate: and these it must be allowed he possesses the art of blending with the most exquisite grace, the most animated expression. He speaks with contempt of those who conceive grace to consist in erect position, turned out toes, or the frippery of modern dress. Indeed, whatever account we make of the colouring of this great artist (which some people object to), it is impossible to deny him the praise of being the greatest designer of any age. In his pictures there is a grace, a variety, an expression, a simplicity, which I have never seen in the works of any other painter. His portraits are distinguished from all others by this, that they exhibit an exact imitation, not only of the features, but also of the character of the person represented. His picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy he tells me he finished in a week."

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[1] "We all love Beattie," said Johnson; "Mrs. Thrale says, if ever she has another husband, it shall be Beattie."—Ed.

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[1] The other occurred when Reynolds recommended that 'She Stoops to Conquer' should be called 'The Belle's Stratagem.'

It would have been difficult for even Dr. Vansittart to go beyond this in his Oxford paneygric. In his Essay on Poetry and Music Beattie mentions Sir Joshua's "peculiar observation of children."]

His account of the commencement of his picture is very interesting, as every description of the practice of Reynolds must be.

"August 16th[1] (Monday).—Breakfasted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who this day began the allegorical picture. I sat to him five hours, in which time he finished my head and sketched out the rest of my figure. The likeness is most striking, and the execution most masterly. The figure is as large as life. Though I sat five hours, I was not in the least fatigued, for, by placing a large mirror opposite to my face, Sir Joshua Reynolds put it in my power to see every stroke of his pencil; and I was greatly entertained to observe the progress of the work, and the easy and masterly manner of the artist, which differs as much from that of all other painters I have seen at work as the execution of Giardini on the violin differs from that of a common fiddler."

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[1] It is remarkable that Sir Joshua does not enter Beattie's sitting in the Diary.—ED.

In reality, Sir Joshua was painting from the reflection in the glass—his usual practice.

In September Sir Joshua, already an alderman, was elected mayor of Plympton, on which occasion he visited his native town. Just before his visit to Devonshire, after dining one day with some friends at his house at Richmond, he walked with his party in the gardens there, where he unexpectedly met the King with some of the Royal Family. The King called Sir Joshua to him, and said that he was informed of the office he was soon to be invested with, that of mayor of his native town. Sir Joshua, surprised that the circumstance should be known so quickly to the King, assured his Majesty of its truth, and said it was an honour which gave him more pleasure than any other he had ever received in his life;[1] but recollecting himself, he immediately added, "Except that which your Majesty was graciously pleased to confer upon me,"—alluding to his knighthood.

[Wonder has been expressed that Sir Joshua should have valued the municipal honours of his birthplace. The act was at least giving honour to a prophet in his own country, which is valued in proportion to its rarity. Then Sir Joshua had never broken off his association with his native place: he visited it frequently; his connections lived near it; he had many affectionate friends in the neighbourhood. Lastly, and chiefly, he *loved* Plympton. There is a tradition, I have no doubt well-founded, in the Edgcumbe family, that he was anxious to have been member for his native place as well as its mayor. Sir Christopher Wren had sat for Plympton, and Sir Joshua might well have felt a pride in the idea of connecting the name of England's greatest architect and England's greatest painter, in the Parliamentary annals of his native borough. But the project was never realised, though in politics the President went with the Patron, and there would have been no difficulty about the price of the seat. On his way to Plympton Sir Joshua spent two days at Bath, dining at the Guildhall there, and afterwards with Lord Shelburne. He saw Henderson act, now the idol of the Bath stage, and the threatened rival to Garrick. He also received the hospitalities of his friend Dr. Newton, the Bishop of Bristol, and no doubt, discussed with him the project now under consideration, for the decoration of St. Paul's.]

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[1] He has even had it commemorated in the Latin inscription on the back of his portrait painted for the Grand Ducal Gallery at Florence:—"Nec non oppidi natalis, dicti Plimpton comitatu Devon: præfectus, justiciarius morumque censor."—ED.

Of the visit of Reynolds to his native town[1] on this occasion Samuel Northcote gives the following particulars in a letter to James:—

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[1] Entries in Sir Joshua's Diary of this visit to Devonshire:—

"Sept. 1773.—12th, Sunday, 12½, set out for Bath.
13th, Mr. Parker.
14th, dined at the Guildhall (Bath).
15th, dined with Lord Shelburne; play; Henderson.
16th, Thursday, at 11. set out from Bath; dined at Bristol with the Bishop; lay at Cross.
17th, Friday, dined at Escot.
18th, Sat., set out from Escot.
22nd, Wed., Plympton.
24th, Mount Edgcumbe.
25th, Sat., Mr. Mudge.
26th, Sunday, Mr. Bastard.
27th, Monday, at 3, Ourry.
28th, Tuesday, Captain Knight, 5; Mount Edgcumbe.
29th, Wednesday, at 4, Port Eliot.
30th, Thursday, Edgcumbe.
Oct. 1st, Friday, Dr. Farr.
2nd, Saturday, Mr. Bastard.
3rd, Sunday, Mr. Haywood.
4th, Monday, Plimpton, to be sworn Mayor.
5th, Tuesday, 4, set out for Torrington; lay at Tavistoke."

"Plymouth, 3rd Oct. 1773.

"DEAR BROTHER,

". . . I believe Sir Joshua went to Mount Edgcumbe this morning; your mother saw him ride up before our house with Mr. Mudge in a post-chaise. He speaks of leaving Plymouth on Tuesday morning; but those who know anything of mayor-swearing think it cannot be so soon, as there is much concomitant business to be done. I find Sir Joshua's receiving the sacrament is one particular. This the thorough-paced call 'qualifying.' Besides the Plympton folks are all on tiptoe ready for a dance, and surely Sir Joshua will not leave them without giving a ball. But I suppose you will be more pleased to hear that Sir Joshua called on Friday to see your pictures, and liked them. I happened to dine at home that day, and just after dinner he called in and asked to see your father's portrait, imagining you had finished it. After he had seen this he desired I would let him see the other of me. He said your father's was a very good head, but not so good a likeness as mine, and observed that the nose in your father's picture was too full at the end. He desired likewise to see that of your grandmother by Gandy (for your father had told him he had such a one). This he said was a very good picture, and remarked that the eyes were finely painted, and that very few of Sir Godfrey Kneller's were so good." . . . .

In another letter Samuel Northcote says to his brother:—

"Sir J. R. told your father that you had behaved very well with him, and that you had no affectation; he said, indeed, you were so little inclined to it that you had retained fully your Devonshire dialect."[1] . . . .

Soon after his election to the mayoralty Sir Joshua presented to the corporation his portrait,[2] painted by himself. When he sent this picture to Plympton, he wrote to Sir William Elford requesting him to have it hung in a good situation. Sir William attended to his wishes, and had it placed between two old pictures, which, as he observed in his reply to Sir Joshua, acted as a foil, and set it off to great advantage. Reynolds was highly diverted, as these pictures were two early ones of his own painting.[3]

[I have directed attention to several circumstances showing an unusual stir in favour of the fine arts about this time. A more daring and liberal effort at associating the Academy with a large and noble decorative work was now made—for the first, and, I fear, the last time.] As early as the general meeting of the Academy in August this year, a scheme which had been under the consideration of the members of the Academy for decorating the chapel of Old Somerset House with pictures was taken up by Reynolds on a bolder plan. He proposed that an attempt should be made to introduce pictures into St. Paul's Cathedral. This suggestion was received with acclamation, and he was empowered to apply to the Dean and Chapter for their approval of a scheme for which there seemed to be every prospect of success, as Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, was Dean of St. Paul's, and was known to be an advocate for the encouragement of Art by the Church. Sir Joshua saw the Dean on the 21st, and obtained his formal approval. [The scheme had, indeed, been suggested between him and the President, at a dinner at the Deanery, where West was present. The Dean having referred to Wren's designs for filling up blank spaces on the walls of his basilica, the painters were struck with the idea of filling them up with works by Academicians. West offered to paint Moses delivering the Laws; Sir Joshua the Nativity. When the Academy afterwards took up the scheme, besides the President and West, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffmann were selected on the part of the Academy. The Society of Arts joined in the scheme, and added four artists to the Academicians. All promised well.] The King, on being applied to by Newton, gave a willing consent; so did the Archbishop of York, and the Lord Mayor: all the guardians of the Cathedral, in short, but one—the Bishop of London.

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[1] He retained it to the end of his long life.

[2] In this picture (of which he gave a duplicate to Northcote, which was sold for 56*l.* 14*s.* in 1816, and is now in the National Gallery) the figure has much the same treatment as in that painted for the Grand Ducal Gallery. Sir Joshua is represented in doctor's robes; but the background is a wooded landscape. The corporation, when abolished under the Municipal Corporation Act, were obliged to realize their property, and after vainly offering the picture to the National Gallery—when the picture was confidently pronounced a copy by Sir M. A. Shee—sold it to Lord Egremont for 150*l.* (See Mr. W. Cotton.)—ED.

[3] One, a portrait of Paul Henry Ourry, R.N., Commissioner of Plymouth Dockyard, and M.P. for Plympton in 1780, now in possession of E. Montague Parker, Esq., of Whiteway; the other, a portrait of Captain, afterwards George Lord Edgcumbe, now in the possession of D. Boger, Esq., Woolsdon. Sir Joshua was paid only four guineas for Captain Ourry's picture, including the frame. There is a black boy in this picture, which has been engraved by S. W. Reynolds, under the misnomer of Richard Lord Edgcumbe. Wilkie saw both pictures in 1809, and thought them as fine in composition as anything of Sir Joshua's. (See Cotton.)—ED.

Unluckily, Bishop Newton went to that prelate last, instead of first. Whether he was offended by not being consulted at starting, or really feared that Popery would be introduced with the pictures, Dr. Terrick at once put an end to the matter. In reply to the Dean's application for his consent, he wrote—

"MY GOOD LORD,—I have already been informed that such an affair is in contemplation; but whilst I live, and have the power, I will never suffer the doors of the Metropolitan Church to be opened for the introduction of Popery."

[It was in vain Bishop Newton pointed out that Sir Christopher Wren had contemplated both monuments and decoration in colour, and was only prevented from supplying it by the Parliament's appropriating the fabric-money, and so, as he called it, "clipping his wings;" that in many of our cathedrals, Rochester, Winchester, and Salisbury; our parish churches, as St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Margaret's, Westminster; our college chapels, as King's and Trinity, and even Bishop Terrick's own college, Clare Hall, pictures had been admitted without Popery following. He asked that West should be allowed to put up his Moses, and Sir Joshua his Nativity—the beginning of the Law and the Gospel—over the doors into the north and south aisle.

Bishop Terrick stood up as stiffly against painted canvas as Bishop Osbaldeston, a few years before, against carved stone, when leave was sought to put up a monument to Beckford. "Sir Christopher Wren had designed no such things." He was asked to look at the print of the inner section of the Cathedral, which hung over his head, and he would see Wren's designs for monuments upon it. Then he shifted his ground. "Churches were better without monuments than with them; there had been no monuments in all the time before he was bishop, and in his time there should be none."

Bishop Newton himself was refused a place for his monument in the Basilica he had fought so hard to have decorated; and till the statues of Howard and Johnson were erected, some sixteen years after this time, St. Paul's stood absolutely naked of art-ornament, except Thornhill's dull decaying monochromes in the dome.

Since then it has received statuary in abundance, and some enrichment of gilding. Colour remains to be added.]

The subject which Sir Joshua proposed to execute for St. Paul's—the Nativity—he would, in all probability, have conceived and carried out on the plan he afterwards adopted for the window at Oxford.

[Sir Joshua and the Council had drawn up an address to the King, setting out their aims and hopes in this baffled project. In it they applaud his Majesty, who by his individual encouragement of the arts of design, had given an example to the world equally wise and princely, in the magnificent biblical paintings with which he had decorated St. George's Hall, and the Royal Chapel of Windsor. "Herein," they say, "you have directed the arts to their true end, the cultivation of religion and virtue; for it is by such means only that they have risen to perfection in Greece and Italy;

and it is by these means only that they can rise to perfection in any other country.

"As artists, as lovers of virtue and our country, we anxiously wish to see the truly royal example which your Majesty has given, followed in the Principal Church of these kingdoms, St. Paul's Cathedral, according to the intention of its architect; instead of the present unfinished state of its inside, we wish to see it decorated in a manner suitable to the beauty and dignity of its external architecture. Therefore the historical painters in your Royal Academy, convinced of the advantage which would arise to the arts and the country, in every point of view, from such an undertaking, are desirous to engage in the decoration of this noble building, with paintings from the Bible, in the most liberal manner; for they conceive that the very small compensation, with which their love for their art would induce them to be satisfied, might easily be raised by keeping open the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy a fortnight longer than usual for two or three years; or by an allowance for a certain time from the additional price which the exhibition of such works would bring to the Cathedral; or by any other means that your Majesty's wisdom may condescend to suggest."

In 1769 the Royal Academy had resolved to distribute three gold medals yearly, for the best original designs in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as a number of silver medals, not more than nine, for academy studies. But they had very soon discovered that this was putting out the fire with the fuel; that it was impossible every year to cull out either so many designs or so many studies deserving of reward. In

1772 they had wisely determined to make their gold medals biennial and to reduce their silver ones, in the intermediate year, to three. As no gold medals were given away this year, the President delivered no lecture at the distribution of the Academy prizes.

Comparing this year with others by the light of the pocket-book, I am struck by the increasing proportion the entries of dinners bear to those of sitters.

Yet, as a year of the painter's work, it stands out both by the various power of his exhibited pictures—the Ugolino, the Strawberry Girl, the Nymph and Bacchus, the group of Garrick and his Wife, the living portrait of Banks, all in one year—and by the interest of some of the portraits on which he was working.

Besides the three beautiful Montgomeries—of whom only Lady Townshend is entered in his list by her married name, there were sitting to him, within a few days of each other, two beauties, one already ennobled, the other on the verge of nobility, the quondam bewitching widow Horton, now Duchess of Cumberland (giving herself airs of condescension at which the painter smiled), and another Mrs. Horton, better known as Nancy Parsons, the mistress who had infatuated the Duke of Grafton, till he outraged and drove from him a beautiful and most accomplished wife, and who, even in her sere and yellow leaf, after she had outlived a long succession of admirers, in 1776, charmed young Lord Maynard into marrying her. There was again sitting to him his spoiled, clever, capricious favourite, Mrs. Abington; and, for a counterpoise of pathos to her archness and fun, he had a second set of sittings from Mrs. Hartley, whose beauty had turned the heads of the town. Her lovely face, and lithe, tall, delicate figure had rapidly won for her the leading place at Covent Garden in such parts of tender tragedy as Jane Shore, and the puling heroines of Murphy's Alzuma and Mason's Elfrida.[1] She was no actress, but her beauty, for a time (as Moody had prophesied), stood her in stead of genius. She had that golden auburn hair which the early Italian painters loved, and those blonde colours which have always, I think, exercised most power of witchery on men. She sat to Sir Joshua very soon after her first success. When he paid her a compliment on her beauty, she turned it laughingly off, "Nay, my face may be well enough for shape; but sure, 'tis as freckled as a toad's belly."

She was sitting to Sir Joshua on the last day of August. She was then a mark for the tongue of the town, owing to a fracas a short time before, of which she was the innocent cause, which had kept London in paragraphs and gossip ever since; and which, the day after this sitting, set up Captain Scawen of the Guards, and George Robert, afterwards better known as

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[1] The crowd flocked to see Mrs. Hartley kneel in Elfrida, as they flocked to see Mrs. Siddons walk in her sleep in Lady Macbeth. It is amusing to contrast the raptures of unprofessional admirers with the portrait of her by that sensible actor, John Moody, who writes to George Garrick from Bath (July 26, 1772). "Mrs. H. is a good figure, with a handsome, small face, and very much freckled; her hair red, and her neck and shoulders well-turned. There is not the least harmony in her voice, but when forced (which she never fails to do on every occasion) is loud and strong, but such an inarticulate gabble, that you must be well acquainted with her part to understand her. . . . She is ignorant and stubborn: there is a superficial glare about her that may carry her through a few nights, but be assured she cannot last long. She has a husband, a precious fool, that she heartily despises. She talks lusciously, and has a slovenly good-nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar. She is to out-*Shore* all that ever went before her."—ED.

"Fighting," Fitzgerald, at ten paces to exchange shots, in a quiet place, between Pont-au-Tressin and Tournay.

The story is a curious illustration of the "fast" manners of the time; and Mrs. Hartley had many opportunities of talking it over with Sir Joshua in subsequent sittings. The beautiful actress had made one of a party to Vauxhall, with Colman and the Rev. Henry Bate, who, with his holy orders, combined the calling of Journalist[1] and the reputation of a finished "bruiser." While at supper, Mrs. Hartley was annoyed by the staring and impertinence of a party of maccaronis, including Fitzgerald, wild Thomas Lyttleton, and a Captain Crofts. Mortified and flurried by their insolence, at last she burst into tears. Bate interposed for her protection, a quarrel ensued, blows were exchanged, and the end was, a challenge to Bate, next morning, and an appointment at the Turk's Head coffee-house in the afternoon, where Bate and Mr. Dawes, his second, met Mr. Lyttleton and Captain Crofts. Mr. Lyttleton desired that Mr. Bate should ask the Captain's pardon, in the papers, or name his weapon and go out with him in half an hour. Bate, in a manly way, said he could make no apology, as he had received rather than given offence—that he was a clergyman, but would waive the privilege of his cloth. Lyttleton and Dawes were leaving the room for pistols, when Fitzgerald burst in, and insisted on Bate's giving satisfaction to *his* friend Captain Miles, whom, he said, Bate had insulted in the quarrel over night. Crofts protested he would not have *his* quarrel broken in upon. The seconds remonstrated with Fitzgerald, but in vain. The end was that Lyttleton and Dawes reconciled Bate and Crofts, leaving Bate free to deal with Fitzgerald. Bate asked the Irish bully to produce his friend; Captain Miles was introduced; Bate declared he had never seen him in his life before. The Captain blustered, and swore that if Bate did not give him satisfaction he would beat him wherever they met. Bate said he had better take care; that *he* could use his fists too, and would defend himself. The end of this diversion, strange to say, was a challenge from Captain Miles to Bate *to box;* the party adjourned to a long room in the tavern; Lyttleton, Dawes, and Fitzgerald gravely enacted seconds and bottleholder; the combatants set to, and in twenty minutes the parson had pounded the Captain to a standstill, and Fitzgerald had to carry off his champion in a coach, with his face beaten to a jelly; while Bate was congratulated by his late antagonists, and accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Lyttleton next day.

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[1] He was proprietor and editor of the 'Morning Post,' married Mrs. Hartley's sister, and is better known by his later title of Sir Bate Dudley.—ED.

The affair got into the newspapers; Fitzgerald was pressed to explain this transformation of a duel into a set-to; and then he confessed that *Captain* Miles was his own servant, whom he had dressed up, for the purpose of giving Bate a lesson on the impropriety of gentlemen using their fists in self-defence. He declared that all present were privy to the joke, and that the parson's victory and the captain's damaged face were as much a part of the farce as his footman's rank and uniform.

There were too many lies, as well as too much insolence, in this version of the affair to go down. Fitzgerald was generally voted a blackguard. A Captain Scawen of the Guards, among others, freely expressed this opinion, and, refusing to retract it, was challenged by Fitzgerald, but prevented from fighting by an arrest. Fitzgerald went about calling Captain Scawen a poltroon, till, meeting in St. James's Coffee-house, the Captain told him he was ready to fight in spite of his arrest, pulled out a case of pistols, offered him one, and on his declining to fight except with swords, knocked him down with his walking-cane. Fitzgerald rose, drew and thrust at the Captain, who parrying his blade with his stick, presented a pistol, and swore if Fitzgerald made another pass he would blow his brains out. Scawen was soon again arrested, but broke his arrest in a few days; set off for Flanders, after giving notice to Fitzgerald; and on Austrian ground, near Tournay, on the first of September, met Mr. Fitzgerald. It was agreed they should fight at ten paces. Fitzgerald accepted the first fire, on Captain Scawen's offer; fired and narrowly missed the Captain's head. As Scawen was bringing up his pistol, Fitzgerald fired his second barrel—but immediately protested it was by accident, and asked the Captain's pardon, which was most chivalrously granted. Immediately after, Captain Scawen came up to his rascally adversary, and said, "if he had uttered anything that was disrespectful of him, it must have been when he was disordered with liquor, and he was extremely sorry for it;" took a cane from one of the surgeons' hands and handed it to Mr. Fitzgerald, who laid it lightly on the Captain's shoulder, expressed his sorrow for all he had said disrespectful to the Captain, hands were shaken, and the day was spent sociably and pleasantly by the whole party. This was the first indication of that murderous cunning which marked all Fitzgerald's "affairs of honour," and which ultimately brought him to the gallows as a murderer.

I do not know how the story originated which Mr. Cotton tells of Mrs. Hartley's fate—that on her voyage to play an engagement in America, the ship was wrecked, and she was washed ashore dead, with her child in her arms. The truth is, she left the stage in 1780, and died in her bed in 1824, at the ripe age of 73.

This was not the only affair of honour implicating friends and sitters of Sir Joshua's this year. Lord Bellamont sat to him, at the same time as Mrs. Hartley, almost before he was recovered of the wound received in his duel with Lord Townshend in Marylebone Fields, on the 2nd of February. The cause of quarrel was nothing more serious than a slight supposed to have been put upon Lord Bellamont by Viscount Townshend during his viceroyalty, as far back as February, 1770; but the affair made a great noise, as the quarrel had been the subject of elaborate explanation and statement, on the part of Lord Charlemont and Ancram for Lord Bellamont, and of Lord Ligonier for Viscount Townshend; and unfounded imputation had been cast on the courage of the latter. The whole party—principals and seconds—were sitters, and some of them intimates, of Sir Joshua's.

The noble antagonists behaved to each other on the ground with scrupulous politeness. They were provided with small swords, as well as pistols; but it was agreed to use the latter first. When they had taken their places Lord Bellamont took off his hat; Lord Townshend returned the salute, asking which Lord B.

chose should fire first. Lord B. begged Lord T. would do him that honour. He did, and Lord Bellamont fell with a bullet in his right side, near the groin.

The ball could not be discovered and the wound healed over it; but Lord Bellamont must still have been a cripple when he sat to Sir Joshua in August. Lord Bellamont's portrait, a fine standing full-length, with that of his Countess, still hang in the old family house, Bellamont Forest, County Cavan. But the title is extinct; the last heir ruined; the house is shut up, and the pictures may be rotting on the deserted walls—a fate that has overtaken too many even of Sir Joshua's portraits. .

Among other fine pictures commenced this year, stands prominent the group of Lady Cockburn and her children,[1] engraved under the title of Cornelia—one of the only two pictures on which Sir Joshua inscribed his name at length; the other was the portrait of Mrs. Siddons. In both he has put his name on the hem of the lady's garment—a seal of his own approval of his work. Another very choice work of this time is the portrait of Richard, the only son of his friend Lord Edgcumbe, now in his ninth year. The beautiful boy is painted reclining on a bank, with his head supported by his hand—and a dreamy look in his large soft eyes. In spite of a uniformity of brown in the colour, the effect of the picture is exquisite, and it is in admirable condition.[2]

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[1] Now in the possession of Sir James Hamilton (6, Portman Square), who married the daughter of Gen. Sir James Cockburn, one of the boys in the picture.

[2] I saw it at Lord Mount Edgcumbe's villa, close to the Sound, in 1861.—Ed.

During this year, too, he was busy with the portraits intended for the library at Streatham. William Henry Lyttleton (afterwards Lord Westcote), and Lord Sandys (early friends of Thrale's), had sat already. He was now at work on Johnson and Goldsmith, Burke—who had just returned from France, full of ominous forebodings founded on the suppression of the Parliament and the partition of Poland, but dazzled by the beauty of Marie Antoinette—Murphy, and Robert Chambers. Sir Joshua was hurrying to finish the latter before he sailed for India, as one of the newly appointed Judges of the Supreme Court. Chambers took with him a beautiful young wife of seventeen—Fanny, the daughter of Wilton the Academician. She had sat to Sir Joshua with Miss Meyer, also an Academician's daughter, for his Hebe.

Mrs. Thrale tells us she was often cruelly impatient of the progress of this Streatham Gallery. With all her gaiety, she had been struggling with all that could depress a woman, through what she calls "those dismal years," 1772-73. By her energy and sudden application, she had managed with difficulty to save her husband's business from bankruptcy. An infant son, in whom Mr. Thrale's hopes and affections were bound up, died. In June she lost a mother whom she tenderly loved, nor had she a husband's love to console her. Among other ways of diverting her mind from its sad thoughts, she tells us she took to writing characters in verse,[1] of the originals of the Streatham portraits. There is a vein of sharp sincerity, if not bitterness, running

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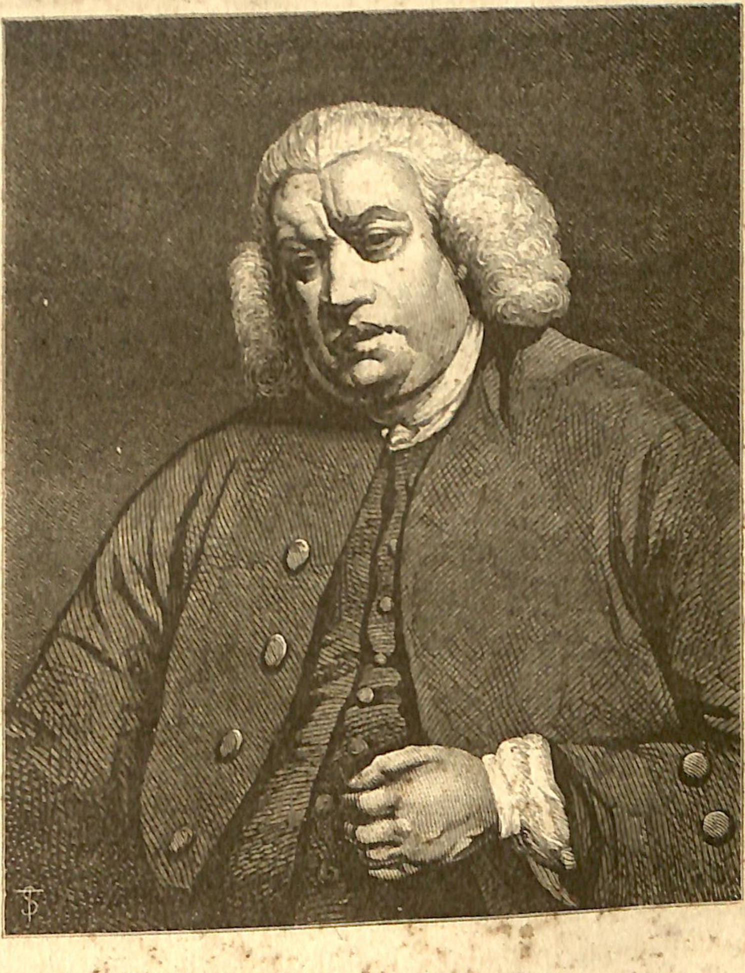
[1] Printed in her 'Autobiography,' vol. ii. p. 172.—ED.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

From the painting by Sir Joshua, in the possession of Sir Robert Peel.

through all these pen-pictures, which shows that Mrs. Thrale knew the weak points of her lions, and was not averse to bring them into the light. But even Mrs. Thrale's keen eye for faults, made keener by impatience and unhappiness, could find nothing more harsh to say of Sir Joshua than this:—

> "Of Reynolds all good should be said, and no harm,
> Though the heart is too frigid, the pencil too warm;
> Yet each fault from his converse we still must disclaim,
> As his temper 'tis peaceful, and pure as his fame.
> Nothing in it o'erflows, nothing ever is wanting;
> It nor chills like his kindness, nor glows like his painting.
> When Johnson by strength overpowers our mind,
> When Montague dazzles, and Burke strikes us blind,
> To Reynolds well pleased for relief we must run,
> Rejoice in his shadow and shrink from the sun."

We need not wonder that by the impulsive and restless Hester Thrale Reynolds's equableness and calm should be interpreted into frigidity of heart; and that his very kindness should seem chilling to her demonstrative temperament. I have more faith in the estimate of the painter written this year by his accomplished friend Dr. Barnard, the Dean of Derry. It will be best introduced by a letter of Dick Burke's to his kinsman William.[1]

"London, Friday evening, January 6th, 1773.

"A COMPANY of *beaux esprits*, Garrick, Johnson, Dean of Derry, Fox, &c. &c., dined with Reynolds. Brilliant yet easy, but good humour was curry curry-stick;[2] in the midst of which, in a conversation on the subject, the Dean observed, or, if you will, asserted, that after forty-five a man did not improve. 'I differ with you, sir;'

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[1] Burke 'Correspondence,' 1844, vol. i. 403-4.

[2] A slang expression of the whimsical writer's, meaning, perhaps, "characteristic."

said Johnson. 'A man *may* improve; and you yourself have great room for improvement.' The Dean was confounded, and for the instant silent. The others forced another subject; but it went, as such subjects must, heavily. The Dean, recovering,—'On recollection, I see no cause to alter my opinion; except I was to call it improvement for a man to grow (which I allow he may) positive, rude, and insolent, and save arguments by brutality.' The other groaned an intention to reply; but a second, and more successful, effort of the company to change the discourse, succeeded. He has since confessed his bad behaviour, telling Mrs. Thrale that he did not know what ailed him. Why do I tell you this? Why, to introduce the enclosed, or subjoined, copy of verses, sent early next morning to Reynolds. But why that 'or'? Thus:—Jo. King took them from me, stipulating to give me back a copy of them this evening. Oh! he is come in; but, as to copy—well, here they follow, and then, adieu!"

In the Dean's playful verses, after alluding to his own remark and Johnson's rudeness, he calls on all his friends to help him in his task of self-improvement. Reynolds is the first—

"Dear Knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer, with unclouded brow
And smile serene as thine,
The jest uncouth and truth severe;
Like thee to turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

"Thou say'st not only skill is gained,
But genius too may be attained
By studious invitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll study till I make them mine
By constant meditation."

Then, after a complimentary verse to Garrick, he goes on—

"If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em,
In terms select and terse;
Jones[1] teach me modesty, and Greek;
Smith[2] how to think; Burke how to speak;
And Beauclerk to converse.

"Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrowed grace;
From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his free and easy style,
And from the roughness of his file
Grow like himself polite."

Never was a revenge more gracefully taken, and a rudeness more consummately repelled. But Johnson, in his way, behaved as well as the Dean. He left the dining-room before the rest of the party, and in the drawing-room sat himself penitently down by Miss Reynolds. "I am very sorry for having spoken so rudely to the Dean." "You may very well be that, sir." "Yes," he said, "it was highly improper to speak in that style to a Minister of the Gospel, and I am the more hurt on reflecting with what mild dignity he received it." When the Dean came into the drawing-room, Miss Reynolds tells us how the Doctor immediately rose, and made the Dean sit by his side on the sofa; and with such a beseeching look for pardon, and such fond gestures—literally smoothing down his arms and knees—at once expressed his penitence, and deprecated the good-humoured Dean's resentment.[3]

Besides Sir Joshua's regular club and tavern dinners—

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[1] Afterwards Sir W. Jones.

[2] Adam.

[3] Miss Reynolds's 'Recollections of Johnson,' appended to Croker's 'Boswell.'

at the Dilettanti and the Devonshire Clubs, the Cocoa-tree, the British Coffee-house, and the Turk's Head, and his evenings with the blues, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Ord, and Mrs. Vesey (and once with Mrs. Lenox)—I find him this year, for the first time, dining several times at the Mansion House (where that impetuous Whig, Mr. Townshend, was now Lord Mayor). Wilkes, now alderman and ex-sheriff, may have been his inviter. Sir Joshua also attends the evening receptions of the Lady Mayoress.

There are frequent dinners with the Bishop of Bristol (Newton), at the Deanery of St. Paul's, from February onwards. It was at one of these dinners that the project for decorating St. Paul's with pictures originated. Sir Joshua dines very often with Sir William Chambers, who was his right hand in Academy matters, and with whom he was concerting arrangements for enlarged accommodation for the Academy in Somerset Buildings. The old familiar circle keeps enlarging by new intimacies, and is never narrowed, except by death. Reynolds lost no friends by quarrels, such as fill the literary history of that time. As Johnson said of him in August this year (while he and Boswell were admiring his stately portrait of Lord Errol at Slaines Castle), "Sir Joshua Reynolds, sir, is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom, if you should quarrel, you would find the most difficulty how to abuse."

The chief names of this old circle of intimates recur constantly. Burke, the Hornecks, Goldsmith, Mr. Parker, Lord Edgcumbe, Dr. Baker, the Thrales, Beauclerc, Fitzmaurice; Sir Thomas Mills is one of the additions to it. There are dinners with Lord Carysfort, whose guest he was also at Elton Hall in Northamptonshire, with Lord Carlisle, Lord Shelburne, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Marlborough; and two engagements which one would hardly expect, with Lord Bute, who had this year reappeared at Court in restored health.

There is one dinner extraordinary given by Thrale, in May,[1] perhaps to celebrate Garrick's admission to the club, in March. Boswell does not mention it, having left London a few days before. It was given at the Southwark brewery. Sir Joshua, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Edmund Burke, and Baretti were of the party. The table was laid in one of the new brewing-coppers; and the principal dish was beefsteaks dressed at the furnace—a kind of entertainment often given by convivial brewers, but seldom to such guests.

The President's attendance at the Council meetings of the Academy was unremitting—hardly once interrupted, except by his last illness. His usual entry on these occasions is, "Council, and to spend the evening." They probably made a social night of it, after the business was over, in Moser's apartments, adjacent to the council-room. There are engagements for "the masquerade," and frequent attendances at picture-sales and auctions—Langford's particularly, the Robins of his day, with a touch of the Christie. I find him attending Mr. West's sale; the enhanced price fetched by whose collections scandalised Horace Walpole.[2]

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[1] Thursday, the 13th, probably, when the pocket-book has "5. Mr. Thrale, Southwark." Boswell had left London on the 10th.

[2] "Mr. West's books are selling outrageously. His family will make

Buying old masters was a passion of the time, like high play.

Horace Walpole, who liked cheap pennyworths, cries out at the prices given by such Crœsuses among the connoisseurs as Lord Spencer and Lord Grosvenor, Sir Watkin Williams and Lord Chesterfield, who within a fortnight of his death, in March this year, gave 400 guineas for a landscape; which (says Walpole) "somebody was so good as to paint a few months ago for Claude Lorraine."

List of Sitters in 1773.

January.

Lord Graham; 'Child' (often); Mr. Udney; Shepherd Girl and Shepherd Boy[1] (often); Mrs. Haughton (Horton, *alias* Nancy Parsons); Lady Melbourne; Mrs. Abingdon.

February.

Hannibal (Master Cox); Mr. Calthorpe; Duke of Cumberland; Girl and Boy (often); Duchess of Cumberland; Miss Dunning; Lord Romney;[2] Duke of Buccleuch; Mr. Gardiner.

March.

Mr. Knapp; Lord Cathcart; Sir Charles Davers; Miss Child; Duke of Grafton; Mr. Bankes; Miss Hill; Mrs. Angerstein.

April.

Mr. Child; Mr. Coutts; Mrs. Parker; Lord Sandys; Mr. and Mrs. Garrick; the Bishop of Bristol (Dr. Thos. Newton); Mrs. Bunbury; 'Children' (often)[3].

May.[4]

Lord Runeham;[5] Mr. Beau-

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a fortune by what he collected from stalls and Moorfields. But I must not blame the *virtuosi*, having surpassed them. In short, I have bought his two pictures of Henry V. and Henry VIII. and their families." To Cole, April 7, 1773.

[1] For Sir G. Phillips's picture.

[2] President of the Society of Arts, for which the picture—a full-length in robes—was painted; and in whose rooms it still hangs.

[3] Probably for the group of angels in the first finished study of the 'Nativity.'

[4] *Mem.* May 19. "To send Mr. Barrett's picture, at the Exhibition, to Ireland, with the Cupid for Lord Charlemont." This is his own Venus and Cupid, bought by Lord C., and now at Charlemont House, Dublin.

May 21. "Mr. Christophano at the Venetian Ambassador's" (?)—to see a picture.

[5] Son of the Earl of Harcourt. Walpole's friend and correspondent.

clerc; Mrs. Tollemache; Miss Boswell; Dr. Percy; Master Parker; Mr. Hickey; 'Children' (often); Lord Carysfort.

June.[1]

Miss Montgomerie; Miss Barbara Montgomerie; Lady Townshend (from 17th to end of month at Portsmouth and Isle of Wight).

July.

Duke of Rutland (from the 6th to the 14th at Oxford; no entry of sitters till the 23rd); Mr. Chambers;[2] Mr. Dunning; Dr. Hawkesworth.[3]

August.

Miss Hickey; Mrs. Hartley;[4] Mrs. Earl; Lord Bellamont.

September.

Lady Cockburn;[5] Mr. Murphy (for the Streatham Gallery);[6] Mr. Burke (do.). (From the 11th of Sept. to the 10th of Oct., Sir Joshua was in Devonshire.)

October.

Lord Bute; Master Cockburn; Captain Haswell; Bartolozzi; Miss Hill.

November.

Lord Ferrers; Mr. Coutts; Sir R. Sutton; Mr. Caleb Whitefoord.[7]

December.[8]

Miss Ridge; Master Edgcumbe; Mr. Knapp; Sir Thos. Mills; Dr. Barnard (Dean of Derry).

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[1] May 31. "Send to Johnson."
June 8. "Send to Goldsmith"—for sittings for the Streatham Gallery.

[2] For Mr. Thrale's gallery at Streatham. Mr. Chambers was about to proceed to India as one of the newly-appointed judges.

[3] He died in October of this year.

[4] Her picture as a Nymph, with an Infant Bacchus, had been exhibited in May, and he was now painting another study from her as Jane Shore.

[5] For the celebrated picture engraved as 'Cornelia and her children.'

[6] The Streatham Gallery was sold in 1816. In Mrs. Piozzi's catalogue are noted the prices and purchasers. Lord Sandys, 36*l.* 15*s.* (Lady Downshire); Lord Lyttelton, 431*l.* (Mr. Lyttelton, his son); Mrs. Piozzi and her daughter, 81*l.* 18*s.* (S. Boddington, Esq.); Goldsmith (duplicate of the original at Knowle), 133*l.* 7*s.* (Duke of Bedford); Sir J. Reynolds (R. Sharp, Esq., M.P., now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Drummond); Sir R. Chambers, 84*l.* (Lady Chambers, his widow); David Garrick, 183*l.* 15*s.* (Dr. C. Burney, now in the possession of Lord Lansdowne); Baretti, 31*l.* 10*s.* (— Stewart, Esq., now at Knowle); Dr. Burney, 84*l.* (Dr. C. Burney, his son); Ed. Burke, 252*l.* (R. Sharp, Esq., M.P., now at Mrs. Drummond's); Dr. Johnson, 378*l.* (Watson Taylor, Esq., now at Mrs. Drummond's); A. Murphy (bought in at 108*l.* 18*s.*, now at Sir R. Peel's).

[7] The wit and wine-merchant, best remembered now as the inventor of the 'Cross-Readings.'

[8] Notes of his practice for this year are—"My own picture sent to Plympton: cera, poi verniciata senza olio. Colori, Cologne earth, vermilion, white, and blue: the cloth varnisht first with copal varnish, on

1774, ætat. 51.—When the year opened Sir Joshua was at work on his picture of Beattie and the Triumph of Truth. The head of Beattie and the angel only had been finished during the Professor's stay in London. He had written to Mrs. Montague on the 21st of August: "My face, for which I sat, is finished, and is a most striking likeness; only, I believe it will be allowed that Sir Joshua is more liberal in the articles of spirit and elegance than his friend Nature thought proper to be. The angel also is finished, and is an admirable figure: and Sir Joshua is determined to complete the whole with great expedition, and to have a print done from it. He is very happy in this invention, which is entirely his own. Indeed, if I had been qualified to give any hints on the subject, which is not at all the case, you will readily believe that I would not be at all instrumental in forwarding a work that is so very flattering to me. The picture will appear at the Exhibition; but whether Sir Joshua means to keep it, or dispose of it, is not, I believe, determined."

There is no reason to believe this modesty of Beattie's feigned. It is consistent with the character of this excellent and amiable man; for such he was, whatever we may think of him as a writer. Scepticism was at this time fashionable among the wits and men of letters. It was thought a great thing that such a man as Beattie, not a clergyman, should have taken up the pen against Hume and Voltaire. The essay had won him popular fame, royal favour, and a pension. The Edinburgh Town Council had wooed him to the chair of moral

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a common colourman's cloth" (a raw cloth). "My own, painted at the same time (Dilettanti picture), do." (Both have stood perfectly.)

philosophy; the Archbishop of York had solicited him to enter the Church of England. There seems every reason to believe that Sir Joshua was as sincere in his allegorical compliment to the Doctor, as the Doctor in his modest repudiation of any share in suggesting it.[1] Mrs. Montague's reply shows that the subject of public employment for artists had already been discussed beyond the walls of the Deanery of St. Paul's and the Academy council-room. She writes—"I am delighted with Sir Joshua's plan, and do not doubt he will make a very noble picture of it. I class Sir Joshua with the greatest geniuses that have ever appeared in the art of painting; and I wish he was employed by the public in some great work that would do honour to our country in future ages. He has the spirit of a Grecian artist. The Athenians did not employ such men in painting portraits to place over a chimney, or the door of a private cabinet. I long to see the picture he is now designing: virtue and truth are subjects worthy of the artist and the man. He has an excellent moral character, and is most pleasant and amiable in society, and with great talents has uncommon humility and gentleness."]

On the 22d February, 1774, Reynolds wrote to Dr. Beattie at Aberdeen—

"I sit down to relieve my mind from great anxiety and uneasiness, and I am sorry when I say that this proceeds from not answering your letter sooner. This seems very strange, you will say, since the cause may be so easily removed; but the truth of the matter is, I waited to inform you that your picture was finished, which, however, I cannot do now.

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[1] Sir Joshua had promoted the sale of Beattie's Essay; as I infer from a memorandum in the pocket-book for 1773, Dec. 15th. "Book of 'Truth' to be sent to George Rous, Esq., in the Temple."

"I must confess to you that when I sat down I intended to tell a sort of white lie, *that it was finished*; but on recollecting that I was writing to the author of 'Truth' about a picture of Truth, I felt that I ought to say nothing but the truth. The truth then is, that the picture probably will be finished before you receive this letter, for there is not above a day's work remaining to be done.

"Mr. Hume has heard from somebody that *he* is introduced in the picture not much to his credit. There is only a figure covering his face with his hands, which they may call 'Hume' or anybody else. It is true it has a tolerably broad back. As for Voltaire, I intended he should be one of the group. I intended to write more, but I hear the postman's bell. Dr. Johnson, who is with me now, desires his compliments."

[The prospects of public employment for art were not utterly extinguished by Dr. Terrick's identification of painting with Popery. The Society of Arts took up the notion, when the bishop flung it from him with such holy horror. They this year addressed a proposal to the Academy to decorate with a series of pictures their new room in the Adelphi, then lately erected by the brothers Adam. The artists they selected were the same who had been picked out by the Academy for the decoration of St. Paul's, with the addition of Mortimer and Wright of Derby for the historical, and Romney and Penny for the decorative part of the work. It was proposed that the pictures should be exhibited, and the painters paid out of the profits of the exhibition.

The scheme did not meet the approval of the Academy, and was dropped, in spite of the determined support of Barry, who was already growing morose under the cold reception of his pictures at the Exhibition, and who conceived that he should find fairer scope for his own powers, as well as a more worthy application of the beloved art, in some great decorative work. He claimed the credit of having suggested the St. Paul's design. "I proposed this matter to the Academy," he writes to the Duke of Richmond, "about a year since, a little after my being admitted an Associate; and I had long set my heart upon it, as the only means for establishing a solid manly taste for real art, in place of our contemptible passion for the daubing of inconsequential things, portraits of dogs, landscapes, &c.: things which—the mind, which is the soul of art, having no concern in them—have hitherto served to disgrace us over all Europe."

Barry does not actually enumerate portraits of men and women "among the inconsequential things." His feeling as a painter perhaps withheld him; but his leanings as a theorist and a man drew him almost into that monstrous heresy. He seems to have had a germ of bitterness and envy in his suspicious and combative nature, and to have already begun to hate Reynolds for his success and his prosperity, his social popularity and distinctions.[1]

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[1] In his 'Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England,' published by Barry in November of this year, Barry assails with great vigour of style and power of argument the doctrine of Winckelman and De Bos, that the Arts have flourished from influences of race or climate, and attributes their progress to causes traceable in history to education and public encouragement. The treatise contains a great deal of truth, much bitterly-ex-

Burke had befriended him with admirable stanchness. Barry had to thank him for a commission for

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pressed contempt for fashionable connoisseurship and the taste for virtù, and a bold exposure of the mischief done to the rising Art of England between the expiring schools of Italy and France. But it is impossible to mistake the allusion to Reynolds and his Discourses in such passages as the following:

"As to the notion that a portrait-painter can also, when called upon, paint history; and that he can, merely from his acquaintance with the map of the face, travel with security over the other regions of the body, every part of which has a peculiar and different geography of its own; this would be too palpably absurd to need any refutation. He may, indeed, by reading and conversation, borrow, collect, or steal opinions, and he may make out general theories; but even in the way of theory, what he mixes of his own head will be at best loose and vague, as it cannot be confirmed by the result of his own observation, from repeated and familiar practice. It is easy to collect eulogiums upon Michael Angelo and the other great fathers of historical excellence; but we ought to be careful how we add to them. I repeat this, on account of a wild opinion which has got into circulation, and must be attended with very mischievous consequences, should any young artist regulate his practice by it. The opinion is, that the grand style and an attention to exactness in the minuter parts of the figure are incompatible; and Michael Angelo is mistakenly held out as the example of a style of art consisting of all genius and soul, and which was above attending to an exactness in the minutiæ and detail of his figures. This is false, both in the precept and the example. Michael Angelo is, of all men, one of the most remarkable for this precision, and this attention to the detail, or smaller parts of his figures; there is actually more work and making out (as the artists call it) in one arm or leg executed by this great man, than is to be found in two entire figures of any of these vague slovenly theorists."

Here Barry is unquestionably in the right, against the anti-detail theory of Reynolds, which I have already combated from examples in literature. But he is wrong, I think, in insinuating that the theory was artfully propounded by Reynolds to justify his own imperfections.

"It may answer the convenient purposes of inability to insinuate that this attention to particular parts is an affected display of knowledge and a boastful ostentation; but this is naturally to be expected: we can all of us be eloquent enough in declaiming upon the depravity or misuse of such matters as happen to be out of our reach."

I fear there is a reference to Reynolds, also, in the darker insinuations of such passages as this:

"As to the many who can have no part in the question of superior art, *they* ought, in conscience, to content themselves with those greater profits which in this commercial country must ever follow from the practice of the lower branches; especially as they cannot hope to keep up for ever that false weight and importance which they have assumed in consequence of those greater gettings. It is therefore to be hoped

Dr. Nugent's portrait the year before. And now, when kindly, bustling, newsmongering Dr. Brocklesby asked Burke to sit for him, Barry was to be the painter. Burke called again and again at Barry's rooms in Suffolk Street for a sitting. The painter had not yet sunk into the squalor of his Castle Street den. But Barry was otherwise engaged whenever Burke called. He had matter more important than portraits on hand. "Why was he to be broken in upon, thus, at a moment's warning? Other painters had notice—their sitters made engagements with *them* beforehand. Why was he to be treated more cavalierly than Sir Joshua Reynolds?" Burke was nettled, and no wonder. Here he was doing the kindest thing for this intractable man—he, with his busy days and nights

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that they will no longer find it practicable to play the part of 'dog in the manger' as they have hitherto done; for, indeed, a great many of the blocks and impediments that were thrown in the way of superior art, have been greatly owing to the secret workings and machinations of these interested men."

Burke, in acknowledging receipt of the 'Inquiry,' writes, with reference to such passages as these:—

"There are a few parts which Mr. Burke could not have understood, if he had not been previously acquainted by some gentlemen to whom Mr. Barry had explained them, that they are allusions to certain matters agitated among authors, and satires upon some of them. With regard to the justice or injustice of these strictures (of which there are several) Mr. Burke can form no opinion—as he has little or no knowledge of the art, he can be no judge of the emulation and disputes of its professors. These parts may, therefore, for aught he knows, be very grateful, and possibly useful, to the several parties which subsist, if any do subsist, among themselves; but he apprehends they will not be equally pleasing to the world at large, which desires to be rather entertained by their works than troubled by their contentions."

Besides this significant criticism on the covert personalities of the 'Inquiry,' Burke complains of the want of method in the distribution of the subject; but expresses the pleasure and instruction he had derived from many parts of it, and praises "the fine thoughts and observations, very well conceived, and very powerfully and elegantly expressed."—Ed.

of long debate, his Parliamentary papers, his India correspondence, his American agency—with the affair of the Boston tea-riots on hand, the opposition to the Boston-Port Bill to organize, the Rockingham peers to find in protests, the Rockingham party in the Commons to inspire with spirit, argument, and eloquence.[1]

He wrote to Barry with grave irony. "It has been very unfortunate for me that my time is so irregularly occupied that I can never with certainty tell beforehand when I shall be disengaged. I waited on you exactly at half an hour after eleven, and had the pleasure of finding you at home, but, as usual, so employed as not to permit you to undertake this disagreeable business. I have troubled you with this letter, as I think it necessary to make an excuse for so frequent and importunate intrusions. Much as it might flatter my vanity to be painted by so eminent an artist, I assure you that, knowing I had no title to that honour, it was only in compliance with the desire often repeated of our common friend that I have been so troublesome."

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[1] Walpole to Mann, Feb. 2nd, 1774:—

"We have no news, public or private; but there is an ostrich-egg laid in America, where the Bostonians have canted 300 chests of tea into the ocean; for they will not drink tea with our Parliament. . . . Lord Chatham talked of conquering America in Germany: I believe England will be conquered some day in New England or Bengal."

Walpole to Mann, Feb. 14th, 1774:—

"The House of Lords is busy on the question of Literary Property, a question that lies between the integrity of Scotch authors and English booksellers. The other House has got into a new scrape with the City and printers, which I suppose will end to the detriment of the press. The Ministers have a much tougher business on their hands, in which even their *factotum*, the Parliament, may not be able to ensure success—I mean the rupture with America."

Walpole to Mann, May 1st, 1774:—

"There is, indeed, a great business in agitation, and has been for some time; *but without the thorough-bass of Opposition it makes no echo out of Parliament.* Its parliamentary name is Regulations for Boston. Its essence, the question of sovereignty over America."

Burke's labour was to blow the bellows for the thorough-bass of Opposition, which he had much ado to set a-roaring, so dispirited were the Whigs just now.—ED.

Barry was hurt: he professed himself at a loss to understand Burke's evident annoyance, and eager to remove it. "As to Dr. Brocklesby's picture, it is a miserable subject to be made the subject of a quarrel with me. I will paint it, as I always was earnestly inclined to do, when I can get a sitting upon the terms that are granted to all other painters. I only begged the notice of a day beforehand, and you well know that much more is required by others." An allusion, no doubt, to Reynolds, but curiously ill-introduced, seeing that a sitter was the rarest of apparitions in Barry's painting-room.

Burke tells him in reply that, on all the five occasions he had sate for his portrait, the sittings had been without previous notice. "A picture of me is now painting for Mr. Thrale, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in this manner, and in this only.[1] I will not presume to say that the condescension of some men forms a rule for others. I know that extraordinary civility cannot be claimed as a matter of strict justice. In that view, possibly, you may be right. It is not for me to dispute with you. I have ever looked up with reverence to merit of all kinds, and have learned to yield submission even to the caprices of men of parts. I shall certainly obey your commands, and send you regular notice whenever I am able."

Burke was sincere in this deference. He was the truest friend Barry ever had, and Barry, embittered as he was, knew and owned it. So the quarrel was made up, Burke's sittings completed, and the picture finished for this year's Exhibition. The incident is a good illustration of the contrasted characters of Barry and Reynolds. Burke sitting to both at the same time must have had the contrast forced upon him. He too had had his disappointments. He was as much above his political associates in the largeness and nobleness of his views as Barry imagined himself above his brother Academicians. But Burke became neither a cynic nor a misanthrope. Partly from irritation at the baffling of hopes founded on the plan for decorating St. Paul's and the large room of the Society of Arts, and as much perhaps with the notion of shaming the public, Barry at this time advertised in the daily papers offering "to give instructions in the art of design to any nobleman or gentleman who might require such assistance."

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[1] Hence, no doubt, the absence of Burke's name from Sir Joshua's lists of sitters. The engagements with him are always for dinners, or other visits.—ED.

On the 6th of March the Dilettanti Society resolved to appropriate the interest of 4000*l.* in the three per cents. to the maintenance in Italy or Greece for three years of two students recommended by the Royal Academy, if approved by a meeting of the Society. They communicated this design—which had probably been matured in co-operation with Sir Joshua—to the Council of the Academy, who gratefully undertook the task of recommending students to the Society.

The pocket-books for the year are wanting; or they probably would have enabled me to fix the date of that dinner at the St. James's Coffee-house which gave rise to Goldsmith's latest poem, 'Retaliation.' Out of some especially pleasant dinners at Sir Joshua's—and, if we may trust Cumberland, at his house—had grown up an irregular dinner-club, meeting sometimes at the St. James's Coffee-house, sometimes at the British. The Burkes, Richard now on the eve of returning most unwillingly to his collectorship at Grenada; Dr. Barnard, the clever genial Dean of Derry; Dr. Douglas, the keen-sighted detector of Lauder's forgeries and Bower's lies; Garrick, Whitefoord, Hickey, and Cumberland, with Sir Joshua and Goldsmith, were the principal members of this Society. Goldsmith had of late lost much of his gaiety and whim. He was heavily in debt; he had discounted his work for the booksellers, and was in advance with all who would trust him. His health had given way under anxiety and intense but irregular fits of work. His old humour and childlike sweetness were broken by gusts of passion, and overcast by moods of deep depression.

Sir Joshua had done all that true friendship could do to distract his mind and relieve his anxieties. He had accompanied him to the places of amusement, which Goldsmith flew to as soon as his tale of mill-horse work for the booksellers was over—the ridotto of Vauxhall or Ranelagh, the masquerades at the Pantheon, the theatres, and the clubs. Goldsmith constantly made one at Sir Joshua's pleasant dinner-table, and Sir Joshua often dined with him in Brick Court, or at taverns; but not always with pleasure, for he knew Goldsmith's circumstances, and the chances that dinner and wine might be left unpaid for. There is a story of a dinner, in the autumn of 1773, given to bring Doctor Johnson and Kippis together, at which Sir Joshua was a guest, when Johnson is said to have sent away every dish of the second course untouched, to mark his sense of their entertainer's extravagance—a piece of bad-breeding, at which one is not surprised to learn that Goldsmith was much mortified. It is probable, too, that Sir Joshua's purse was as much at Goldsmith's disposal as his company.

In his present wayward mood Goldsmith was especially good game for those who had always been too much in the habit of making fun of his vanity, awkwardness, and good-nature. In all likelihood they did not know *how* bad matters were with him, either in health or circumstances. At one of the dinners at the St. James's Coffee-house, Goldsmith was egged on to pit himself against Garrick in epigram-writing. It was voted each should write the other's epitaph. Pen and ink were called for, and Garrick at once produced the well-known—

> "Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called 'Noll,'
> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Goldsmith was not so ready with his retort, but is not said to have been angry. On the contrary, Garrick declares all was good-humour on all sides in the whole affair. Garrick's couplet was voted a hit. Dean Barnard tried his hand at a second epitaph, which Sir Joshua illuminated with a pen-and-ink caricature of Goldsmith's bust.

At another dinner, some days after, Caleb Whitefoord working the original joke, came, invited (says Cumberland) by Sir Joshua, with his pockets full of epitaphs, *impromptus faits à loisir*. Goldsmith's imaginary "dinner," at which each of the coffee-house party figures as a dish (Reynolds, among the rest, being lamb), had already been written and circulated. He now produced some of his epitaphs, written in "Retaliation for the epitaphs of the former meeting." It is certain that the admirable epitaph on Garrick was read on this occasion, but which of the others is uncertain.[1] That on Reynolds was unfinished at the time of his death, and was probably the last work on which Goldsmith was employed.

The lines will ever remain the best epitome of Sir Joshua's character.[2]

The poem was handed about in fragments, and with injunctions to secresy. The author showed it to Burke, when he had got as far as the lines on Sir Joshua, and confessed to him he had already given a copy to Mrs. Cholmondeley. It is clear enough that all the epitaph-writers, Goldsmith on his side, and Garrick, Cumberland, and Whitefoord on theirs, had gone on working out the idea. Goldsmith's poem was not published till a week after his death, and was even then unfinished. A blotted MS. with "broken verses" on Sir Joshua, Ridge, Beauclerk, and Whitefoord, was lying in his room a few days before he died. A friend was allowed to take away the epitaph on Whitefoord, as he had all the others. When he asked if he might take it, "In truth you may, my boy," said poor Goldsmith from his bed, "it will be of no use to me where I am going." Goldsmith had brought up 'The Animated Nature,' finished at last, from his farmhouse lodging at Edgeware, in March. But he had a world of work on hand, and most of it, unluckily, already paid for. He was, at the same time, finishing his 'History of Greece,' writing a short abridgment of his 'History of England,' translating Scarron's *Roman Comique*, revising his 'Inquiry into Polite Learning,' drawing up the plan of a 'Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences,' for which he had secured the aid of Reynolds among other friends specially qualified to treat such subjects. He was making good resolutions to sell his chambers and live quiet in the country—all but two months of the year. No wonder, with all this work on his back and debt besides, that Goldsmith was fighting with low nervous fever.

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[1] A clear idea of the whole affair may be gathered from comparison of the accounts given by Garrick, Cumberland, and the writer of the Life prefixed to the Miscellaneous Writings. These have been well sifted by Mr. Forster.—Ed.

[2] "Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled . . . ."

Such a tribute was a fitting return for the many kind words and gentle acts by which Reynolds had often sheltered poor Goldsmith from unmerited ridicule and unfeeling contempt.—Ed.

Friday, the 4th of March, was an interesting day at the Club.

Charles Fox, who had now seceded from Lord North and ranked himself decisively in Opposition by the side of Burke;[1] Sir Charles Bunbury; George Steevens, the editor of the new edition of Johnson's 'Shakspere;' Doctor George Fordyce, the eminent physician; and Gibbon, were on that day elected members. Johnson proposed Steevens, and Sir Joshua, we may be sure, stood sponsor for Sir Charles Bunbury. Goldsmith, who loved the Bunburys and Barton, now that his "Jessamy bride" had found a home there,[1] must have been interested for Sir Charles, for the name's sake as well as Sir Joshua's, though not in London when he was elected. How little did any of the three think that just at this time the beautiful young wife of Sir Charles's brother-in-law, Captain Charles Horneck, was on the point of eloping with her husband's most intimate friend and brother officer, the same Captain Scawen whom we have seen last year narrowly escaping the treacherous bullet of Fighting Fitzgerald! Mrs. Horneck was the daughter of Sir Joshua's old friend Lord Albemarle, and had not been a year married. Captain Horneck and his wife were now staying at Captain Scawen's house, in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, whence the elopement took place this month. Burke had the painful task of breaking the news to the husband.[2]

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[1] "P.S. 24th. The famous Charles Fox was this morning turned out of his place of First Lord of the Treasury, for great flippancies in the House towards North. His parts will now have a full opportunity of showing whether they can balance his character or whether patriotism can whitewash it."—Walpole to Mann, Feb. 23-24, 1774.

On Friday the 25th Goldsmith was expected at the Club to congratulate the new members. He did not make his appearance; but close on twelve Dr. Fordyce received a note at the Club from Mr. Hawes, a very eminent surgeon-apothecary (the founder of the Humane Society), asking him to come at once to Dr. Goldsmith, who was in bed with fever. He had taken to his bed that day. From that sick-bed he never rose, dying on the morning of Monday the 4th of April. He might have shaken off the fever, had his mind been at ease. But his worst complaint was the heartbreak that kills so many—the sense of imprudence and folly, and debt only to be cleared off by more work than time will admit or brain will bear. I regret that, not having the pocket-book for this year, I am unable to disprove, as regards Reynolds at least, Walpole's assertion that Goldsmith was neglected by his friends in his dying moments. I do not believe it. Sir Joshua must have known from Fordyce of the serious nature of the case; he had been much in Goldsmith's company immediately before his fatal illness; and Sir Joshua's motive for seeking his company could have been neither vanity nor thirst for amusement, nor anything but affectionate regard and kindness. He, more than any of the Doctor's celebrated companions, seems to have valued the beautiful traits in that chequered character, its tenderness, its yearning for love, its unselfishness, its childlike simplicity, and absolute superiority to sordid self-interest. All who pretended to judgment admitted the genius of Goldsmith; but few, so much as Reynolds, appreciated the sweet and noble elements of his nature, in spite of its two great drawbacks—the vanity, which never consciously masked itself, yet peeped out with such a variety of faces, and the recklessness for which he paid so heavily. Reynolds never made him a butt, nor swelled the chorus with stories of his vanity, jealousy, or improvidence. He, more than any one, except Johnson at certain moments, felt how Goldsmith longed to be loved, and how well worthy of love he was.

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[1] She married Mr. Bunbury in 1770. They did not live in the present house at Barton.

[2] Gibbon's letter to Holroyd, March 16th, 1774.

I, for one, will always believe—though I have no positive evidence—that Reynolds stood by that sad death-bed in Brick-court, and descended that staircase, where the poor outcasts whom Goldsmith's tender charity had comforted sat and wept for their benefactor. I believe Reynolds to have been the confidant of some at least of those sorrowful cases, and to have helped to relieve them.[1]]

Northcote has recorded that on the day of Goldsmith's death Reynolds did not touch the pencil, "a circumstance," he adds, "the most extraordinary for him, who passed *no day without a line*." He acted, also, as Goldsmith's executor, and arranged his confused affairs, finding, to his own astonishment, that the debts exceeded 2000*l*. [It had at first been proposed to honour the dead with a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, and Reynolds had received subscriptions for the purpose. Lord Shelburne and Lord Louth, Sir Joshua, Burke, and Garrick were already selected as pall-bearers. But the design was changed, and it was determined to reserve the money a public funeral would have cost for the more enduring honours of a monument.

Before the body was buried, the Jessamy Bride, and her sister Mrs. Horneck, turned from their family sorrows and scandals, to pay a last tribute of affection to the poet. They had his coffin reopened and a lock cut from his head, which Mrs. Gwynn kept till she died, nearly seventy years after.

Goldsmith was buried, on the fifth day after his death, in the dark and dreary little churchyard of the Temple. Reynolds was not present, but his nephew, the Rev. Joseph Palmer, acted as chief mourner.]

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[1] So, at least, I explain the first entry on a fly-leaf of the pocket-book for 1771, which runs,—"Goldsmith's girl; Mrs. Quarrington; inquire for Mrs. Jones, at Mrs. Sneyd's, Tibbald's Row, Red Lion Street. Mrs. Hartley, Little James Street, Haymarket, at Mr. Kelly's." These are all models. One of Goldsmith's outcast *protégées* had, I imagine, been employed as a model on his recommendation.—Ed.

Boswell tells us that, talking of Goldsmith's poem of the 'Traveller,' at a dinner at his own house, Sir Joshua said, "I was glad to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language." Mr. Langton asked, "Why were you glad? you had surely no doubt of this before?" to which Johnson added, "No! the merit of the 'Traveller' is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it;" when Reynolds modestly replied, "But his friends may suspect they had too great a partiality for him."

Reynolds probably thought that this praise was all the more valuable as coming from one of political opinions opposite to those of Goldsmith, knowing how apt party differences are to blind men to every excellence in their opponents.

[It was not long after Goldsmith's death that a disparaging criticism of some of his writings was ventured at Sir Joshua's dinner-table. The President's trumpet must have been turned another way. Johnson was present. He rolled, and growled, and snorted, after his fashion, while the critics carped. When they were done he rose, looked the critics full in the face, and said, in his weightiest tones, "If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy but those who could write as well, he would have few censors."

The Academy dinner drew together its usual gathering of noblemen, wits, and men of letters. Besides the twenty-five high officers and statesmen who were regularly invited, the guests this year included the Lord Chamberlain, the President of the Royal Society (Sir John Pringle), the Rev. Dr. Francklin (who this year succeeded Goldsmith in the Academy as Professor of Ancient History), Garrick, Colman, Foote (who this year let his theatre to Colman and retired from management), the Earls of Essex and Hardwick, Lord Lisburne, Edmund Burke, Topham Beauclerk, the Dean of Derry, Mr. H. Bunbury (the caricaturist and husband of Miss Horneck), and Matthew Duane (the eminent lawyer, virtuoso, and numismatologist, a brother member with Sir Joshua of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies). It would seem from these names—all intimates of Sir Joshua's—that the President had suggested the greater number of these special invitations. The list is a splendid one for varied distinction.

The Exhibition opened in April as usual, with a catalogue of 364 works. Horace Walpole has noted it as "very indifferent." Gainsborough did not exhibit. Barry sent four pictures, a King Lear and Cordelia, "from the play as written by Shakspere"—a reminder not unnecessary when Garrick was playing the part with Nahum Tate's miserable "happy ending"—Antiochus and Stratonice, "Mercury inventing the lyre," and Burke's portrait. He had the Mercury on his easel when Burke was sitting to him. In answer to Burke's question, the painter reminded him how Mercury at break of day found a tortoise-shell by the sea and fashioned it into the sounding-board of the lyre. "I know the story," said Burke; "such were the fruits of early rising. He is an industrious deity, and an example to man. I will give you a companion to it—Narcissus wasting time looking at himself in the fountain, an image of idleness and vanity." The Narcissus is said to have been painted, but was never exhibited, and is lost. The Mercury is described as one of the painter's happiest works, though he despised it as a "little slight thing." Mercury stands by the sea listening to the vibration of a dried sinew in the hollow shell. Cupid offers him the cord from his bow, as a second string—an original and graceful fancy. Cipriani paints the usual classicalities—Perseus and Andromeda, Vertumnus and Pomona, and the Death of Cleopatra. The marine painters, Clevely, Serres, Mitchell, and Holman, contribute pictures of last year's naval review; Nath. Dance the full-length Orpheus, bought by Sir W. W. Wynne, and still in the Wynne collection, where it now hangs as a pendant to Sir Joshua's St. Cecilia. Reynolds's Saint of Christian Music is a direct plagiarism from Domenichino, but brilliant in colour. Dance's Master of Heathen Music is his own—well drawn, but cold and stony in colour. Angelica Kauffmann overflows, as usual, in a great expanse of washy canvas, sending six classical subjects and a portrait. Liotard (who was now growing old, and seems to have fallen out of employment) contributes only his own and his son's portrait in oil. De Loutherbourg has a large landscape, with figures and cattle, a Storm, a Calm, and (thanks to his connection with Drury-lane as scene-painter) a portrait of Garrick as Don John, with a moonlight view of Naples, and Weston, as Tycho, fighting the evil spirits in the Christmas tale, a successful Drury-lane spectacle of the year before. F. Malton (Turner's original master in perspective) sends stained drawings of the Adams' new erections in the Adelphi. Two of Sir Joshua's pupils exhibit—Charles Gill (son of the great Bath pastrycook, the Gunter of that famous watering-place), and Northcote, who sends a St. Catherine, and the portrait of an old gentleman. Penny, the Professor of Painting, exhibits two edifying allegories,—"the Profligate punished by Neglect and Contempt," "the Virtuous comforted by Sympathy and Attention." One would like to know how "Attention" was personified for painting. Thomas Rawlins sends a design for a building which, down to our time, has got no farther—"a Forum, for the four Courts of Judicature, to be built in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Runciman, who had last year left his lodging at the house of Hogarth's widow, the Golden Head in Leicester Fields, to conduct the Academy of Arts in Edinburgh, exhibits one of his designs from Ossian, painted for the Hall of Fingal, at Pennycuik, the seat of Sir Charles Clerk, a vehement upholder of Macpherson and the Celtic Father of Song. Vandergucht exhibits the clever portrait of Woodward as Petruchio now in the Garrick Club; and Benjamin West a design for an altarpiece, of the Angels appearing to the Shepherds; the altarpiece of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook (St. Stephen's burial); and Moses receiving the Tables, the design for the abortive project for decorating St. Paul's. Richard Wilson exhibits—it is to be feared only to take away again unsold—views of Castel Gandolfo, Niagara, Cader Idris, and Okehampton Castle.]

To the Exhibition of 1774 Sir Joshua sent no less than thirteen pictures. [It seemed as if he were all the more determined to vindicate his claim to the most decided superiority over all his rivals as his tale of sitters grew less.] The pictures he sent were—

A whole-length of the Duchess of Gloucester.
Another of the Princess Sophia, her daughter.
Three ladies adorning a Term of Hymen.
A whole-length of Mrs. Tollemache as Miranda.
Another whole-length of a Lady.
Lady Cockburn and her children.
Lord Bellamont, in the robes of the Bath.
The portrait of Dr. Beattie, with allegorical figures, called the Triumph of Truth.
A half-length of Bishop Newton.
A head of Baretti.
A whole-length of a son of Lord Edgcumbe.
Another portrait of a Gentleman; and
An Infant Jupiter.

The portrait of Baretti is among the finest Reynolds ever painted. A hint for the picture was probably taken from the Near-sighted Sibyl of Michael Angelo; but the attitude of Baretti, and the manner in which he holds the book he is devouring, are quite unlike the attitude and manner of the Sibyl. It must have appeared strange to see two pictures in the same exhibition, by the same painter, so different in conception as the portraits of Beattie and Baretti: the last so original and characteristic,—the first, though much more powerfully painted and splendid in its effect of colour, so poor a display of trite allegory. I am afraid Reynolds thought the allegorical a poetic mode of treatment; but if such inventions are poetry, then such poetry is a very inferior thing to the natural prose of the other picture.

[In the case of the President, at all events, the public of 1774 had reason to be grateful that the Academy rules of that day set no limit to the number of pictures by one master admitted to the Exhibition.[1] Thanks to this, they were this year able to enjoy at once the matronly charms of the Duchess of Gloucester[2] and the infantine loveliness of her little daughter, rolling on the ground with her fat rosy arms round the neck of her playmate lapdog, and her sweet round cheeks laid lovingly by the side of his curly head and wet black muzzle;[3] the stately group of the three lovely Irish sisters; the innocent and candid beauty of Mrs. Tollemache appropriately painted as Miranda[4] (the arms and hands unfortunately stiff and ill-drawn); the magnificence of colour, the charm of youthful matronage, and the grace of childhood and infancy, so finely combined in the group of Lady Cockburn and her children,[5] that, when the picture was brought into the Exhibition room to be hung, all the painters present clapped their hands in salutation of its power; the pensive boyish grace of young Richard Edgcumbe;[6] and the vigour of the infant Jupiter,[7] with the eagle spreading his wings above the head of the god.

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[1] The receipts at the Exhibition for the month it remained open were this year 1658*l.* 4*s.*, and nearly 200*l.* were given in charity to decayed artists and their relatives.

[2] In the collection of the Earl of Harcourt.

[3] This portrait of the Princess Sophia, conspicuous for its beautiful representation of infancy even among Sir Joshua's many lovely pictures of infants, is now at Hampton Court.

[4] At Peckforton Castle, the seat of J. Tollemache, Esq., in fine preservation.

[5] Now in the possession of Sir James Hamilton (who married one of her granddaughters) — one of his most vigorously coloured pictures, and in fine preservation. The macaw, curtain, and landscape were introduced, after much deliberation, to balance the composition. Lady C. was niece of Lord Lyttelton, and daughter of Dean Ayscough; and became (1769) the second wife of Sir James Cockburn, M.P. The picture has been well engraved, with the title 'Cornelia.'

[6] In the collection of Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, a little faded, but still exquisite for expression and tender grace.

[7] In the collection of Lord Fitzwilliam.

This was the eagle whose sorry home was in the back area at Leicester Fields, while the macaw was allowed a perch in the dining-room. The eagle having died, Northcote hung up the body with wings extended, and was diligently painting away at it, when Sir Joshua, who had been at a masquerade the night before, and had lain late, came into the room, and, struck with the effect of the bird, carried away both model and Northcote's canvas into his painting-room, and in about a quarter of an hour gave it, says Northcote,[1] "such touches of animation as made it truly fine." I have seen[2] a noble study of an eagle on a bare peak, with extended wings coming against a dark sky, and holding a snake under his talons, which may have been the very canvas of which Northcote tells this story.

The allegorical portrait of Beattie was attacked by others besides Goldsmith. The worthy Doctor's success, his presentation to the King, his pension, and the successful subscription to a new edition of the 'Essay,' had raised a storm among his literary brethren south of Tweed. Mason, not reconciled to the cold reception given to his 'Life of Gray,' by the immense success of his anonymous 'Heroic Epistle,' was particularly loud in his objections to the picture. Beattie writes to Mrs. Montague[3] (May 27th), "Mr. Mason seems now to be tolerably reconciled to the subscription, but he has found a new subject of concern in the allegorical picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which he thinks can hardly fail to hurt my character in good earnest. . . If Sir Joshua Reynolds thinks more favourably of me than I deserve (which he certainly does), and if he entertains the same favourable sentiments of my cause which I wish him and all the world to entertain, I should be glad to know from Mr. Mason what there is in all this to fix any blame on *my* character. Indeed, if *I* had planned the picture, and urged Sir Joshua to paint it, and paid him for his trouble, and then had solicited admittance for it into the Exhibition, the world would have had good reason to exclaim against me as a vain coxcomb."

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[1] 'Life of Reynolds,' vol. ii. p. 32.

[2] At Lord Lyveden's, Farming Woods, Northamptonshire. Sir Joshua has used the eagle in the same action for the picture of Mrs. Musters as Hebe.

[3] Forbes's 'Life of Beattie,' ii. 72.

Another woman of note takes her place in Sir Joshua's circle this year. Hannah More, the youngest but one of the five daughters of a worthy schoolmaster, had come up to London for the first time, this year, from the Bristol boarding-school kept by her sisters and herself. She was twenty-nine, read Latin, Italian, and Spanish, had already made acquaintance among learned divines and physicians; was handsome, vivacious, innocent, full of enthusiasm; and carried, without conceit or awkwardness, the perilous reputation of a blue and a saint united. She had known Mrs. Gwatkin intimately, and through her, probably, became acquainted with the Reynoldses. Soon after her arrival in London she was introduced to Garrick, who had been curious to see her from reading her criticism on his Lear. She had rapidly struck up a warm friendship both with him and his charming wife, was generally their guest while in London, and through them made the acquaintance of most of the men of letters and blues.

She describes her first introduction to Johnson, at Sir Joshua's. It must have been in May. Sir Joshua had received her down stairs, and prepared her for the possibility of the Doctor's being in one of his gloomy, silent moods. When she entered the drawing-room she was delighted at his coming to meet her, Sir Joshua's macaw[1] perched on his shoulder, with a smile, and a verse from a morning-hymn of her own writing; all the evening he was most gracious. In her and her sister's journals, written for the sisters at home, we see the pleasant company in Leicester Fields painted *couleur de rose.* "Since I wrote last" (this is probably still in May) "Hannah has been introduced to Miss Reynolds, to Baretti, and to Edmund Burke (the sublime and beautiful Edmund Burke!). From a large party of literary persons, assembled at Sir Joshua's, she received the most encouraging compliments; and the spirit with which she returned them was acknowledged by all present, as Miss Reynolds informed poor us. Miss R. repeats her little poem[2] by heart, with which also the great Johnson is much pleased."

Another day, early in June, Miss Reynolds engages Dr. Percy to meet the sisters, who wonder to find him "quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique." And he is no sooner gone than this "most amiable and obliging of women" orders the coach,—painted by Catton with the Four Seasons!—"to take us to Doctor

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[1] This macaw was no common bird. Not only was he often painted by Sir Joshua, as in the picture of Lady Cockburn, and the portrait of the beautiful Countess of Derby, daughter of the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton, married this year, but he distinguished portraits. Northcote tells us how the bird used to fly in fury at the picture Northcote had painted of the housemaid who had to clean after the bird, and between whom and it no love was lost. Sir Joshua frequently repeated the experiment, putting down the picture where the bird was; he always flew at it and attacked it with his beak. —ED.

[2] The Morning Hymn.

Johnson's *very own house;* yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson!" This was in Bolt Court. They talk of his new work just going to the press,[1]—the 'Tour to the Hebrides,'—and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams (the blind poetess who lives with him) is introduced. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds tells the Doctor of all the raptures of the two unsophisticated Bristol sisters, on the road. "He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'she was a silly thing.'" The visit ended, he calls for his hat, as it rains, and attends the ladies down a very long entry to their coach, "and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*."

"We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us?"

Just before the Exhibition opened, Sir Joshua found time, we may be sure, to attend the sale of the pictures of his friend Sir George Colebrooke, chairman of the East India Directorate, whose house had come down in the crash of last year. Walpole, who declares[2] that next to gaming—which was beginning to subside a little for want of materials—"the predominant folly of the day is pictures," tells us that, at Sir George's sale, a View of Nimeguen, by Cuyp, not large, and which he had bought dearly for seventy guineas, sold for two hundred and ninety. He mentions in the same letter the sale, by a

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[1] Johnson to Boswell:—

"Streatham, June 12, 1774.

"Yesterday I put the first sheets of the 'Journey to the Hebrides' to the press. I have endeavoured to do you some justice in the first paragraph."

[2] In a letter to Mann, of the 1st of May.

Mr. Pearson, of the Guido now at Duncombe Park, for two thousand pounds.

In June, Georgina, the beautiful daughter of his old and constant friend Lady Spencer, married the Duke of Devonshire: she, "a lovely girl, natural and full of grace; he, the first match in England."[1] Sir Joshua had painted her as a girl of six, standing at her mother's side. He soon after this painted her as a young bride, and, again, a few years later, as a young mother playing with her baby. Another beauty, whom he had known from the cradle, and painted as a bride this year or next, was Lady Betty Hamilton, who in the same June made a splendid match with Lord Stanley. All the town rang with the splendour of the *fête champêtre* given by the lover to his intended bride, a few days before the wedding, at The Oaks, Lord Stanley's villa near Epsom. "It will cost 5000*l.*," says Walpole, writing the day before. "Everybody is to go in masquerade, but not in mask. He has bought all the orange-trees round London, and the haycocks, I suppose, are to be made of straw-coloured satin." The picture is well engraved. It represents the lovely young bride "matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior," wreathing with flowers the inevitable altar of Hymen,—on which, for still further splendour of colour, is perched that invaluable "property" bird, Sir Joshua's macaw. When the great people had enjoyed the fête, it was served up again to the public by Garrick, in General Burgoyne's 'Maid of the Oaks,' produced at Drury Lane in November.]

In this summer Gainsborough, who had established his reputation at Bath, and who was one of the original members of the Academy, came to London and set up his easel in Schomberg House, Pall Mall, a third of which he rented from Astley, at 300*l.* a year. In the previous year, as we have seen, this great painter, the only one from whom, as a rival, Reynolds could have anything to fear, had withdrawn from the Exhibition, —it is said from having disagreed with the President, but the quarrel was all on one side.

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[1] Walpole to Mann.

Soon after his arrival in London, Sir Joshua called on him, but the visit was not returned, and for several years there was no intercourse between them.

It was fortunate for Gainsborough that, whether from feeling it hopeless to contend with Reynolds in the force of his effects, or (as is more likely) from his own taste, he adopted a system of chiaro-scuro less ideal than that of his great rival.

He never could have painted in the manner of Reynolds without being below him; but by painting in a manner very different he was often equal to him; and his finest works rise much above the inferior works of Sir Joshua.

These illustrious rivals fully admitted each other's excellence. "D—n him, how various he is!" exclaimed Gainsborough, as he passed before the pictures of Reynolds, in one of the exhibitions.—"I cannot think how he produces his effects," said Reynolds, while examining a portrait by Gainsborough. These were greater praises, considering from whom they came, than volumes of encomium from ordinary critics.

[In one very important particular—gradation, the representation of the effect of colour on solid substances

—Gainsborough must be pronounced superior to Reynolds, whose works, with all their charm of colour, are apt to be flat. Gainsborough had obtained sound instruction, in the mechanism of his art, from Hayman, and had not wandered from the technical method of his master, as Sir Joshua had from that of Hudson, in the search after more precious qualities. It is as rare to find a picture of Gainsborough's changed or cracked, as to find one of Sir Joshua's with its carnations bright and its surface unimpaired.]

Allan Cunningham relates that Garrick gratified Reynolds with an account of his having, while sitting to Gainsborough, so bewildered him by the gradual changes of his countenance, that he dashed his pencils on the floor, and exclaimed, in a passion, that he believed he was painting "from a devil rather than a man."

A story like this is told by Northcote, but of Garrick and an INDIFFERENT painter.

On Cunningham's story Mr. Fulcher remarks that "Garrick, being on intimate terms with Gainsborough, may at first have personated others, as Edwin did when sitting to young Lawrence, more to amuse than annoy. But he had too much regard for Gainsborough, and too much vanity, to prevent him from accomplishing his object."[1]

Gainsborough painted no fewer than five portraits of Garrick, and in a letter to Henderson he calls him "the greatest creature living in every respect,"—and adds, "I have ever found him a generous and sincere friend."

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[1] Life of Gainsborough.

[Sir Joshua's nephew, the Rev. Joseph Palmer, whom we have seen acting as chief mourner at Goldsmith's funeral, was a favourite of his uncle. It was in his favour that he violated for once his strict rule never to use the opportunities of the painting-room to obtain place or favour from the great. Lord Townshend had, at Sir Joshua's request, given him an Irish living, and the Duke of Rutland afterwards promoted him to the Deanery of Cashel. The young man had written a tragedy ('Zaphira'), the favourite début for clergymen of literary tastes in those days. Sir Joshua, on the 2nd of August, writes to Garrick :—

"DEAR SIR,—The connexion which I have with the author of the tragedy which accompanies this makes it impossible for me to refuse him the favour of presenting it to you. I shall take it as a great favour if you will take the trouble of reading it, and give your opinion of it, if it will do. I should not take this liberty if I was not in some measure authorised by the approbation of Edmund Burke and Johnson : the latter, contrary to his custom, read it quite through. The author will readily make any alterations that may be suggested to him."

Garrick has left an analysis of this play in his usual careful fashion, act by act, scene by scene. He praises parts of it much, and pronounces the language in general "natural and spirited"; but concludes that, even with some alterations and shortenings, it is not likely to succeed for want of a great and interesting scene in the last act. But before this analysis was made, he wrote to Sir Joshua that, even if he approved of the piece, it could not be acted for two years to come, so full were his hands of accepted plays.

Sir Joshua, apparently a little nettled, writes on the 4th of September:—

"DEAR SIR,—I thought of delaying to answer your note till I should hear from the author, who is in the country; but on second thoughts, it must needs be altogether unnecessary to give you the trouble of reading the play, as you say it cannot be acted, even if you should approve of it, for these two years to come. He will undoubtedly understand your answer to be an absolute refusal to take it at any rate. I must therefore beg that it may be returned.

"I am, with great respect,
"Your most humble and obedient Servant."

Garrick replies next day, hurt, in his turn, at the tone of Sir Joshua's letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—I was too much in pain to write to you yesterday. Whoever *will undoubtedly understand my answer to be an absolute refusal to take the play at any rate* will do me great injustice. So far from refusing plays, the complaint is that I take too many; or, supposing me capable of such a practice with authors, at least do not think me so lost to my interest, to refuse a play, a line of which I never saw, and which comes so recommended to me. What I wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds was, upon my honour, the real situation of my affairs at present. I have no less than seven plays, each of five acts, and two smaller pieces for representation.[1] These, with our revived plays, will be as much as any manager can thrust with all his might into two seasons. When a disappointed author hears that I am so furnished, it is natural for him to imagine, and to say, that I do not care to receive his performance; but that my acquaintance Sir Joshua Reynolds should think for the author that I could say the thing that is *not*, to clear myself from a performance recommended by *him*, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Burke, is not a little unpleasing to me. To clear myself from such a suspicion, I will trust your honour with a sight of the plays, and in confidence you shall know the names of the authors."

This was all very well; but this glut of accepted plays did not prevent the manager from bringing out, before five of the seven, Captain Jephson's 'Braganza,' of which only four acts were finished when he wrote thus to Sir Joshua.

Sir Joshua makes the *amende* on the 9th:—

"DEAR SIR,—I confess to you I could not conceive that you could possibly be engaged for two years to come, and thought I ought to understand it as a refusal, but I am now perfectly satisfied that I was mistaken. At any rate, to make use of the same expression, any appearance of solicitude from Mr. Garrick that there should be no misunderstanding is very flattering to his sincere friend and admirer,

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

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[1] What would a manager now-a-days think of an accumulation of seven accepted plays, in five acts each? Few facts could better illustrate the literary activity then at work for the theatre.—ED.

His nephew was with his family at Torrington, where Sir Joshua found him, on the occasion of an autumnal visit to Devonshire on the expiration of his mayoralty.]

Samuel Northcote, in a letter to his brother dated September 23, writes, "Last evening I accidentally called at Mr. Mudge's on some trifling business, and found Sir Joshua there, who was just arrived; and before I had time to inquire about you, he began to speak of you, saying that he had left you very well and very busy,—'very busy indeed,' said Sir J., 'for he has been painting a historical picture; I suppose you know that he is a competitor for the gold medal. . . . He has very good natural parts, and takes great pains to improve them, and the piece he is doing very well deserves a place among the others. Your brother,' said he, 'is quite free from vice; indeed, free from all the smaller vices. In the house there has been no complaint from servants, or the smallest inconvenience on his account, and I do not know any one particular in which I should wish him to be any other than he is;' and then he remarked, that this was saying a great deal of one who had lived so long in the house with him. . . .

"All this was spoken in a manner which showed that Sir J. has not only a very good opinion of your abilities, but a fondness for you, and I took this first opportunity of letting you know it while it was fresh in my mind, that I might give you his very words."

From Samuel Northcote, October 7, 1774:—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds finds to his sorrow that he must stay in the country till the election of the Plympton members is over. He purposes to go to Torrington and make a short stay there, and return to Plympton.

As I have told you before, I believe he was not aware of the dirtiness of borough matters."

[The Parliament had been dissolved on the 30th of September, while Sir Joshua was in Devonshire. It may have been at this time that he entertained the notion of coming forward for his native borough.

The dissolution had taken the Opposition by surprise. Burke, who had been the soul, as well as the voice, of the Rockingham party during this late memorable session—which saw the war with our North-American colonies virtually begun, by the Boston tea-riots, and Lord North's retaliatory measures, the Boston-Port Bill, the Massachusetts Regulation Bill, and the Quebec Bill,—seemed in danger at one moment of being left without a seat altogether, and his cousin William lost his seat for Haslemere. But Burke's triumphant election for Bristol amply indemnified him for all his anxieties, and must have made up, in great measure, for the weariness of his struggle in the Commons. Sir Joshua's intimacy with the Burkes must have interested him not less in Burke's noble efforts to uphold the principles of his party in Parliament than in his election difficulties, closed by his triumphant return for Bristol. It is a curious illustration of the state of England at this date, that both the Prime Minister and the foremost man of the Opposition were robbed by highwaymen,[1] who seem to have been unusually active about this time. The attempt was made on Lord North while driving in his carriage on Hounslow Heath; he escaped, but the postilion was wounded. Burke, while riding northwards to Malton for his election, was stopped by two highwaymen on Finchley Common, and eased of ten guineas, and his servant of a metal watch. Writing to Lord Rockingham, he adds, "this is the first time that accident happened to me," as if such immunity were rather remarkable.

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[1] Walpole writes to the Countess of Ossory (Sept. 14, 1774):—"The Strawberry Gazette is very barren of news. Mr. Garrick has the gout, which is of more importance to the metropolis than to Twitnumshire. Lady Hertford dined here last Saturday, brought her loo party, and stayed supper: there were Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Howe, and the Colonels Maude and Keen. This was very heroic, for one is robbed every hundred yards. Lady Hertford herself was attacked last Wed-

Johnson was at Beaconsfield with the Thrales when the news of the dissolution arrived. As the pleasant party broke up, he shook Burke by the hand, saying, "Farewell, my dear Sir, and remember that I wish you all the success which ought to be wished you; which can possibly be wished you indeed, by *an honest man*."

It is to the credit of all three, that, in spite of such political feeling, Johnson should have lived harmoniously with Burke and Reynolds. While Burke was carrying Opposition principles to the head of the poll at Bristol, and Reynolds was helping forward an Edgcumbe opposition candidate at Plympton, Johnson was urging Ministerial arguments, justifying the conduct of the majority in the Middlesex election, and justifying the attempt to reduce America to submission, in his pamphlet entitled 'The Patriot.'

We have seen Sir Joshua partaking of the civic hospitalities of Lord Mayor Townshend. His old acquaintance John Wilkes was this year elected to the civic chair, which he filled both with dignity and geniality. His graceful and accomplished daughter

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nesday on Hounslow Heath, at three in the afternoon, but she had two servants on horseback, who would not let her be robbed, and the highwayman decamped."

Mary was Lady Mayoress, and even those who could least tolerate Wilkes the Patriot, were compelled to admit that since Beckford's there had not been known so polite and splendid a Mayoralty.

Burke, from Bristol, writes to his wife (November 8) —" My worthy friend Mr. Buller has just arrived, charmed with your Ladyship, pleased with William, in raptures with Sir Joshua Reynolds."[1] And at the close of the same letter, I find " Adieu, my dear Jane; my dearest William, adieu. Embrace my father,[2] Jack and Mrs. Nugent, Joe Hickey, our Knight, and every other friend that wishes us well." " Our Knight " is Sir Joshua, who is thus placed in the very heart of the Beaconsfield family-circle.

On the 10th of December the medals were awarded as usual, when Mr. James Jeffreys carried off the gold medal for painting (subject, ' Seleucus and Stratonice'); and Charles Banks for sculpture (subject, ' Pygmalion'). They were recommended to the Dilettanti for the travelling allowance which the Society had voted in March, and Mr. Jeffreys was next year sent to Rome; but the Society chose Mr. William Pars, instead of Mr. Banks, for the second annuity.

In the Minutes of this General Meeting of the Academy, Gainsborough's name appears for the first time in the Academy records. Owing, no doubt, to his recent establishment in London, he is elected of the Council, and even receives one vote (I suppose Nathaniel Hone's) for President. On the same day Sir Joshua delivered his Sixth Discourse. The subject was " Pictorial imitation—the following of other masters, and the advantage to be drawn from the study of their works." Sir Joshua insists, characteristically and soundly, that a painter must of necessity be an imitator of the works of other painters, just as much as an imitator of the works of nature. "By imitation only," he goes so far as to say, "is variety and even originality of invention produced. Even Genius, at least what is generally so called, is the child of imitation." Genius is matter of degree; and the degree of excellence that gives this title has been different at different times. This position is the same Barry had maintained in his 'Enquiry,' and is well maintained by examples from the history of Art, showing how the mere drawing of even a rude likeness of any object was considered wonderful in the infancy of the arts; how, when it came to be found that every one could be taught to do this, the name "Genius" shifted its application, and was given only to him who added the peculiar character to the thing represented; to him who had invention, expression, grace, or dignity, —in short, those qualities the power of producing which could not then be taught by any known rules.

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[1] Sir Joshua had probably been a visitor at Beaconsfield during Burke's absence at Bristol.

[2] Dr. Nugent, his father-in-law.

"In fact, genius begins, not where rules abstractedly end, but where known, vulgar, and trite rules have no longer any place." Invention is one of the great marks of genius. But we learn to invent by being conversant with the inventions of others.

The mere relish of the beauties of the great masters uplifts the mind: begets a kindred glow. Hence the importance of the mind's being habituated to the contemplation of excellence. "Far from being contented to make such habit the discipline of our youth only, we should to the last moment of our lives continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the substance which supplies the fullest maturity of our vigour."

"The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilised and enriched with foreign matter." There must be materials to work on, and originate invention. "He whose feebleness is such as to make other men's thoughts an encumbrance to him, can have no very great strength or genius of his own to be destroyed."

But in recommending imitation and study of other men's works, it is not meant that such works are to be copied; nor is nature to be neglected. "Nature is, and must be, the fountain which alone is inexhaustible, and from which all excellences must originally flow."

"The great use of studying our predecessors is to open the mind, to shorten our labour, and to give us the result of the selection made by those great minds of what is grand or beautiful in nature. Her rich stores are all spread out before us, but it is no easy task to know how or what to choose."

The following passage is quoted, as exactly describing Sir Joshua's own method of studying and using the works of his predecessors:—

"The sagacious imitator does not content himself with merely remarking what distinguishes the different manner or genius of each master; he enters into the contrivance in the composition, how the masses of lights are disposed, the means by which the effect is produced, how artfully some parts are lost in the ground, others boldly relieved, and how all these are mutually altered and interchanged, according to the reason and scheme of the work. He admires not the harmony of colouring alone, but examines by what artifice one colour is a foil to its neighbour. He looks close into the tints, examines of what colours they are composed, till he has formed clear and distinct ideas, and has learned to see in what harmony and good colouring consists. What is learned in this manner from the works of others becomes really our own, sinks deep, and is never forgotten; nay, it is by our seizing on this clue, that we proceed forward, and get further and further in enlarging the principles, and improving the practice of our art."

There cannot be sounder advice than this, for here Sir Joshua was speaking from his own experience, not generalizing in the developement of a thesis.

Excellent remarks follow on "manner," as being generally the result of defects, and not to be imitated: on the danger of falling into a worship even of mannerism by studying only one school, or one master: with a well-chosen list of servile and one of more liberal imitators.

When the student has collected materials by diligent study of the arts, from these sources, the fire of his own genius, working on these materials, is to produce new combinations—illustrated by the well-known image of the Corinthian brass.

The President then addresses himself to another and more special kind of imitation,—"the borrowing a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure, and transplanting it into your own work. This will either come under the charge of plagiarism, or be warrantable and deserve commendation, according to the address with which it is performed." All this part of the Discourse must be read as Sir Joshua's plea for his own practice, which was vehemently assailed by his brother painters and the critics. He has certainly the best of the argument, and his own adaptations of the ideas of other painters were exact illustrations of what he here says: "Such imitation is so far from having anything in it of the servility of plagiarism, that it is a perpetual exercise of the mind, a continual invention."

Sir Joshua then points out how wide the field of such imitation is—how bad as well as good work may be fruitful of suggestions—how the student may "pick up from dunghills what, by a true chemistry, passing through his own mind, shall be converted into gold; and how under the rudeness of Gothic essays he will find original, rational, and even sublime inventions."

From this point of view he reviews the different schools, and shows what each will furnish of peculiar merit for the student's use. All this part of the Discourse shows the soundness of his taste and the essential catholicity of his judgment, when not warped or fettered by theory. This is especially shown by his remarks on Watteau and Jan Steen, in which he does justice to the grace of the one, and the strength, sagacity, and penetration of the other.

He sums up his plea for catholicity of study, and the universal right of appropriation, in a noble passage :—

"To find excellences, however dispersed; to discover beauties, however concealed by the multitude of defects with which they are surrounded; can be the work only of him who, having a mind always alive to his art, has extended his views to all ages and to all schools, and has acquired from that comprehensive mass which he has thus gathered to himself a well-digested and perfect idea of his art, to which everything is referred. Like a sovereign judge and arbiter of art, he is possessed of that presiding power which separates and attracts every excellence from every school; selects both from what is great and what is little; brings home knowledge from the east and from the west; making the universe tributary towards furnishing his mind, and enriching his works with originality and variety of inventions.

"Thus I have ventured to give my opinion of what appears to me the true and only method by which an artist makes himself master of his profession; which, I hold, ought to be one continued course of imitation that is but to cease with his life."

There has never been bolder or better pleading for eclecticism. But it is impossible not to feel in every part of this Discourse, that, however true as a description of the formation of an accomplished artist, it is *not* a description of the working of creative genius.

In the absence of the pocket-book for the year, I am unable to furnish a complete list of sitters. But Sir Joshua's notes of his practice, and his price-book, enable me to supply the following imperfect list:—

Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Mordaunt (daughters of Sir Philip Musgrave, both married this year), Miss Boswell, Mrs. Boone, Dean Barnard and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. Burke (for the Thrales), Mrs. Cook, Lady Carysfort, Miss Foley, Sir R. Fletcher, Mr. Hare (the 'Hare and many friends,' the associate of Charles Fox), Mrs. Joddrel, Mr. Mason (the poet), Lady Mills (wife of Sir Joshua's friend, Sir Thos. Mills), Mr. Malone (Edmund), Miss Nourse, Sir J. Pringle (President of the Royal Society), Mr. Rolleston, Sir R. Sutton, Lord Sandys (for the Thrale Gallery), Mrs. Tollemache, Lady Tyrconnel, Mr. Weyland, Mr. Caleb Whitefoord.

Sir Joshua has left a good many careful notes of his practice at this time. He was just now noting with especial care the effect of different mediums and methods in his pictures. There are two canvases in the possession of Mr. Barker,[1] on which Sir Joshua has placed examples of various combinations of colours and vehicles, with notes of the date of mixture and the matters combined. These are evidently test canvases, and most of the dates are between 1772 and 1776. During this period he was especially aiming at substance by an impasto of fatty or waxy matters and resins mixed with his colour. The damaged pictures of this period have suffered as a rule rather from disintegration of the substance or actual painted surface of the picture, than from the fading of the colour. Venice turpentine and wax, drying hard over asphalt, which used in quantities never dries, are sure to cause cracking, and the vehicles harden into a crust, which never really incorporates itself with an oil priming, but lies on the canvas in a thin, hard, and easily detachable film. This crust, after cracking, blisters, or gets knocked off. In either case the restorer is called in to reline or repair; and in the course of these processes, unless performed with the utmost conscientiousness, knowledge, and care, the picture is ruined. Among Sir Joshua's notes of practice I find, for this year:—

"August 15th, 1774.—White, blue, asphaltum, ver (milion) senza nero. *Miss Foley, Sir R. Fletcher, Mr. Hare.*

"*Sir R. Fletcher.*—Biacca, nero, ultramarine, verm.: sed principalmente minio (red lead—won't stand—

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[1] The experienced picture-restorer of 17, Wellington Terrace, St. John's Wood.

becomes green—*Beechy*), senza giallo l' ultima volta; oiled out and painted all over.

"*Ditto Mr. Hare.*—Except glazed with varnish and giallo di Napoli, finito quasi con asphaltum, minio, verm.; poi un poco di ultramarine qua e la, senza giallo.

"*Mr. Whiteford.*—Asphal.: verm.: minio principalmente, senza giallo.

"*Blackguard Mercury and Cupid.*[1]—Black and verm.: afterwards glazed.

"*Sir John Pringle.*—Verm.: minio; giallo di Napoli e nero.

"*Mrs. Joddrel.*—Head oil, cerata, varnisht with ovo poi varn(isht) con wolf (Wollf's varnish); panni cera senza olio, vernisciato con ovo, poi con Wolf. *Prima* (*i. e.* first painting). Umbra e biacca, poco di olio. *Secundo.* Umbra, verm.: e biacca, thick, occasionally thinned with turpentine. (This has cracked, as might be expected.)

"*My own Portrait.*—(The one afterwards given to Northcote.)—Asphaltum, minio, giallo di Napoli, e turchino per lo campo (the background.)"

1775, ætat. 52.—This year was a sadly-memorable one in our annals—as that in which the war between England and the thirteen united colonies in North America (which had smouldered since the passing of Mr. Grenville's Stamp Act in 1765) burst into flame.

Constitutionally equable as Sir Joshua was, there were circumstances in the struggle which must have roused him to a keen interest in the stirring and saddening events of the year. Not only was he on terms of the closest intimacy with Edmund Burke—the noblest and staunchest assertor of colonial rights and imperial duties—but he had long known some of the principal actors on both sides in the early scenes of the war. The fiery and erratic General Charles Lee, second in command under Washington, was a cousin, by the mother's side, of his friends the Bunburys. In London, during the pauses of Lee's restless career as soldier of fortune and traveller, he associated with Sir Joshua's circle, and it is under cover to Reynolds that he encloses a remarkable letter to Burke, at the close of 1774, describing the unanimity and determination of the colonists, and prophesying the discomfiture of the mother-country in the inevitable struggle.

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[1] At Knowle.

Sir Joshua's friend William Baker, now member for Hertfordshire, son of the old member for Plympton, was the heart and soul of the civic resistance to Lord North's retaliatory measures for the destruction of our commerce with the rebellious colonies. Then the President knew every officer of distinction engaged on our side. Gage he had painted as a young man. Burgoyne he had not only painted, but must have been in the constant habit of meeting in the green-room of Drury Lane, at the dinners of the Thursday-night Club at the Star and Garter, at every place of amusement where the gay, the witty, and the well-bred of London were gathered together. He must have been well acquainted with Franklin during that long residence of his in London, as agent for Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, which came to an end in the spring of this year, and had, I doubt not, often discussed with him, at Burke's or Sir John Pringle's table, or at the meetings and dinners of the Royal Society, the rights and wrongs of the great questions at issue between the mother country and her colonies.

It is impossible to conceive a man of so earnest and balanced a mind as the President,—above all, one in constant and most intimate association with Edmund Burke,—partaking of the public indifference to the struggle of the colonies and the mother country, which almost drove Burke to despair, and impressed even the *poco-curante* philosophy of Walpole. The town was divided into "politicians and pleasurists;" but the latter were largely in the majority. There had never been more profusion and extravagance; never had the play been higher, the balls and festinos more brilliant, the masquerades madder and merrier. "Heroism," writes Walpole in March, "is not at all in fashion. Cincinnatus will be found at the hazard-table, and Camillus at a ball. The vivacity of the young Queen of France has reached hither. Our young ladies are covered with more plumes than any nation that has no other covering. The first people of fashion are going to act plays, in which comedians, singers, dancers, figurantes, might all walk at a coronation. The summer is to open with a masquerade on the Thames. I am glad the American enthusiasts are so far off; I don't think we should be a match for them."

Foremost among the beauties of this brilliant time was Sir Joshua's pet in childhood, now the irresistible young queen of *ton*, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire. She effaced all her rivals, Walpole tells us, without being a beauty. "Her youth, figure, glowing good-nature, sense, lively modesty, and modest familiarity, make her a phenomenon." The young Duchess was now sitting to him in the full flush of her triumph as arbitress of fashion, the most brilliant of the gay throng who danced and played the nights away at the Ladies' Club, masqueraded at the Pantheon, and promenaded at Ranelagh. Marie Antoinette herself had scarcely a gayer, more devoted, and more obsequious court. It was this beautiful young Duchess who set the fashion of the feather head-dresses now a mark for all the witlings of the time.[1] Sir Joshua has painted her in her new-fashioned plumes, in the full-length now at Spencer House. The picture was at this time in progress, and was exhibited next year. But with his usual moderation he has lowered the bewitching Duchess's feathers.

Another beautiful sitter of this year was Eliza, the youthful wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The young couple were now emerging from the first difficulties of their married life. Her exquisite and delicate loveliness, all the more fascinating for the tender sadness which seemed, as a contemporary describes it, to project over her the shadow of early death; her sweet voice, and the pathetic expression of her singing; the timid and touching grace of her air and deportment, had won universal admiration for Eliza Ann Linley. From the days when, a girl of nine, she stood with her little basket at the pump-room door, timidly offering the tickets for

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[1] Among the best of these *jeux d'esprit* are the Earl of Carlisle's verses to the Duchess, "in answer to all the absurd and illiberal aspersions cast on the fashionable feathers by churlish old women, ridiculous prudes, and brutish censors:"—

"Wit is a feather: this we all admit,
But sure each feather in *your* cap is wit;
'Tis the best flight of genius to improve
The smiles of beauty and the bliss of love.
Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,
And raise the splendor of your charms divine;
Such plumes the worth of mighty conquerors show,
For who can conquer hearts so well as you?
When on your head I see those fluttering things,
I think that Love is there, and claps his wings.
Feathers helped Jove to fan his amorous flame;
Cupid has feathers; angels wear the same.
Since then from heav'n its origin we trace,
Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace."

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her father's benefit concerts, to those when in her teens she was the belle of the Bath assemblies, none could resist her beseeching grace. Lovers and wooers flocked about her: Richard Walter Long, the Wiltshire miser, laid his thousands at her feet. Even Foote, when he took the story of Miss Linley's rejection of that sordid old hunks as the subject of his 'Maid of Bath' in 1770, laid no stain of his satirical brush on *her*. Nor had she resisted only the temptation of money: coronets, it was whispered, had been laid at her feet, as well as purses. When she appeared at the Oxford oratorios, grave dons and young gentlemen commoners were alike subdued. In London, where she sang at Covent Garden in the Lent of 1773, the King himself was said to have been fascinated as much by her eyes and voice as by the music of his favourite Handel.[1] From all this homage Miss Linley had withdrawn to share love in a cottage with Sheridan at East Burnham, after a runaway match in March, 1772, and after her husband had fought two duels in her cause with a Captain Matthews, who persecuted her with dishonourable proposals.

When she began to sit to Sir Joshua, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was only known as a witty, vivacious, easy-tempered, and agreeable young man of three-and-twenty, with nothing but his wits to depend on; but before the picture was finished he was famous as the author of 'The Rivals,' produced at Covent Garden on the 19th of January this year. Though all but damned the first night—thanks to an incapable Sir Lucius—and withdrawn for alteration, after two representations, till the 28th of the month, the comedy had achieved what was then the great success of fifteen or sixteen nights' run, before Mrs. Sheridan's picture was exhibited. Sir Joshua met the young couple at the musical parties given by his friend Mr. Coote, whose little daughters he has introduced into his picture of Mrs. Sheridan, as the angels attendant on St. Cecilia. Mrs. Sheridan was commonly known by the name of the Saint before Sir Joshua painted her in the character. She had a way of gathering little children about her, and singing them childish songs, with "such a playfulness of manner, and such a sweetness of look and voice," says one in describing her so engaged, "as was quite enchanting." Such a group might of itself have suggested the President's picture. Mrs. Sheridan was gentleness personified, and sang without pressing; but her husband, proud of her as he was, would never allow her to sing in public after their marriage, and was even chary of permitting her to delight their friends with her sweet voice in private. When Sir Joshua made the acquaintance of the Sheridans at Mr. Coote's, their social position was considered so equivocal, that even the independent and impulsive Duchess of Devonshire, who first met them at the same house, and was equally charmed by Sheridan's wit and gaiety and his wife's loveliness, hesitated at first about inviting the interesting young couple to Devonshire House. It is pleasant to picture to oneself the serene painter at one of Mr. Coote's parties, using his trumpet, while St. Cecilia sang, and

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[1] "His Majesty ogles her," writes Walpole, "as much as he dares do in so holy a place as an oratorio, and at so devout a service as Alexander's Feast."

"Young, fair, fantastic Devon,
Wild as the comet in mid-heaven,"

paused, in her frolic freedom, to listen. No wonder, with such moving pictures before his practised eye, that he has so exquisitely expressed the tender loveliness of the pathetic singer, the conquering charm of the brilliant Duchess.

Another (but a he) lion of the day, who was now sitting in Leicester fields, was the Otaheitan Omiah, who, in July last year, had been brought over from Whieta by Captain Furneaux in the 'Adventure'—the consort of Captain Cook's ship, the 'Resolution,' in Cook's second voyage. Omiah, on his arrival, was presented to the King, on which occasion, to the alarm of his tutors, he forgot all the fine speeches and congés they had taught him, and could only blurt out a simple "How do you do?" followed by a familiar shake of the hand, which the King good-humouredly accepted. Lord Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty, had taken up Omiah, who dined with him, and attended his levées and official dockyard visitations. The newspapers and magazines about this time are full of Omiah. We read of him entertained at Hinchinbroke, Lord Sandwich's seat, where the neighbouring gentlemen vied with each other in varying his diversions, in order to raise his ideas of the splendour and gaiety of this country; at Portsmouth, where he visits the ships of war; and at Cambridge, "where he appeared in our military uniform, with his hair dressed and tied behind," and was greatly struck with the doctors and professors in their robes, "he being in the priesthood himself, and discovering many marks of natural religion by the superstitious dread of everything he looks upon as sacred."

Omiah had to run the gauntlet of English fashionable and hygienic usages. After being presented to the King, caressed by the beauties, and feasted by Lord Sandwich, he was solemnly inoculated at Hertford. But he was the delight of the fashionable ladies even before this purification. When he was presented to the beautiful Duchess of Gloucester, "not being prepared with a present proper for Omiah, it occurred to her that a pocket-handkerchief, embroidered with her coronet, might be acceptable." When the handkerchief was given him, the well-bred Otaheitan kissed the coronet, and "made a most complaisant bow to the Duchess." No wonder "this mark of his attention, politeness, and quickness gained him the good graces of all present." His bon-mots were recorded. How he described Lord Sandwich's butler as "king of the bottles," Captain Furneaux as "king of the ship," and the First Lord himself as "king of all the ships." His sensibility was declared to be most acute: he could not sit through a funeral, nor bear the sight of a live worm on a hook. Johnson passed a eulogium on the elegance of his behaviour. When Omiah and Lord Mulgrave sat, side by side, with their backs to the light, fronting the short-sighted Doctor at the Streatham dinner-table, the Doctor declared there was so little of the savage in Omiah, that he was afraid to speak to either lest he should mistake the Otaheitan for the Lord. Then he played at chess and backgammon with Baretti and beat him, whereat the passionate Italian lost his temper, and everybody, says Mrs. Piozzi, "admired the savage's good breeding, and the European's impatient spirit." The President no doubt met this South Sea lion, among other places, at the tables of his friends Banks and Solander, who had known Omiah in Otaheite during Cook's first voyage, and whom he was rejoiced to see again in England. Omiah sat to Sir Joshua, as part of his fashionable course, happily not in the military uniform and queue in which he visited Cambridge, or in the reddish-brown coat and breeches and white waistcoat which he is described as wearing at Hertford. The elaborate dress of that day must have suited oddly with Omiah's brown face, jet-black strong and shining hair, and tatooed hands. The President has represented the Otaheitan in a long white robe, with a turban[1]—a costume as little like the graceful South Sea island robe of bark-cloth as the English coat and breeches, but which gave the painter the advantage of sweeping and graceful lines, and set off Omiah's dark skin.]

In a letter to Boswell, dated January 21st, 1775, Johnson says:—

"Reynolds has taken too much to strong liquor, and seems to delight in his new character." We must bear in mind, however, that Johnson was at this time doing all he could to correct Boswell's habit of drinking.

At a supper at the Crown and Anchor tavern this year, the subject was thus discussed between Reynolds and Johnson:—

"I am," said Sir Joshua, "in very good spirits when I get up in the morning. By dinner time I am exhausted; wine puts me in the same state as when I got up; and I am sure that moderate drinking makes people talk better."

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[1] The picture of Omiah, in fine preservation, is now at Castle-Howard.

JOHNSON.—"No, sir; wine gives not light, gay, ideal hilarity; but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment. I have heard none of those drunken,—nay, drunken is a coarse word,—none of those vinous flights."

SIR JOSHUA.—"Because you have sat by quite sober, and felt an envy of the happiness of those who were drinking."

JOHNSON.—"Perhaps contempt, and, sir, it is not necessary to be drunk oneself to relish the wit of drunkenness. Do we not judge of the drunken wit of the dialogue between Iago and Cassio, the most excellent in its kind, when we are quite sober?"

On another and previous occasion Reynolds remarked of wine-drinking, that "to please one's company was a strong motive;" when Johnson, who, from drinking water only, supposed everybody who drank wine to be elevated, said, "I won't argue any more with you, sir, —you are too far gone."

SIR JOSHUA.—"I should have thought so indeed, sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done."

JOHNSON (drawing himself in, and I really thought blushing[1]).—"Nay, don't be angry, I did not mean to offend you."

SIR JOSHUA.—"At first the taste of wine was disagreeable to me; but I brought myself to drink it that I might be like other people. The pleasure of drinking wine is so connected with the pleasing your company, that altogether there is something of social goodness in it."

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[1] It is Boswell who is repeating the conversation.

[Hannah More and one of her sisters were in London in February. Their first visit was to Sir Joshua, where they are received with all the friendship imaginable. The simple Bristol ladies were horrified at the extravagant head-dresses now in vogue. Hannah, however, puts herself into the hands of one of the most fashionable disfigurers, and, though she charged him "to dress her with the greatest simplicity, and to have only a very distant eye upon the fashion, just enough to avoid the pride of singularity, without running into ridiculous excess," she blushes when she looks into the glass after rising from the hair-dresser's hands. Sir Joshua has treated these towering head-dresses, crowned with feathers, ribands, or lace, with the same inimitable taste as he has employed on the frizzed-out curls of ten years later. Knowing the dress of these times best from his pictures, we are apt to think even the têtes of 1775 becoming. But Hannah More, bringing a fresh eye to the London mode, declares it as disfiguring as the small-pox. A few days later she is dining in Hill Street at Mrs. Montague's,—"*a name not totally obscure*," as she writes to her sisters in playfully proud italics. The party consisted of the brilliant hostess, the learned Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Solander, and Maty (one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society), Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, and Sir Joshua, "the idol of every company, with some other persons of higher rank and less wit." The young Bristol schoolmistress describes with natural raptures how Mrs. Montague received her with the most encouraging kindness; how she is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady she has ever seen. "She lives in the highest style of magnificence. Her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste; but what baubles are these when speaking of a Montague! Her form (for she has *no* body) is delicate even to fragility; her countenance the most animated in the world; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgment and experience of a Nestor." But she fears "her spirits must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them." Hannah More's description of Mrs. Montague always comes to my mind when I see Sir Joshua's picture of the lady in Smith's beautiful mezzotint. The picture itself has suffered at the hands of the restorers.

I fear Mrs. Carter, venerable as Miss Burney describes her, was what vulgar people would have called "a fright." Hannah euphemistically describes her as "a good deal of what the gentlemen mean when they say such a one is a poetical lady." But she does not like one of the blues better than Mrs. Boscawen. "She regretted, and so did I, that so many suns could not possibly shine at one time:" from which remark I am afraid we must infer the party was dull. Mrs. Montague has promised her a smaller party soon, at which, "from fewer luminaries, there may emanate a clearer, steadier, and more beneficial light."

Captain Jephson's new tragedy of 'Braganza,' brought out on February 17th with great success, was one of the subjects of conversation at this dinner in Hill Street. Dr. Johnson asks Hannah how she liked it. "I was afraid to speak before them all, as I knew a diversity of opinion prevailed among the company; however, as I thought it a less evil to dissent from the opinion of a fellow-creature than to tell a falsity, I ventured to give my sentiments, and was satisfied with Johnson's answering, 'You are right, madam.'"

I infer that both the Doctor and Hannah More disliked the new play. I should think Sir Joshua was on the other side. The author, Captain Jephson, Master of the Horse to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was the intimate friend of Sir Joshua's acquaintance Luke Gardiner, and a leading actor at his private theatre, where Mrs. Gardiner, one of the three beautiful Montgomeries whom we have seen sitting to Sir Joshua in 1773, was the heroine, and is said to have acted wonderfully well. Then Sir Joshua's friends the Binghams were eager for the success of the play, and got Horace Walpole to write an Epilogue. Captain Jephson's tragedy, a stilted and singularly long-winded production, turning on the Conspiracy which freed Portugal from the Spanish yoke in 1690, was far more successful than 'The Rivals' at Covent Garden. The boxes were all taken for twenty-five nights in succession.

Mrs. Yates shone as the dignified and resolute Duchess, who is the heart and head of the conspiracy. Smith, recalling Garrick in Richard the Third, was the Viceroy Velasquez. Reddish was pitiful and whining (says Walpole) in the Duke.

I have no doubt Reynolds had seen the play before its merits were canvassed at Mrs. Montague's dinner-party. This must have been near the end of February, but, as no dates are given with the published extracts from the Miss Mores' diaries, I do not know the exact Tuesday. It must have been in February or early in March when Sarah writes of her and Hannah having drunk tea at Sir Joshua's with Dr. Johnson: "Hannah is certainly a great favourite; she was placed next him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkably high spirits: it was certainly her lucky night! I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was extremely jocular, and the young one very pleasant. You would have thought we had been at some comedy, had you heard our peals of laughter."

Happy young country-ladies! What a change from the humdrum school-house at Bristol. Tea at Sir Joshua's, with fun and compliments from Johnson! And the day before (Sarah writes) Garrick had called on them, and, finding a volume of Pope on the table, had read part of the 'Essay on Man,' seemed delighted with the young ladies' eager desire for information, and when he had answered one question, said, "Now, madam, what next?" and set them right on questions of emphasis, and sat from half-past twelve till three, reading and criticising. And just before, she writes, they have had a call from Edmund Burke. He had not yet made that attack on Hannah's friend, Dean Tücker (who differed from him fundamentally on the Colonial question), which a few days later makes her very angry with Burke, as she tells the Reynoldses, and will not give up her point, though they are such warm friends of Burke's.

On the first Tuesday in March was a call of the Dilettanti, at which Sir Joshua was desired to bring for the approval of the Society the students who had been appointed by the Academy to pursue their studies abroad for three years at the Society's expense. Sir Joshua accordingly presented Mr. Jeffries, painter, and Mr. Charles Banks (brother of the more famous Thomas), sculptor, as the nominees of the Academy; but in lieu of Mr. Banks, Mr. William Pars, A.R.A., was selected as the recipient of the Society's pension of 60*l.* Pars had conciliated the favour of the Society by his industry and ability while employed as draughtsman to Mr. Chandler and Mr. Revett, in their travels in Asia and Greece, undertaken at the expense of the Dilettanti, ten years before. Their 'Antiquities of Ionia,' for which Pars had executed the drawings, had appeared in 1769, and the drawings were afterwards deposited in the British Museum, by order of the Society. Neither the President nor the Council probably was prepared to see a student like Banks set aside by the Society for an Associate; but many will think the Dilettanti wiser than the Academy.

The Club, at this time, was too much divided by political feeling to be the same field for pleasant encounter of wits it had been, even in the days of "Wilkes and Liberty." Fox and Burke could hardly meet Johnson with perfect cordiality, while they were fighting the Bills for restraining American commerce, clause by clause, in the House of Commons, and Johnson was earning his pension as a pamphleteer, by his defence of the Ministry, in his 'Taxation no Tyranny,' which appeared on March 7th of this year.

Dr. Campbell, a clever and kindly, if somewhat blunderheaded Irish clergyman—whose curious little manuscript diary of his visit to London in 1775 turned up so oddly in 1854, behind an old press in the Supreme Court of New South Wales[1]—dined with

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[1] Edited by S. Raymond, Esq., Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, and published by Waugh and Co., Sydney, 1854.

Johnson and Baretti at Thrale's on the 16th. The Doctor was not favourably impressed with Johnson on this their first meeting. "Johnson is the very man Chesterfield describes—a Hottentot indeed; and though your abilities are respectable, you never can be respected yourself. He has the aspect of an idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature, with the most awkward garb, and unpowdered grey wig on one side only of his head; he is for ever dancing the devil's jig, and sometimes he makes the most drivelling effort to whistle some thought in his absent paroxysms. . . . His awkwardness at table is just what Chesterfield describes, and his roughness of manners kept pace with that . . . He said that he looked on Burke as the author of 'Junius,' and, though he would not take him *contra mundum*, yet he would take him against any man. Baretti was of the same mind, though he mentioned a fact which made against his opinion. The Doctor, as he drinks no wine, retired soon after dinner . . . but he returned again, and with all the fond anxiety of an author I saw him cast out all his nets to know the sense of the town about his last pamphlet, 'Taxation no Tyranny,' which he said did not sell. Mr. Thrale told him such and such members of the House admired it; 'And why did you not tell me this?' quoth Johnson. Thrale asked him what Sir Joshua Reynolds said of it. 'Sir Joshua,' said the Doctor, 'has not read it.' 'I suppose,' quoth Thrale, 'he has been very busy of late.' 'No,' says the Doctor, 'but I never look at his pictures, so he won't read my writings.'"

But political differences were forgotten in the muster of the wits organised by Sir Joshua for his favourite

Mrs. Abington's benefit on the 27th of March, when Sir Joshua took no less than forty places in the boxes. The arch and artful actress had already pressed Dr. Johnson into the party, in spite of his assurances that he could not hear. And there Boswell describes him, seated in the second row, deaf and blind, "wrapped up in grave abstraction, and darkening like a cloud the sunshine of gaiety about him," while the audience roared at Weston's inimitable Mawworm, or applauded the exquisite grace and playfulness of Mrs. Abington herself in Charlotte, or revelled in her broader humour as Miss Lucretia Tittup, in Garrick's clever farce of 'Bon Ton,' which he had kindly given his old friend and honest actor, Tom King, for his benefit on the 18th, and which was acted for the second time at this benefit of Mrs. Abington's. She had little claim on Garrick for this or any kindness. Admirable actress and clever woman as was Mrs. Abington; powerful, as we have seen, to lead Dr. Johnson by the nose — to help fill her boxes in that very cold winter, and with snow falling on the very day of her benefit, as Dr. Campbell records in his diary — she was little less than what Garrick occasionally calls her, in his letters, "infernal" in the theatre. At this very time, when Sir Joshua was bringing this phalanx of wits to support her, and when she was sitting to him for her portrait in Roxalana, and I dare say making herself the pleasantest, wittiest, playfullest, and sweetest-tempered of sitters, she was wearing out Garrick's well-tried patience, and driving him into fits of gout by her tricks and caprices; throwing up her parts at a moment's notice, and gravely announcing her intention of leaving the theatre; declaring herself the most wretched and ill-used of women, charging the manager with attacking her in the newspapers, with insulting her by sending her messages through Hopkins the prompter, with wounding her feelings, neglecting her convenience, overtasking her strength, and generally bullying, browbeating, and breaking her heart. Sheets of such letters may be read in the 'Garrick Correspondence,' and make us angry to think Sir Joshua should have wasted so much regard on such a woman. True, it heightens one's estimate of her powers of fascination, that she should have captivated the guarded President and the stern Doctor. "Mrs. Abington's jelly, my dear lady, was better than yours," said Johnson with a smile to Mrs. Thrale, when Dr. Campbell met him (on the 8th of April) at Southwark, the day after a supper at Mrs. Abington's, where he had found himself in good society, with a lady of title, a maid of honour, Sir Joshua, Sir C. Thompson, and other people of fashion.

It was probably the Doctor's first visit to the actress, and Boswell says he seemed much pleased with having made one in so elegant a circle. Campbell records his saying "that Sir Charles Thompson, and some others who were there, spoke like people who had seen good company, and so did Mrs. Abington herself, who could not have seen good company." Probably he knew very little about the company she had seen. The actresses of that day saw the best male company at all events. Then Mrs. Abington's card-parties were famous, and even ladies of condition did not scruple to take a hand at her faro-tables.

Boswell baited the Doctor, as usual, on the subject of his visit to the theatre, for her benefit. "Why, sir, did you go to Mrs. Abington's benefit? Did you see?" "No, sir." "Did you hear?" "No, sir." "Why then, sir, did you go?" "Because, sir, she is a favourite with the public, and when the public cares a thousandth part for you that it does for her I will go to *your* benefit too."

Apropos of these Thrale dinners, Dr. Campbell gives us a description of the fare and service at Southwark at this time, which is worth reprinting; for I believe there is only one copy of the Doctor's little book in this country. Descriptions of dinners are always worth preserving, but, above all, of dinners such as Reynolds temperately enjoyed, and Johnson fed fiercely of.

"The dinner," says the Doctor, "was excellent: first course, soups at head and foot, removed by fish and a saddle of mutton; second course, a fowl they call 'gallena'" (I retain the Doctor's spelling) "at head, and a capon, larger than some of our Irish turkeys, at foot; third course, four different sorts of ices, pine-apple, grape, raspberry, and a fourth: in each remove there were, I think, fourteen dishes. The two first courses were served on massy plate." The presence of the time-honoured saddle of mutton will be noticed. The Doctor says, in another passage of his diary, "I cannot help remarking how similar all the great dinners I have met with are, the soup, fish, and saddle of mutton, turkey and pidgeons, &c.; second course, ices and fruits, dessert."

On the 7th of April it was a field-day at the Club. Fox was in the chair, supported by Reynolds and Johnson, Gibbon and Beauclerk, Boswell and Percy, Chamier, Langton, and Steevens. The controversy as to the genuineness of the Poems published as Ossian's had been revived by the appearance of the 'Tour to the Hebrides,' and recently quickened by MacPherson's threatening letter to Johnson, and the Doctor's scornful reply.[1] When the absence of all mention of the wolf was noticed, as evidence against the antiquity of the poems, Johnson went off in one of his mental rambles on the trail of wild beasts thus suggested. Sir Joshua and Langton were talking earnestly, when, after his usual rollings and whistlings, Johnson broke out, "Pennant tells of bears." The dialogue went on, Reynolds probably not hearing the interruption, and Langton too earnest in his talk to attend to it. Johnson went on growling and grumbling, "bear" coming in at intervals—as Beauclerk said—"like a word as a catch;" while the company could hardly keep their countenances, thinking of "Ursa major," Johnson's usual nickname. At last, the dialogue of Reynolds and Langton coming to an end, Johnson's solemn voice was heard, "They say the black bear is innocent, but I should not like to trust myself with him," followed by Gibbon's comment, *sotto voce;* "I should not like to trust myself with *you.*" It was at this meeting of the Club, while either Fox or Gibbon was in the chair, that Johnson, on the topic of patriotism coming up, uttered, in a strong determined tone, his celebrated apophthegm, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It should be remembered that this was said at a time when the name of "Patriot" had been discredited by popular association with Wilkes; and when the Opposition, for their resistance to the majority in the chastisement of the rebellious colonies, were vehemently assailed as an anti-national and disaffected faction. When Boswell denied that all patriots were scoundrels, and, on being challenged to name an exception to the rule, mentioned "an eminent person whom we all greatly admired"—probably Burke—"Sir," said Johnson, "I do not say that he is *not* honest; but we have no reason to conclude, from his political conduct, that he *is* honest. Were he to accept a place from this Ministry he would lose that character of firmness which he has, and might be turned out of his place in a year. This ministry is neither stable, nor grateful to their friends, as Sir Robert Walpole was: so that he may think it more for his interest to take his chance of his party coming in." If Burke was here referred to, this qualified admission of the purity of his principles shows how wide a gulf politics had by this time set between him and Johnson. In the side-blow at Lord North perhaps the Doctor was venting some of the spleen engendered by the consciousness that, under the obligation of his pension, he had been pleading a bad cause in his 'Taxation no Tyranny;' and—more mortifying still—with no great success.

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[1] "MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,—I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I never shall be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy: your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

"S. JOHNSON."

For the best judgment on the Ossianic controversy, see the third and fourth volumes of Campbell's 'Popular Tales of the Western Highlands,' 1860-62.

On Tuesday, April 18th, Sir Joshua dined at Mr. Owen Cambridge's beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham, and promised to drive Johnson and Boswell thither in his coach; but Johnson was behind time, as usual, and Sir Joshua, having an appointment at Richmond, started on horseback, leaving the coach for the Doctor and Boswell. Riding in a well-appointed carriage always put Johnson in spirits. "As we drove along," says Boswell, "everything seemed to please him." They discussed—à propos, no doubt, of Miss Reynolds—the propriety of women painting portraits professionally. Johnson protests "the public practice of any art, and staring in men's faces, is very indelicate in a female." Remarking the rarity of good humour—à propos, I dare say, of Reynolds himself—the Doctor denied the quality to four of their friends, for whom Boswell (good-humoured himself, if ever a man was) claimed it. Beauclerk was *acid*: Langton was *muddy*: at last, shaking his head, stretching himself in the coach, and smiling with much complacency, he turned to his companion with a remark, which, says Boswell, "struck me with wonder;" but which his own record of the Doctor has done much to make us endorse —"I look upon *myself* as a good-humoured fellow."

When they arrived at Mr. Cambridge's, who had the good taste to receive them in his library, Sir Joshua was there. Johnson ran to the books, and began to pore over their lettered backs. "He runs to the books," said Sir Joshua aside to Boswell and their host, "as I do to the pictures; but I have the advantage. I can see much more of the pictures than he can of the books." When Cambridge, politely admitting that he had the same habit of reading the lettering of books, wondered what the reason might be, Johnson is ready with his answer: "Sir, the reason is plain: knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues and the backs of books in libraries." Sir Joshua observed to Boswell his extraordinary promptitude. "Yes," said Boswell, "he has no flourishing with his sword: he is through your body in an instant."

It is delightful to linger at Mr. Cambridge's pleasant villa in such society. The dinner, we have it on Boswell's authority, was good: the host, albeit a water-drinker—a rarer phenomenon then than now—pleasant, lettered, courteous, and full of information: his family, daughters and son, worthy of such a father. There was "much good company." We know that Harris, of Salisbury—the learned author of 'Hermes'—and Gibbon were of the party. The conversation ranges wide; from the utility of historical reading, and the philosophy of habits, to the morality of the 'Beggars' Opera,' and the green-room gossip about the play; they discussed Sheridan's marriage with Miss Linley, and his determination she should no longer sing in public; though Dr. Linley was earnest she should, and Sheridan had not a shilling. Johnson, "with all the high spirit of a Roman senator," as it seemed to Boswell, applauded

Sheridan's spirit. "He resolved wisely and nobly to be sure: he is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife singing publicly for hire? No, sir, there can be no doubt, *here*." It gives additional zest to this to remember that, while they were thus discussing the Sheridans, her portrait had been just removed from Sir Joshua's easel to its place in the Exhibition, now about to open. That picture was, as it were, its beautiful subject's farewell to the delights of public success, and the loud-voiced admiration of the theatre and concert-room. Then Johnson hawks at politics, and arraigns those of the day as utterly devoid of principle—"nothing more than means of rising in the world;" contrasting the nation in this respect, most unfavourably, with what it was in the times of Charles I., the usurpation of Cromwell, and the Restoration. This vouching the times of the Merry Monarch for political earnestness is not more startling than the dictum which follows: that "absolute princes seldom do any harm;" though it is admitted that "they who are governed by them are governed by chance—there is no security for good government."

Boswell does not say how Sir Joshua received these high Tory sallies. He may have thought of Burke in hopeless opposition: of Fox sacrificing place and popularity, royal favour and ministerial patronage, to his convictions: of Johnson pensioned, and pamphleteering for Lord North. Perhaps he smiled, shifted his trumpet, and took out his snuff-box.

His placidity had just been tried in more ways than one by the hanging for the Exhibition. The day before this dinner, the fair Angelica, dissatisfied with the place of some of her pictures, had made Sir Joshua the channel of her complaints to the Council, and had been invited to come and see her pictures, and judge for herself if they were not well-treated. Then Nathaniel Hone, Sir Joshua's old acquaintance of student-days in Italy, long envious of Reynolds's success, had just assailed him with direct personal insult. Hone had begun as an enameller and miniaturist; but for fifteen years had painted in oil, with but little success. It was on the very day of this dinner at Mr. Cambridge's that the Council of the Academy had determined by ballot to turn out of the Exhibition a picture sent by Hone, called the 'Pictorial Conjuror displaying the whole art of Optical Deception.' In this picture he had represented Reynolds, in the figure of an old man, with a wand in his hand and a child leaning on his knee, performing incantations, by which a number of prints and sketches—from which Reynolds had taken hints—were made to float in the air round the wizard.

The ground on which the Council turned out the picture, however, was not the sneer at the President, but an alleged representation, in one of the sketches, of Angelica Kauffmann as a nude female figure. Hone vehemently denied the charge; wrote to her, protesting nothing was farther from his thoughts than to insult a lady whom he esteemed as "the first of her sex in painting, and amongst the loveliest of women in person;" and offered to put a beard to the obnoxious figure, or to dress it in male attire. Angelica replied guardedly: she could not conceive why several gentlemen, who had never before deceived her, should conspire to do it at this time; and if they themselves were deceived, Mr. Hone cannot wonder that others should be deceived also, and "take for satyr (that) which you say was not intended."

Nor were the Council more satisfied by his protestations: he was desired to withdraw his 'Conjuror,' and told that, if he sent for his other pictures, they would be returned to him. But there is no reference to the attack on the President throughout the whole transaction, either in the Academy records, or in Hone's statement, prefixed to the catalogue of his pictures, sixty-six of which he exhibited to the public in May, after painting clothed figures into the 'Conjuror,' instead of nude Academic models, and thereby pointing the attack on the President more directly, as he imitated in those substitutions well-known portraits of Sir Joshua's.

Before opening his exhibition, Hone made oath before a Middlesex magistrate, that he had never introduced into the picture any figure reflecting on Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann, or any other lady whatever. Whether or not he intended to give pain to the President by an insult to a lady whose name gossip often coupled with Sir Joshua's (which for manhood's sake one is loth to believe, and of which there appears little evidence), there was no doubt about the sneer at the President. To bring the satire more home, he painted the 'Conjuror's' head from Sir Joshua's favourite model, White, and introduced a portrait of him into his exhibition, with the title and heading "St. Paviarius—the head finished; done at once painting, from the same man who sat for the conjuror. This poor but honest fellow was formerly a paviour, for which reason he is thus named, as have heretofore been St. Veronica, St. Christopher, &c., from some particular action."

At the Academy dinner this year, on the 22nd of April, besides the twenty-five ministers, great officers of the Court, and grandees, now regularly invited, I find the list of guests includes Sir John Pringle, the President of the Royal Society; Garrick; Harris, of Salisbury, whom we have just seen in Sir Joshua's company at Twickenham; Samuel Foote; George Keate, the eminent surgeon; Giardini, the violinist and composer, who looks like a guest of Gainsborough's suggestion; and Anthony Storer, the son of a wealthy West Indian proprietor, and himself eminent for his taste in art and letters, his pleasant manners, and elegant breeding. Storer was the friend of Fox, Hare, Fitzpatrick, William Eden, and Lord Carlisle. He had brought from Eton and Oxford the dangerous reputation of an "admirable Crichton;" but had taken the wrong twist in politics, and died an unsuccessful man.

Horace Walpole was one of the twenty-five standing guests of the Academy. On his return from the dinner he writes to Mann:—

"I dined to-day at the Exhibition of pictures, with the Royal Academicians. We do not beat Titian or Guido yet. Zoffani[1] has sent over a wretched 'Holy Family.' What is he doing? Does he return, or go to Russia as they say? He is the Hogarth of Dutch painting, but, no more than Hogarth, can shine out of his own way. He might have drawn the Holy Family well, if he had seen them in *statu quo*. Sir Joshua Reynolds is a great painter; but, unfortunately, his colours seldom stand longer than crayons. We have a Swede,[1] one Loutherbourg, who would paint landscape and cattle excellently, if he did not, in every picture, indulge some one colour inordinately. Horses, dogs, and animals we paint admirably, and a few landscapes well. The prices of all are outrageous, and the number of professors still greater. We have an American, West, who deals in high history, and is vastly admired; but he is heavier than Guercino, and is very inferior. We have almost a statuary or two, and very good architects; but as Vanbrugh dealt in quarries, and Kent in lumber, Adam, our most admired, is all gingerbread, filigraine, and face-painting. Wyatt, less fashionable, has as much taste, is grander, and more pure. We have private houses that cost more than the Palace Pitti. Will you never come and see your fine country before it is undone?"

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[1] He was now in Florence, whither he had gone strongly recommended to the Grand Duke by George the Third, for whom he painted a very masterly view of the interior of the Grand Ducal gallery.

Walpole, it will be observed, does not mention Barry, who this year exhibited a 'Death of Adonis,' and a drawing of 'Pandora'—the subject by painting which he hoped to immortalize himself, and on which his mind dwelt fondly for many years. She was to be the Heathen Eve—an incarnation of the spirit of Pagan antiquity, whose successful worship of the beautiful was to be typified by the gifts and graces with which Pandora is crowned by the gods and goddesses of Olympus.

But the drawing provokes not even a passing remark from Walpole; and the public, of course, remained unimpressed. Flaxman's name is among the exhibitors, attached to a portrait in wax. His address is still at his father's modest plaster-shop, in New Street, Covent Garden. Charles Gill, Sir Joshua's pupil, the son of the famous Bath pastrycook, sends three portraits. Two of the President's earlier pupils, Berridge and Baron, were now among the Directors of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and had portraits in the Exhibition at the Society's new room—their "Academy," as they call it in the Catalogue, near Exeter Change. Though Hone was exhibiting separately, I find his name in the Academy Catalogue to 'A Spartan boy.' The Council's exclusion was confined in terms to the 'Conjuror,' though he was to have his other pictures back if he applied for them.

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[1] An error: he was an Alsatian, born at Strasburg.

Huddesford, another pupil of Sir Joshua's (an Oxford man, and clever satirist and lampooner of the time), sends three portraits. Angelica Kauffmann inflicts on the public five of her wishy-washy classicalities, three portraits—a 'Cupid,' a 'St. John,' and a 'Madonna and Child;' De Loutherbourg, landscapes in oil, one with the 'story of Jupiter and Europa,' another with a stage-coach, drawings with cattle and figures, and a hall of banditti; Northcote (at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Leicester Fields), 'A Girl sleeping;' Stubbs, portraits of horses, dogs, and monkeys; Elmer, R.A. (another of the animal painters), trout, woodcocks, partridges, and strawberries. There are drawings by Paul Sandby, Rooker, and Alexander Cozens (who never attained the honours of the Academy, though infinitely superior, in his conception of landscape, to any of the water-colour painters of the day): marine subjects—from the Naval Review of 1773, the Plymouth squadron under Lord Edgcumbe, sailing from Spithead to St. Helens, with the King on board the Augusta yacht; and His Majesty's return; Admiral Cornish bringing into Madras a Spanish prize from the Manillas; and two naval exploits of Captain Harvey's, in 1756 and 1758. Vandergucht, who was now occupying Zoffany's ground as painter to the players, sends Scenes from 'Every Man in his Humour,' 'The Committee,' and the 'Irish Widow,' plays lately running at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Benjamin West exhibits five Classical and Scriptural pictures—'Marc Antony showing Cæsar's robe and will to the People;' 'Erasistratus discovering Antiochus's love for Stratonice' (one meets with a picture of this story in almost every catalogue of every exhibition of this period); 'Elijah raising the Widow's Son to life;' 'Nathan and David;' and 'Cupid stung by a bee, comforted by Venus;' besides two portrait-groups. Richard Wilson has four landscapes—the Mont Cenis; a view from Muswell Hill, with Lord Chandos's seat, Minchenden House; the Lake of Nemi; and a hermitage at Marino;—while Zoffany brings up the catalogue with 'The Riposo,' which moved Walpole's spleen.

The most remarkable of the sculptures is Thomas Banks's relievo of Ceyx and Alcyone, sent from Rome, where he was now a pensioner of the Academy. Romney's name appears in no catalogue of the year.] Sir Joshua sends twelve pictures to the Exhibition:—

A whole-length of the Countess of Dysart (Charlotte Walpole), and two other whole-lengths of ladies.

Lord Ferrers (son of Lord Townshend).

Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia[1] (which Walpole has marked "most simple and beautiful").

Dr. Robinson, half-length.

The Children of the Duke of Rutland.

The Duke of Leinster.

The Duchess of Gordon.

A Gentleman, three-quarters; and

A Beggar Boy and his Sister (the boy with cabbage-nets, now at Knole—on which Walpole has the note, "one of his best works, strongly coloured").

Dr. Robinson was the dignified Primate of Ireland (afterwards Lord Rokeby), whom Reynolds painted twice in half-length. The one picture ([now at Montague House, in admirable preservation, and one of the finest of Reynolds's male portraits]) has a landscape background, and the Bishop wears his hat; in the other ([at Christchurch, Oxford]) he is in his robes, sitting at a table turning the leaves of a large book, with his back towards the spectator, but looking round in such a manner as to show the face sufficiently. [The second was the picture of this year. It made a great sensation. Walpole, writing to Mason, says, "Sir Joshua has produced the best portrait he ever painted, that of the Primate of Ireland, whom age has softened into a beauty: all the painters are begging to draw him, as they did from Reynolds's beggar-man." This power of recommending a sitter or model is a great indirect testimony to Reynolds's power of getting the best out of a subject.]. I have a small book of old German woodcuts that belonged to Reynolds, and to which the hint of this second portrait of Dr. Robinson, as well as many others of his pictures, may be traced. In the woodcut the figure is also that of a Bishop, but of the Church of Rome. He is in full canonicals, and wears a mitre.

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[1] This exquisite picture is now at Bowood. It was in Sheridan's possession at the time of his death, and was purchased at the sale of his effects by Mr. Burgess, solicitor, from whom it was bought by the Marquis of Lansdowne for 600*l.* It would now, judging by the late sale-prices of Reynolds's pictures, fetch at least four times that sum. The picture is the best example I know of the power of Reynolds to veil, or rather wipe out, incorrectness of form, by the splendour of his colour, and his exquisite sentiment of grace and beauty.—ED.

If the adoption of an invention, in order to improve on it, as in this instance, with great success, be a plagiarism, Reynolds was as much a plagiarist as Raphael. He was often called a thief while he lived, and has been called so since his death.

That Hone's picture was far from a single instance of malevolence to which the splendid success of Sir Joshua subjected him, may be inferred from a letter by Dr. Wolcot to a friend, from which the following passages are quotations:—

"As nothing affords you a higher treat than something relative to Reynolds, be informed then of what will excite your envy.

"I lately breakfasted with him at his house in Leicester Fields. After some desultory remarks on the old masters, but not one word of the living artists (as on that subject one can never obtain his real opinion),[1] the conversation turned on Dr. Johnson. On my asking him how the club to which he belonged could so patiently suffer the tyranny of this overbearing man, he replied with a smile, that the members often hazarded sentiments merely to try his powers in contradiction.

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[1] In this wise reserve Turner was like Reynolds. I never heard him express an opinion of any living artist except Stothard, and that was a very high one.

"Happening to be in company with Dr. Johnson, and observing to him that his portrait by Reynolds was not sufficiently dignified: prepared with a flat contradiction, he replied, in a kind of bull-dog growl, 'No, sir! the pencil of Reynolds never wanted dignity or the graces.'

"It is a lucky thing for an artist to be possessed of the favour of the fashionable world; fortune then shows no objection towards a co-operation with his labours. Reynolds avails himself of this circumstance; and in spite of rivals and a too great mortality of colours, stands his ground like a Hercules, and defies envy, hatred, and malice; in short, all the virulent attacks made on his performances."

[While the Exhibition was open the town was in the full swing of gaiety, in spite of the rebellion of the colonies, and the news, which had by this time arrived, of the first shots exchanged between the royal and provincial armies at Lexington on the 19th of April. Had Burke's profound grief at this fratricidal struggle communicated itself to his placid friend, or was Sir Joshua among the crowd to take part in the pleasures which Walpole describes when he writes to Mann on the 17th of May?—"You have not more masquerades in Carnival than we have: there is one at the Pantheon to-night, another on Monday, and in June is to be a pompous one on the water and at Ranelagh. This and the first are to be given by the club called the Sçavoir-Vivre, who till now have only shone by excess of gaming. The leader is that fashionable orator, Lord

Lyttleton, of whom I need not tell *you* more." The *Sçavoir-Vivre*, as we have seen, patronised the arts as well as the amusements of the time, but I fear their plan for giving premiums for painting, sculpture, and architecture did not prosper, as I can find no traces of the prizes having been awarded or the offer renewed. Was Sir Joshua one of the brilliant crowd who, by four in the afternoon of Friday the 23rd of June, crowded every point from which a view could be got of the river, or filled the pleasure barges which made the silent highway a forest of waving flags? The very ballast-lighters were freighted with elegant ladies. The President may very well have been one of the "splendid companies" entertained at Richmond House, his Grace of Montague's, or Lord Pembroke's. This was the first regatta ever given in England—"a new entertainment," as it was described, "introduced from Venice." The tops of the houses commanding the river were set out with benches and canopies; the sashes were taken from the windows; the bridges swarmed with people, up to the very lamp-irons; plans of the regatta were hawked about, from a shilling to a penny; regatta songs were sung on all sides; the bells of St. Margaret's and St. Martin's rang merrily; the avenues to Westminster Bridge were filled with gaming-tables; soon after six, orchestras of drums, fifes, horns, and trumpets struck up under the arches of the bridge; at half-past seven the Lord Mayor's barge moved down the stream to a salute of 21 cannons, and the wager-boats started, through a lane formed by covered lighters and barges filled with spectators. On their return the mass of river craft broke up, and moved to Ranelagh, where was the grandest ball and supper ever given in the gardens, with a band of 240 of the best instrumentalists and vocalists in London, led by Giardini, to a company of 2000 of the nobility and gentry, four royal dukes, and ambassadors, downwards. Unluckily the rain came down from time to time, and rather marred the festivities. Horace Walpole splenetically describes the scene on the river to the Countess of Ossory, after making his way home with difficulty from the Duke of Richmond's, and adds, "now all the company is stewing in Ranelagh." A week before the civic cannon saluted the Lord Mayor's barge the guns of Howe and Clinton had been thundering on the provincial lines of Bunker's Hill, and the first regular action between the British and the Americans had taught the wise men in the royal armies the value of Colonel Campbell's boast, that he would reduce the rebels with a couple of the King's regiments.]

Romney was now established in London, and for a time divided the favour of the town-world with Reynolds.

"There were two factions," said Lord Thurlow, "the Reynolds faction and the Romney faction; I was of the Romney faction."[1] Reynolds painted a half-length of Thurlow, one of his very finest pictures, and Romney painted a whole-length of him, and made him the handsomer man. He left out "Thurlow's black scowl," but he missed what Reynolds alone could express,—that extraordinary sapience which made Charles Fox say, "No man could be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked."

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[1] Lord Thurlow said, also, he considered Reynolds to be "a great scoundrel, and a bad painter:" in allusion to his using unsafe mixtures and fugitive colours in his pictures.

To the honour of Romney it must be mentioned that, when in the height of his popularity, some of his friends would dispraise Reynolds, he always said, "No, no;—he is the greatest painter that ever lived; for I see in his pictures an exquisite charm, which I see in Nature, but in no other pictures."

I do not believe that Reynolds, as Allan Cunningham tells us, whenever he spoke of Romney, called him "the man in Cavendish Square." Such hearsay anecdotes must be judged by their probability, and whatever Sir Joshua felt towards Romney would not be expressed in so vulgar a manner; for vulgar he could not be. We know also that he was always extremely guarded in speaking of living painters. He had seen two pictures by Madame Le Brun, at that time the most popular artist in France in portraiture. Northcote shall tell the rest of the story.

"I said, 'Pray what do you think of them, Sir Joshua?'

"'That they are very fine,' he answered.

"'How fine?' I said.

"'As fine as those of any painter,' was his answer.

"'As fine as those of any painter, do you say? do you mean living or dead?'

"When he answered me rather briskly, 'Either living or dead.'

"I then in great surprise exclaimed, 'Good G—! what, as fine as Vandyke?'

"He answered tartly, 'Yes, and finer.'

"I said no more, perceiving he was displeased at my questioning him.

"I mention the above circumstance to show his disinclination to oppose popular opinion, or to say anything against the interest of a contemporary artist; it was not his intention to mislead me, but only to put a stop to my inquiries."

[Still Sir Joshua must have had his peculiar mortifications in Romney's success—as when at this time his most intimate friend Burke sat to the new favourite of the town, at the request of one of Sir Joshua's earliest and warmest patrons, the Duke of Richmond.]

It was in this year Reynolds painted the picture, now in the collection of the Marquis of Hertford, of a beautiful child (Miss Bowles) sitting on the ground and making a dog very uncomfortable by hugging its neck; a matchless work, that would have immortalized him had he never painted anything else. The father and mother of the little girl intended she should sit to Romney. Sir George Beaumont, however, from whom I received the story, advised them to employ Sir Joshua. "But his pictures fade."—"No matter, take the chance; even a faded picture from Reynolds will be the finest thing you can have. Ask him to dine with you,—and let him become acquainted with her." The advice was taken; the little girl was placed beside Sir Joshua at the dessert, where he amused her so much with stories and tricks that she thought him the most charming man in the world. He made her look at something distant from the table and stole her plate; then he pretended to look for it, then contrived it should come back to her without her knowing how. The next day she was delighted to be taken to his house, where she sat down with a face full of glee, the expression of which he caught at once and never lost; and the affair turned out every way happily, for the picture did not fade, and has till now escaped alike the inflictions of time or of the ignorant among cleaners.[1]

Northcote, who now thought he had been long enough a pupil of Reynolds, gives the following account of the termination of their engagement:—

"The latter end of the year 1775 was now arrived, when it only wanted a few months of five years that I had been with him, and when I also approached the 29th year of my age; and I thought it high time for me to do something for myself at so late a period in the life of a pupil, having been prevented by many causes from beginning my studies as a painter in earlier youth.

"I therefore thought it proper to give Sir Joshua notice of my intentions some months before my departure. This, however, was a task very disagreeable to me, and I deferred it from day to day, but at last determined; and going to him one morning in the month of December, when he was alone in his painting-room, I began by saying that at the end of May next it would be five years since I first came to his house. Sir Joshua, with a gentleness in his manner, said that he thought that was full sufficient, and that I was now well able to do for myself. I then replied that I was very sensible of the obligation I owed him, and that I would stay any time longer he should think proper if I could be of any service to him. Sir Joshua said by no means, as I had already done him much service. I answered that I feared I had not been of so much assistance to him as I wished, but that it was solely from want of power, and not inclination.

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[1] Sir Joshua received fifty guineas for this picture. Its present noble possessor gave upwards of a thousand for it.—Ed.

"Sir Joshua was so obliging as to say that I had been very useful to him, more so than any scholar that had ever been with him; and he added, 'I hope we shall assist each other as long as we live,' and that if I would remain with him till the month of May he should be very much obliged to me, as I could be very useful to him. I answered that I intended it, and during that time wished to work as much as it was in my power for his service; and thus the conversation ended.

"On the 12th May (1776) I took my leave of Sir Joshua Reynolds to take my chance in the world, and we parted with great cordiality. He said I was perfectly in the right in my intentions, and that he had been fully satisfied with my conduct whilst I had been with him, also that he had no idea that I should have stayed with him so long. 'But now,' added Sir Joshua, 'to succeed in the art, you are to remember that something more is to be done than that which did formerly; Kneller, Lely, and Hudson will not do now.' I was rather surprised to hear him join the former two names with that of Hudson, who was so evidently their inferior as to be out of all comparison.

"It was impossible to quit such a residence as Sir Joshua's without reluctance; a house in which I had spent so many happy hours; and although perfectly satisfied in my own mind that what I did in this respect was right, and that it was high time for me to be acting for myself on the stage of life, yet to leave that place, which was the constant resort of all the eminent in every valuable quality, without an inward regret, was not in my power. It is a melancholy reflection even at this moment, when one considers the ravages a few short years have made in that unparalleled society which shone at his table, now all gone!"

This will be the best place for the quotation of some of Northcote's recollections of Reynolds.

"The only allusion," he tells us, "to any merits in his own efforts that I can recollect him ever to have made, is once hearing him say 'that lovers had acknowledged to him, after having seen his portraits of their mistresses, that the originals had appeared even still more lovely to them than before, by their excellences being so distinctly portrayed.' Yet his own opinion of his works was so humble, that I have heard him *confess his terror at seeing them exposed to the bright light of the sun.*"

"He had painted," says Northcote, "an excellent head of the Duchess of Leinster, and when Burke saw the picture he exclaimed, 'What a beautiful head you have made of this lady! it is impossible to add anything to its advantage: But Sir Joshua was not satisfied, and answered with much feeling, 'It does not please me yet; there is a sweetness of expression in the original which I have not been able to give in the portrait, and therefore cannot think it finished.'"[1]

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[1] There cannot be a better illustration of the spirit in which Allan Cunningham wrote of Reynolds than the manner in which he turned this story against him. "The artist had reason," he said, "to be proud of the affection of Burke. He sometimes asked his opinion of the merit of a work—it was given readily; Sir Joshua would then shake his head, and say, 'Well, it pleases you, but it does not please me; there is a sweetness wanting in the expression which a little pains will bestow. There! I have improved it.' This, when translated into the common language of life, means, 'I must not let this man think that he is as wise as myself; but show him that I can reach one step, at least, higher than his admiration.'"

"He looked for such an improvement in British art that he said, 'All we can now achieve will appear like children's work in comparison with what will be done.'"

"Sir Joshua would not willingly admit any excuse by way of palliating a bad performance. Once, on my showing a landscape to him painted by a friend of mine, an amateur, he said, it was very badly done, and asked me if I did not think the same. When I endeavoured to make some apology for my friend by saying he had not the advantage of instruction, he answered rather quickly, 'What signifies that? In this manner you may excuse anything however bad it may be.'"

When Burke remarked to Reynolds the opportunities given by his profession of obtaining favours from sitters of rank and power, "There is some truth in what you say," said Sir Joshua, "but how could I presume to ask favours from those to whom I became known only by my obligations to them?" One of the few instances in which the President *did* ask a favour was that of his nephew, Joseph Palmer, to whom, at Sir Joshua's solicitation, Lord Townshend, while Lord Lieutenant, gave the deanery of Cashel.

"Of the political sentiments of Sir Joshua at that time I may merely state, that during the contest between England and America, so strongly was it the opinion of many persons that we should conquer them in the end, that Sir Joshua, who thought the contrary, actually received five guineas each from several gentlemen, under a promise to pay them in return one thousand pounds if ever he painted the portrait of General Washington in England, and which he was not to refuse to do in case the General should be brought to him to that intent."

Northcote asked him if he thought there would ever be a superior painter to Titian in portrait. He answered that he believed there never would; that to procure a real fine picture by Titian he would be content to sell everything he possessed in the world to raise money for its purchase, adding, with emphasis, "I would be content to ruin myself."

Malone tells us that Sir Joshua "was so anxious to discover the method used by the Venetian painters that he destroyed some valuable ancient pictures by rubbing out the various layers of colour in order to investigate and ascertain it."[1]

It is not credible, however, that he who told Northcote he would be content to ruin himself to obtain a really fine work of Titian could destroy an excellent work of any master. There is always an abundant supply of inferior old pictures of the schools and times of all the great painters in the hands of dealers; and as such pictures were painted with the materials in use by the best artists of their own time, it could only be such that Reynolds destroyed.

We are told by Northcote of two damaged pictures by Velasquez, which he restored, and gave to them such a value as he alone could give. One was a whole-length of the boy Don Balthazar, son of Philip the Fourth. This picture he purchased in a ruined state, and cleaned and retouched it to such purpose that few by Velasquez now look better. Northcote says he painted in the face; it is evident that he did much to the sky, and admirably; and it is probable that he enriched the colour of the entire picture. It was, and perhaps still is, at Redleaf. The other is a picture of a Moor blowing a pipe, (when Northcote wrote,) in the possession of Mr. Whitbread. Northcote bought it at a sale for Sir Joshua, and says, "When he got it into his painting-room he painted an entire new background to the picture, a sky instead of what before was all dark without any effect; but with this and some few other small alterations, it became one of the finest pictures I ever saw." These restorations of Velasquez, if the whole truth could be known, would, I am persuaded, amply compensate for whatever pictures he destroyed, for they could not surely have been works of great excellence.

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[1] Sir Abraham Hume told Mr. Colnaghi that Sir Joshua told him he had destroyed a fine Watteau with the same object.—ED.

It was one of Sir Joshua's favourite maxims, that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitude begins with the dancing-school.

He used to say he could teach any boy whom chance threw in his way in half a year to paint a likeness in a portrait. The difficulty was to give just expression and true character. He never willingly offered advice unless he perceived that the mind of the person who asked it was earnestly engaged on the subject. "Otherwise," he said, "it was lost labour; the instruction went in at one ear and out at the other." In his practice, though he would venture on any experiment recommended by any adviser, he was always anxious to try these experiments on his fancy pictures, and only made them on portraits, from his eagerness in pursuit of excellence, at times when he had his time fully occupied with sitters.

He laid much stress on purity of materials, took great pains to get his colours and oils unadulterated, and often desired Northcote to impress on the colour-man that he did not care what price he paid for genuine articles.

The pen of Hazlitt has done more for Northcote than the pencil of Northcote ever did for himself. As an artist he is nearly forgotten, but, as a shrewd observer and an amusing and often instructive talker, he lived, and will live, in the delightful little volume made by Hazlitt out of his conversations. In these some anecdotes are preserved which Northcote did not think fit to record in his 'Life' of Reynolds, but which are more amusing than some he did record. Hazlitt had described Godwin to Northcote (as every man may be characterized) by apparent contraries. "You describe him," said Northcote, "as I remember Baretti once did Sir Joshua at his own table, saying to him, 'You are extravagant and mean, generous and selfish, envious and candid, proud and humble, a genius and a mere ordinary mortal at the same time.' I may not remember his exact words, but that was their effect. The fact was, Sir Joshua was a mixed character, like the rest of the world in that respect; but he knew his own failings, and was on his guard to keep them back as much as possible, though the defects would break out sometimes."

"At one time," said Northcote, "I knew Lord R— and Lord H. S—, who were intimate with the Prince, and recommended my pictures to him. Sir Joshua once asked me, 'What do you know of the Prince of Wales that he so often speaks of you?' I remember I made him laugh by my answer, for I said, 'Oh! he knows nothing of me, nor I of him, it's only his *bragging!*' 'Well,' said he, 'that is spoken like a king!'

"In one part of the new *Life*[1] it is said that Sir Joshua, seeing the ill effects that Hogarth's honesty and bluntness had had upon his prospects as a portrait-painter, had learnt the art to make himself agreeable to his sitters, and to mix up the oil of flattery with his discourse as assiduously as with his colours. This is far from the truth. Sir Joshua's manners were indeed affable and obliging, but he flattered nobody; and instead of gossiping or making it his study to amuse his sitters, minded only his own business. I remember being in the next room the first time the Duchess of Cumberland came to sit, and I can vouch that scarce a word was spoken for near two hours. . . .

"His biographer is also unjust to Sir Joshua in saying that his table was scantily supplied, out of penuriousness. The truth is, Sir Joshua would ask a certain number, and order a dinner to be provided, and then in the course of the morning two or three other persons would drop in, and he would say, 'I have got so and so to dinner, will you join us?' which they being always ready to do, there were sometimes more guests than seats; but nobody complained of this, or was unwilling to come again. If Sir Joshua had really grudged his guests, they would not have repeated their visits twice, and there would have been plenty of room and provisions next time. Sir Joshua never gave the smallest attention to such matters; all he cared about was his painting in the morning, and the conversation at his table. To the last he sacrificed his interest; for his associating with men like Burke, who was at that time a great Oppositionist, did him no good at Court. Sir Joshua was equally free from meanness, or ostentation and encroachment on others; no one knew himself better, or more uniformly kept his place in society. . . .

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[1] Allan Cunningham's.

"It is insinuated that he was sparing of his wine, which is not true.

"People had a great notion of the literary parties at Sir Joshua's. He once asked Lord B—[1] to dine with Johnson and the rest, but, though a man of rank, and also of good information, he seemed as much alarmed at the idea as if you had tried to force him into one of the cages at Exeter Change."[2]

About this time Reynolds painted his own portrait for Streatham, holding his ear-trumpet; and Sir Joshua's portrait of himself for the Dilettanti is also of this date, as well as that portrait of Johnson in which he holds a book close to his eyes, and on which Johnson remonstrated against such a record of his near-sightedness. He said to Mrs. Thrale, "Reynolds may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not be *Blinking Sam.*"

[Death was busy among the President's friends this year. He lost his old sitter and early acquaintance, Admiral Saunders, the bosom friend of Keppel, the stout Whig and adherent of Burke, and one of the best officers of the time, of whom Sir Joshua has left a fine portrait, now at Quiddenham. Dr. Nugent, Burke's excellent and amiable father-in-law, was taken from that most united circle, in which Sir Joshua filled his place like one of the family, at the Broad Sanctuary, or Beaconsfield. But a loss more felt than either of these was that of the wife of his life-long friend Mr. Parker, one of the members for Devonshire. Of this beautiful and accomplished woman he painted two beautiful pictures in her lifetime, and at her death contributed this not less admirable portrait with his pen :—]

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[1] Lord Besborough.—Ed.

[2] Charles Fox was always silent in the presence of Johnson. He did not like to encounter the risk of rough replies. Johnson said, "I am told Mr. Fox is 'aut Cæsar aut nihil.' He is 'nihil' when I meet him."

. . . . "Her amiable disposition, her softness and gentleness of manners, endeared her to every one that had the happiness of knowing her; her whole pleasure and ambition were centered in a consciousness of properly discharging all the duties of a wife, a mother, and a sister; and she neither sought for nor expected fame out of her own house. As she made no ostentation of her virtue, she excited no envy; but if there had existed so depraved a being as to wish to wound so fair a character, the most artful malignity must have searched in vain for a weak part. Her virtues were uniform, quiet, and habitual; they were not occasionally put on, she wore them continually; they seemed to grow to her, and be a part of herself, and it seemed to be impossible for her to lay them aside or be other than what she was. Her person was eminently beautiful, but the expression of her countenance was far above all beauty that proceeds from regularity of features only. The gentleness and benevolence of her disposition were so naturally impressed on every look and motion, that, without any affected effort or assumed courtesy, she was sure to make every one her friend that had ever spoken to her or ever seen her.

"In so exalted a character it is scarce worth mentioning her skill and exact judgment in the polite arts: she seemed to possess by a kind of intuition that propriety of taste and right thinking, which others but imperfectly acquire by long labour and application."

[Among the Academy records for the last month of this year I find a motion carried in the Council for omitting from its lists the name of Mr. Gainsborough, he having declined to accept any office in the Academy, and never attending. His name was however restored to the Council by the General Meeting.

On the last day of the year Barry moved in Council a series of self-denying resolutions, intended to guard against influences of clique and favouritism, which, as Barry fiercely maintained, worked constant and fatal mischief in the Academy. These resolutions were—

1st. That all pictures, exceeding half-length, should be hung above the line.

2nd. That all the Academicians should have a voice in rejecting or admitting pictures.

3rd. That all Academicians should draw lots for one place; then for a second; then for a third; and afterwards, all the other pictures should be hung by a committee of the Council. He suggested, besides, that any exhibitor deemed worthy by the Council should be admitted to the benefit of this plan, and draw lots with the Academicians. "Should these resolutions be adopted," Barry added, "the Exhibition will remain, as it ought, a field of generous contention, established upon equitable principles, and where envy, pique, or any other base motive that might hereafter arise amongst us, and that have always arisen amongst men where their passions and interests are concerned, will have no opportunity of exerting themselves with any success."[1]]

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[1] Among the pictures completed this year I find, from Sir Joshua's price-book, the following:—Mrs. Eckersall, Mrs. Joddrell, Lord Charles Spencer (given to Lord Bolingbroke), Lady Charles Spencer (whether the beautiful head of her embracing a black dog, or the equally lovely half-length with her horse's head introduced, I am not certain), Mrs. Weddell, the St. Cecilia painted for Sir W. W. Wynne (which is neither more nor less than a plagiarism from Domenichino), Lady Elizabeth and Master Herbert (at High Clere, a beautiful picture, admirably relined this year (1862) by Mr. Morell), Mr. Hare (the Hare and many Friends, painted for Mr. Storer), Miss Fleming and Miss Bowles, Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Mordaunt, Lord Mountstewart, Lady Ann Fitzpatrick (as a little peasant in a mountain landscape, engraved as 'Collina,' now at Mr. Fitzpatrick's in Portman-square; its companion, 'Sylvia'—Lady Gertrude—is at Farming Woods, Lord Lyveden's); Madame Schindelin ('the Coquette,' at Knowle), Mr. Stonhewer (Lord Grafton's private secretary, and the friend and executor of Gray), Lord Temple, Mr. Thrale. He was also at work on Dr. Robinson, Mrs. Sheridan as Cecilia, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Omiah.

Notes on his practice for this year are—"Primate: nero, cinabro, minio e azurro. Thick." It has stood perfectly. "Mrs. Sheridan: the face in olio, poi cerata, panni (draperies) in olio, poi con cera senza olio, poi olio e cera. The children in Mrs. Sheridan poi cerata." The picture is in good condition; but it has, no doubt, been carefully looked after, and only trusted in safe hands. This is *the* great point with the heavily impasted pictures in Sir Joshua's later manner, which are likely to suffer more from violent movement, as in travelling by rail, from neglect of any incipient crack or blister, or from any application of heat in relining, than from internal change or decay of the colours.—ED.

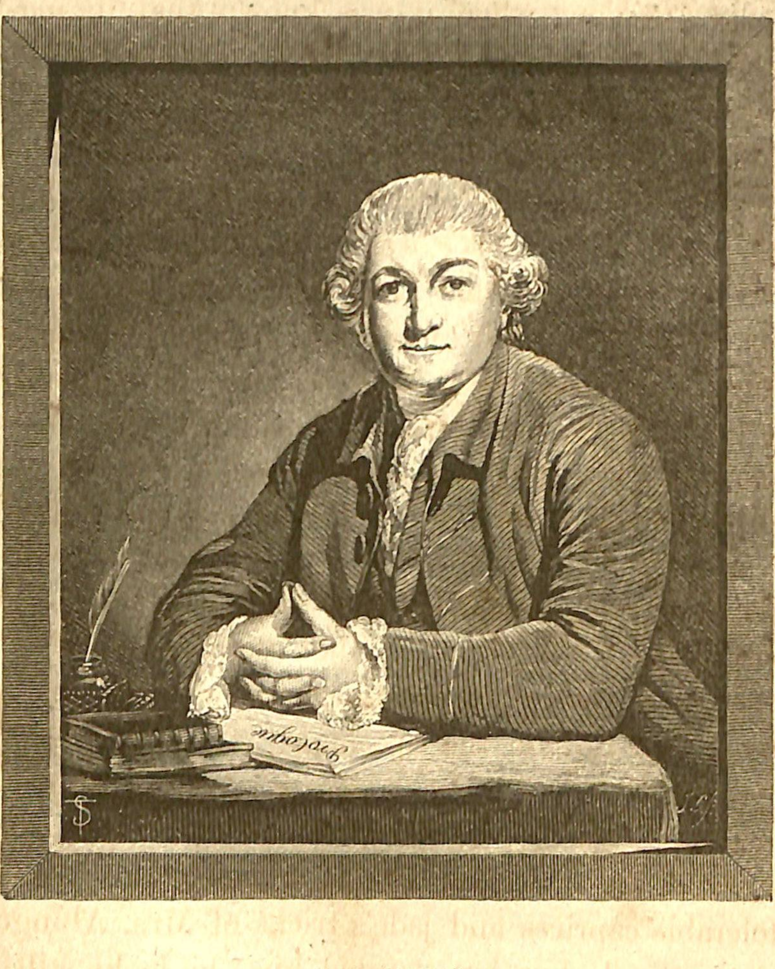
CHAPTER VII.

1776—1779. ÆT. 53—56.

(1776) Hannah More's letters — Visit to Sir Joshua's studio — The infant Samuel — The portrait of Garrick — His farewell performances — The trial of the Duchess of Kingston — Foote at the Academy dinner — The Exhibition — Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in London — Northcote leaves Sir Joshua — Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith — Reynolds sends his portrait to Florence — Letter to Signor Pelli — The Discourses translated into Italian — Hayman's death — The Seventh Discourse — The practice and pictures of the year — (1777) Sir Joshua's society — Proposes Dr. J. Warton at the Club — At the Ladies' Club balls — Gaieties with Gibbon — At Sheridan's plays — Barry undertakes the decoration of the Great Room at the Society of Arts — The Exhibition — The St. George — Lady C. Montagu — The Dilettanti pictures — Political events — H. More's ode to 'Dragon' — Garrick in the House of Commons — H. More's 'Percy'— 'The Lives of the Poets' — Sheridan elected at the Club — The Marlborough family-picture — The New College window — Death of Toms — Sitters for 1777 — (1778) 'Evelina' appears — Miss Burney and Sir Joshua — An April evening at the Club — Dinners at Leicester Fields, Paoli's, Ramsay's — The Exhibition — Narrow escape of Marlborough picture — Politics — Prospects of invasion — Sir Joshua visits the camps — Death of Chatham — Keppel at Ushant — Publication of the seven Discourses — The Eighth Discourse — Practice and sitters of the year — (1779) Keppel's court martial — Sir Joshua's letter on his acquittal — Keppel's portrait painted for Burke, Lee, and Dunning — Burke's letters on it — Miss Burney's first party at Sir Joshua's — Garrick's death and funeral — Reynolds's imaginary Dialogues on Garrick — The Exhibition — The Nativity — At the Club — At the ball of the Knights of the Bath — The King sits to him — Fears of invasion — Social estimates of Reynolds — Miss Monckton — Sitters for 1779.

[THE pocketbook for 1776 is wanting. Hannah More's letters, however, give us occasional pleasant glimpses of Sir Joshua and his circle. She had come up to London in January with her namby-pamby legendary tale, 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' and her poor little poem of the 'Bleeding Rock,' and had sold them well to Cadell.

Verses brought money and reputation then which would not now find admission into the paltriest magazine. She was more of a lion than ever; the guest of the Garricks and Mrs. Montague; petted and flattered by Johnson, with Garrick to read her verses, and Burke to praise them. No wonder the young authoress was in the seventh heaven. Sir Joshua, in February, entertains her and her sister at a fine dinner, where Miss Sarah More remarks that he shines less than in a *partie carrée,* owing to his deafness. At another time he drives them to a picture auction at Langford's or Christie's. They visit him in his studio, where he has just finished the picture of the young Samuel; not the best-known Samuel, kneeling with folded hands, now in the National Gallery, but the child (called Daniel in the Exhibition Catalogue), eagerly lifting his face to the supernatural light which streams in from above, as the voice of the Lord strikes on his ear. "The gaze of young astonishment," writes Hannah More, "was never so beautifully expressed." However this may be, it is not equal as a picture to the other Samuel. Sir Joshua told the enthusiastic poetess that he was often mortified when, on showing this picture to some of his great sitters, they asked him "who Samuel was." He was glad to find Hannah intimately acquainted with the devoted prophet. He has also, she tells her sisters, done a St. John that bids fair for immortality. The Duke of Dorset was the purchaser of the Samuel. I am not sure if the St. John was the infant St. John painted from one of Sir Watkin Wynne's children, and still in possession of the family, or an older version



DAVID GARRICK.

of the saint, seated, with uplifted hand, a plagiarism from Guido, which has been engraved by S. Reynolds. In March, Hannah More was the guest of the Garricks, at their town house, in the centre of the Adelphi Terrace. That hospitable house had never been so thronged as now, when it was known that its master had sold his share of the Drury Lane patent to Sheridan, Linley, and Forde, and intended to quit the stage in the course of the summer.

Among the noble and distinguished in arts and letters who made up Garrick's society at this time Hannah More mentions by name Lord and Lady Camden and their daughters, Lady Chatham and her daughters, Lord Dudley and Mr. Rigby, Mrs. Montague, the Dean of Derry and Mrs. Barnard, Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds, Colman and Berenger, the courtly and well-bred gentleman of the Horse and Equerry. Sir Joshua had very lately finished his portrait of Garrick for the Thrale Gallery—the head now in the Lansdowne Gallery, with the thumbs placed together, and the bright speaking face, with its lambent eyes turned full on the spectator. Garrick was now in his sixtieth year. He was worn by gout and gravel, and fretted, besides, by the cabals and jealousies which distracted the little world of Drury—above all by the intolerable caprices and jade's tricks of Mrs. Abington. But, as Sir Joshua has painted him, he looks still full of life and vigour. This is not all due to the painter. The actor's vivacious temperament sustained him wonderfully to the last, even in such youthful and airy parts as Ranger and Archer. Lichtenberg describes him the year before as a marvel of lightness and easy grace. This portrait of Garrick is an admirable example of that "momentary" quality which Northcote was accustomed to praise as distinctive of Sir Joshua's pictures. How this momentariness could be reconciled with prevailing character, and so managed as never to make the effect of the face fatiguing or constrained, is a secret even more peculiar to the painter. Northcote used to praise Sir Joshua's admirable choice of *characteristic* attitudes; and this portrait of Garrick is an excellent sample of that felicity. Sir Joshua had known Garrick as a friend from his own first establishment as an independent painter in London. While a pupil of Hudson's, he must often have seen him in the rapidly-attained pre-eminence of his prime; and now he was a diligent attendant at those farewell performances for which dukes and duchesses, cabinet ministers and privy councillors, were fain to beg seats, even in the upper boxes, while such men as Charles Fox and Gibbon, Sheridan, Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds held themselves favoured by places in the orchestra. This triumphal round of last appearances continued, with intervals, from the 18th of January to the 10th of June, when the greatest of English actors took his farewell of the stage in Don Felix. Northcote remembered the struggle he had to get into the theatre on the last night Garrick played Sir John Brute, when Sir Joshua was present.[1] The best contemporary criticism of Garrick, that of Lichtenberg, the subtle German commentator on Hogarth, dates from the year before this, and includes an elaborate picture of Garrick's masterly impersonation of Vanbrugh's ruffianly sot. We can conceive from it what Sir Joshua saw as he sat in the crowded theatre, and can understand how much there was in that wonderful embodiment of all the phases of drunkenness and bearish brutality which appealed to the eye and mind as well as the ear, and could be enjoyed by Sir Joshua as keenly as by the sharpest hearer present.' Within a month, Garrick's admirers, Sir Joshua among them, saw the great actor take leave of Benedick, Sir John Brute, Kitely, Abel Drugger, Archer, and Lear,—a list of characters including every gradation from the highest tragedy to the lowest comedy. When he played Lear on the 13th of April, it was the universal opinion, Hannah More tells us (writing with her spirits still under the influence of the performance), "that it was one of the greatest scenes ever exhibited." Calling in Leicester Fields, she finds Sir Joshua affected by it like herself, and declaring it was full three days before he got the better of it.

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[1] Northcote says this was at the beginning of the year. The part was played on the 30th of January, but was repeated, for the last time, on the 30th of April.

A few days before (early in April) Sir Joshua had entertained, at his Richmond villa, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, then at Hampton for a few days' rest and country air, with their sprightly visitor. It was rare for him to fix his Richmond parties before May, but everything was arranged now for Garrick's convenience. Hannah More describes the party. It included Gibbon, Edward Eliot, Edmund, Richard, and William Burke, Lord Mahon, and Garrick. "We had a great deal of laugh," she says, "as there were so many leaders among the patriots, and a great deal of attacking and defending, with much wit and good humour." Sir Joshua's stanch Whiggism was much tried at this time by the vehement anti-American spirit of the day.

In the absence of the pocketbook I have no means of knowing whether Sir Joshua made one in the crowd which on Monday the 15th of April filled Westminster Hall to witness a scene which was the town-talk of the time, the trial of Elizabeth Chudleigh, known for the last seven years as Duchess of Kingston, but now put on trial before her peers on a charge of having married the late Duke in the lifetime of her first husband, Augustus John Hervey, Earl of Bristol. Sir Joshua, when a young man of twenty, doing heads at Plymouth Dock for three guineas apiece, had painted the lovely Plymouth belle,[1] probably in the very year she became maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and not long before her secret marriage with young Lieutenant Hervey. The picture survives,[2] to show how much of Reynolds's grace and charm as a painter of women belonged to him even before his visit to Italy. This portrait of the delicate beauty of seventeen, with one long black tress falling over her fair shoulder, is in striking contrast with the picture Hannah More's letter calls up of the full-blown dowager of fifty-one, an embodiment of disconsolate widowhood, large and ill-shaped, with nothing white but her face, and, but for that, looking like a bale of bombazine, with a black hood over her powdered hair, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze deep ruffles, and black gloves, led in between Black Rod and Mr. De Laroche, curtsying profoundly to her august judges, and followed by four attendants, all in white, to heighten the effect of her sables. Sir Joshua's friend Dunning was one of the council engaged against her. All the beauties and maccaronis were gathered in the Hall. Conspicuous among the former were the beautiful young Duchess of Devonshire, and the still lovelier young Countess of Derby, "with their work-bags full of good things" (says Hannah More), to sustain nature during the proceedings. The Countess-Duchess was found guilty, in spite of the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court pronouncing her first marriage null and void, which she had procured by collusion with Hervey in 1768. The interesting legal point raised on the trial was as to the effect of this sentence in deciding the *status* of the accused, as making the nullity of the first marriage a *res judicata.* The lady, after five days' solemn inquiry, was found guilty, but exempted from burning in the hand, it being decided that peeresses as well as peers were entitled by their rank to privilege of clergy.

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[1] She was the daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, of Cornwood, near Plymouth, was appointed maid of honour to the Princess in 1743, and married Hervey in 1744.

[2] It is engraved in Walpole's Letters, Cunningham's edition, vol. vii. p. 297.

"So ends," writes Walpole, "that solemn farce, which may be indifferently bound up with the 'State Trials' and the 'History of Moll Flanders.'"

Besides Sir Joshua's early acquaintance with Miss Chudleigh there are entries both in his lists of sitters and guests that connect him with this singular trial.

Among the foreigners attracted by curiosity to the trial of the Duchess was the Marchesa Castiglione, of Milan, who found time to sit to Sir Joshua during her visit.

In the list of guests at the Academy dinner this year (besides the twenty-six noblemen and gentlemen of official or conspicuous social position who were now regularly invited) I find Sir John Pringle, Garrick, Foote, Harris of Covent Garden, and Giardini. It is interesting to note the marked honour paid to the sister Arts, as evidenced by these Academy invitation lists, so long as they were under the control of Sir Joshua. Official and social rank had not then altogether overpowered artistic and literary distinction at the table of the Academy. Foote's presence among the guests confirms the remark of his biographer, that Sir Joshua stood firmly by his old friend at this moment, when the filthy slanders propagated by the hirelings of the Duchess of Kingston were in full blast against him. At the head of these bravos of the pen was an Irish clergyman and newspaper writer, one Jackson.[1] Foote had taken the notorious Duchess, then the town-talk, as the original of Lady Kitty Crocodile, in his comedy of the 'Trip to Calais,' written the year before, but kept from the stage by the Lord Chamberlain, at the instance of the Duchess. Foote had aggravated the offence by his stinging reply to a contemptuous letter of the Duchess, on his remonstrating with her. Her revenge was to set her hired paragraph-writers to blacken his character, by mysterious hints of some hideous charge hanging over his head. These calumnies were in full circulation when Foote was asked to the Academy dinner; and the honour was a marked defiance given by the President to Foote's calumniators.[1]]

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[1] The Dr. Viper of Foote's 'Capuchin,' under which title the 'Trip to Calais' appeared this year. He called himself Dr. Jackson; and in 1797 joined the Irish rebels. He was tried and found guilty, took poison, and was in the agonies of death when sentence was pronounced upon him. The horrible scene in Court has often been described.

To the Exhibition of the year Sir Joshua contributed twelve pictures :—

The Duchess of Devonshire (the Althorpe whole-length, descending a flight of steps).

Mrs. Lloyd[2] (whole-length, inscribing her name on a tree).

Lord Althorpe (whole-length, in a Vandyke dress, leaning on a pedestal, with a book in his hand, now at Althorpe).

Lord Temple[3] (half-length: noted by Walpole as the finest portrait he ever painted).

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[1] Their infamous designs culminated in July this year in the charge brought for a nameless offence against Foote by a discharged coachman, which was heard before Lord Mansfield and a special jury, and ended in Foote's triumphant acquittal. But the stigma which even such an accusation leaves behind preyed on Foote. He gave up his theatre to Colman in January, 1777, and died at Dover in October the same year.

[2] Mrs. Lloyd afterwards married F. L. Beckford, Esq., of Basing Park, Hants. The picture is in the possession of Mrs. Arcedeckne, whose family is connected with Mrs. Lloyd.

[3] Bought in by the family at the Stowe sale.

Mrs. Montague[1] (half-length).

Master Crewe, as Harry VIII. (at Crewe Hall).

Duke of Devonshire, three-quarters (at Crewe Hall).

Garrick, three-quarters (the Thrale picture, with the thumbs together, now in the Lansdowne collection).

Master Herbert, as Bacchus (at High Clere).

Omiah, whole-length (at Castle Howard).

A young St. John (the one bought by the Marquis of Granby, or the Wynne picture).

The child Daniel[2] (now at Knole).

[The President had never shown himself stronger or more various since the Academy was founded. From the airy grace of his brilliant Duchess to the sturdy boyhood of Master Crewe, standing among his spaniels, with thumbs stuck in his girdle and legs apart, as he had appeared in some childish masquing frolic, as bluff King Hal; from the dignified repose of Omiah, his swarthy face set off by his white robes, to the vivacity of Garrick; from the heathen joyousness of the infant Bacchus, leaning on the mystic vannus brimming over with russet leaves and purple clusters, to the extasy of the youthful Daniel, listening to the voice of Jehovah, or the fervour of the young St. John, preaching with uplifted arm; from the dignity of peer and statesman in Lord Temple, to the keen and refined womanhood of Mrs. Montague, Reynolds, and Reynolds only, could pass with equal mastery. Cumberland and Hayley might puff Romney as they pleased,—he was fairly distanced by such achievements. If Lord Temple be Sir Joshua's finest half-length portrait (as Walpole esteemed it), none of his many admirable boy-pictures is so consummate, I think, taking colour, character, and condition together, as his Master Crewe. Not a tone of it has faded. His Master Bunbury and Master Edgcumbe are superior as specimens of boyish beauty, but they are far less remarkable as pictures.

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[1] The admirable portrait, so well engraved, and still in Montague House, Portman Square, the noble mansion built for this great lady.

[2] The picture referred to by Hannah More as Samuel, but called the 'Infant Daniel,' in the Academy catalogue.

As Garrick's star was setting, another—the brightest after his in our English stage-sky—was rising, but hardly rested. This year of Roscius's retirement was that of the first appearance in London of Mrs. Siddons, then a young wife of twenty. Strictly speaking, it was on the 29th December, 1775, that she made her curtsy to a London audience as Portia. She had been recommended to Garrick principally by his and Sir Joshua's friend Lord Bruce, who was this year created Earl of Ailesbury. He had been struck with her beauty and grace in Rosalind, at Cheltenham, where his lordship was taking the waters. Sir Joshua must, I think, have seen his Tragic Muse during this first season of hers. Lively Mrs. Cowley's first comedy, 'The Runaway' (in which Mrs. Siddons had her first original part, Emily, a sentimental walking lady), was the last new play brought out by Garrick; and it was running through February, March, and April. If Sir Joshua was not attracted by the new comedy, he had opportunities of seeing the young actress, as Mrs. Strickland to Garrick's Ranger, and Lady Anne to his Richard the Third. She made no striking sensation in this engagement, and was allowed to return to the country at the close of the season.

Not long before the Exhibition opened, Boswell was present when Johnson so rudely charged Sir Joshua on the subject of wine-bibbing, as recorded in the last chapter. Langton, Mr. Nairne, a Scotch advocate (afterwards a Lord of Session with the title of Lord Dunsinan), and Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, were of the supper-party, at the Crown and Anchor—one of Sir Joshua's favourite houses—at which this conversation occurred.[1] Cumberland's windy Odes, then just published, were among the subjects discussed. It was Sir Joshua who mentioned them. Some good-natured friend had, perhaps, directed his attention to the turgid praises of Romney, which find a place in them alongside of the glorification of James's powders. It was with reference to this praise of Romney that Johnson observed that Cumberland had not only overloaded his Muse with his own name, but had made her carry double. But all Cumberland's praise of Romney—now newly settled in the handsome house which Cotes's death had left empty in Cavendish Square, and already become Sir Joshua's formidable rival for the favour of the town—did not disturb Reynolds's friendly and frequent intercourse with the conceited and fussy dramatist. The painter's placidity was an oil that eased the friction of even the most jarring tempers, as it carried him smoothly over the ups and downs of popular caprice. This equanimity Northcote, himself waspish and fretful, was never tired of praising in Sir Joshua. When some one remarked that the President must have been annoyed with the ill-natured criticisms that often appeared on his works: "*He* annoyed!" replied Northcote; "he was too much of a philosopher to be annoyed;—he looked to the end of the year—to the great result. Besides, he was too much amused with what he was about: you might have stuck the *divil* on his back without being able to put him in a fidget." He expressed the same idea more flatteringly sometimes: "Crowns of diamonds might have been set on his head without his seeming to feel the least difference." His maxim was that the great secret of human happiness was, not to be annoyed by trifles, and he used to say he had the power of withdrawing his mind from disagreeable considerations to fix it upon other subjects.[1] Northcote used to mention Mrs. Cosway and Reynolds as the only two persons he had known superior to circumstances. It was in May this year that Northcote left Sir Joshua. He had remained one year over the four years usually expected of the young men—they could hardly be called pupils—who received board and lodging in Sir Joshua's house for their services in copying, drapery-painting, and even sometimes sitting for hands in portraits, and as models in fancy-pictures. He left Sir Joshua with regret. He had been very happy, in spite of the frequent humiliations he had to put up with—principally due to his own narrow circumstances, and to unintentional rubs given by Sir Joshua, absorbed in his art, and inapt, from his own equability of temperament, to make allowances for the poor, ill-taught, awkward, penniless, yet ambitious and observant Devonshire lad whom he had taken under his roof. With all his reverence for Sir Joshua as a painter, Northcote always maintained him to have been the worst of masters. In truth, there was too much of feeling and too little of knowledge in Sir Joshua's ways of working, and in his achievement of his finest results, for him to have made a good or safe guide in the technicalities of his calling. His practice in colouring was a series of experiments never intermitted till he ceased to paint. His drawing was entirely by the eye. He had as little knowledge of anatomical structure as ever served the needs of a portrait-painter. It was only his constant practice from Nature (not merely on more sitters than ever sat to one painter, but on hired models, on his pupils, on street-vagrants), guided by the most exquisite feeling of grace and beauty, a fine and cultivated sentiment of colour and chiaroscuro, and a manly respect for truth, that enabled him to triumph over the imperfections of his technical knowledge, both as a colourist and a draughtsman. That such a man should have been a good master was out of the question. But the influence of his works on minds capable of appreciating them was, in many senses, worth more than the best possible instruction. It made Northcote what he was, and Reynolds continued to the last his test and exemplar.

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[1] See Boswell, sub anno.

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[1] Ward's Conversations with Northcote, MS.

In May, too, this year, Boswell compassed his daring feat of bringing Wilkes and Johnson together at Mr. Dilly's, where the demagogue, still fresh from the honours of his Mayoralty, during which he had entertained Sir Joshua at the Mansion House, so cleverly ingratiated himself with the surly old Tory dictator.

On Sunday, the 19th of May, Sir Joshua entertained a party at Richmond. Shipley, the Bishop of St. Asaph, one of his most constant associates, and Dr. Johnson were of the party; and Johnson records in his diary that "the dinner was good, and the Bishop knowing and conversable."[1] Three days before this dinner the Doctor had sent to Sir Joshua, for his own reading first, and then, if he thought it right, for submission to the Club, his epitaph for the monument to Goldsmith. "I am, you know," writes the Doctor, "willing to be corrected. If you think anything much amiss, keep it to yourself till we come together. I have sent two copies, but prefer the card." On the 21st of June Miss Reynolds wrote to Johnson from Richmond for another copy of the epitaph that she might send it to Dr. Beattie—"as something curious, to propitiate Mrs. Beattie" (says poor, self-tormenting Miss Reynolds) "after my shameful neglect in not writing to her." She apologises for the trouble she is giving the Doctor, as her brother has lost the epitaph. The Doctor was, not unreasonably, nettled. "Of Dr. Goldsmith's epitaph," he says, in his reply (written the same day as Miss Reynolds's note), "I sent Sir Joshua two copies, and had none myself. If he has lost it, he has not done well." Next day he writes to Sir Joshua himself, stiffly, and in a style very unlike the usual affectionate tone of his letters to Reynolds :—

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[1] Croker's Boswell, 518 (one vol. edition).

"SIR,—Miss Reynolds has a mind to send the epitaph to Dr. Beattie. I am very willing, but, having no copy, cannot immediately recollect it. She tells me you have lost it. Try to recollect, and put down as much as you retain: you, perhaps, may have kept what I have dropped. The lines for which I am at a loss are something of '*rerum civilium sive naturalium*.'[1] It was a sorry trick to lose it: help me if you can.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"The gout grows better, but slowly."[2]

The epitaph was either found or rewritten from memory. Soon after, at a dinner at Sir Joshua's, where Joseph Warton, Edmund Burke, Franklin,

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[1] They are not in the copy used.

[2] This letter shows that Johnson, who must have known the level of Sir Joshua's acquirements as well as most men, gave him credit for a fair knowledge of Latin. The inference is borne out by the well-thumbed pocket volume of Ovid now in the possession of J. Reynolds Gwatkin, Esq., with the inscription on the title-page, in a stiff but neat schoolboy hand :—"Joshua Reynolds, begun in the 2nd book, at *vix equidem fauces hæc ipsa in verba resolvo*." Its fly-leaves are written over with notes about Bacchus, Ino, Semele, and Harmonia, "the Destinies, and such branches of learning;" and on one of them is a carefully-shaded drawing of a leg, and the inscription, "crus," "done," I dare say, "by Joshua out of pure idleness." There is an elaborate etymological note, too, on the derivation of "Ileon or Ileum," transcribed, probably, from some lexicon, and including some well-formed Greek characters. In the absence of more precise information as to Reynolds's scholarship, this evidence of his schoolboy acquirements has its value.

Chamier, Colman, *Vachell, Sir W. Forbes, Dr. Barnard*, Sheridan, Metcalfe, and Gibbon were present, the epitaph[1] was discussed. It did not quite please. It wanted exactness. Additions and alterations were suggested; till, grown bolder, some one ventured a doubt whether, after all, English would not have been better than Latin. Poor Goldy was known to have expressed the opinion that English authors' names were best perpetuated in English. But who was to venture on the old lion with such a proposal? A round-robin was suggested and decided on. Dean Barnard, ever the first in fun and *jeu d'esprit*, drew up a humorous address. But it was feared the Doctor might resent levity on such a very serious matter as a protest, however respectful, against his taste and judgment in epitaph-writing, on which, as on dedication-writing, he prided himself. Burke proposed the address actually adopted, and signed by every one there but Langton.[1] Sir Joshua agreed to carry it to Johnson. He received it, Boswell says, with much good humour, and desired Sir Joshua to tell the gentlemen he would alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased, as to the sense of it, but he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. But he could not refrain from wondering that "Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, could be such a fool," and adding that "he should have thought Mund Burke would have had more sense."

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[1] "OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hiberniæ Torniæ Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ literis institutus;
Obiit Londini
April. IV. MDCCLXXIV."

The receipts from the Exhibition this year were 1249*l.*, and after the expenses of the Exhibition and schools were defrayed, and 87*l.* 3*s.* distributed in charity

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[1] We, the
Circumscribers, having read,
with great pleasure, an intended epitaph for the monument of Dr. Goldsmith,
which, considered abstractedly, appears to be, for
eloquent composition, and masterly style, in every
respect worthy of the pen of its learned author, are yet
of opinion that the character of the deceased as a writer,
particularly as a poet, is perhaps not delineated with all
the exactness which Dr. Johnson is capable of giving it; we
therefore, with deference to his superior judgment, humbly
request that he would at least take the trouble of revising
it, and of making such additions and alterations as he
shall think proper upon a farther perusal; but if we might
venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to
request that he would write the epitaph in English,
rather than in Latin, as we think that the memory
of so eminent an English writer ought to be
perpetuated in the language to which his works
are likely to be so lasting an ornament,
which we also know to have been
the opinion of the late Doctor
himself.

Jos. Warton. Wm. Burke. Thos. Franklin. Ant. Chamier. G. Colman. W. Vachell. J. Reynolds. W. Forbes. T. Barnard. R. B. Sheridan. P. Metcalfe. E. Gibbon.

(one-half the sum usually so distributed being now invested as the nucleus of a modest pension-fund for Academicians and their widows or Associates), the King had to advance 177*l.* from the Privy Purse to make Academic ends meet.

Sir Joshua, on his admission into the Academy at Florence, had sent his portrait to be hung in the room of Illustrious Painters in the Grand Ducal Gallery. Northcote used to quote the picture as the most uncharacteristic head Sir Joshua ever painted. He complained of the air of the figure as pompous and its action pretentious, and for that reason singularly unlike the original. Sir Joshua has painted himself in the cap and full crimson robes of a Doctor of Laws, standing by a bust of Michael Angelo, one hand on his hip, the other on the pedestal of the bust grasping the roll of his lectures. The picture is splendid in colour, and holds its own nobly, even in the wonderful array of heads about it—portraits of the mightiest masters in the art, most of them painted by the hands of those masters. I find among the Reynolds MSS. the draft of Sir Joshua's reply to Signor Pelli, the head of the Academy, in acknowledgment of the Grand Duke's praise of the President's portrait. I have no doubt the letter is Sir Joshua's own composition. It is in his own hand throughout, and is corrected in many places also by himself, and evidently in the act of constructing the sentences. It proves him to have been master of an idiomatic and spirited Italian style:—

"Non che in Italiano, io non saprei, nè tampoco esprimervi in Inglese, il piacere cagionatomi dalla

vostra pulitissima lettera, che mi dice come il mio ritratto s' ha ottenuto il compatimento del Signor Arciduca Granduca, che ha pur nome d' intendersi tanto d' opere di pennello, quanto d'ogni altra bella cosa. Io sono infinitamente obligato alla sua generosità tutta reale, non solo per essersi degnato d' ammettermi in quella sua unica maravigliosissima Stanza, quanto anche per avermi in quella signato l' orrevole luogo da voi mentovatomi. Quanto avrei ragione di pavoneggiarmi se potessi ritornare a veder l' Italia e a riconoscermi un tratto in mezzo a quegl' illustri eroi dell' arte che professo. 'Se quoque principibus permistum agnovit Achivis!' Comechè, a dir vero, l' età del viaggiare mi sia oggimai passata, pure non posso impedirmi dal rallegrare frequenti volte la mia mente col pensiero di trovarmi costà. E il mio desiderio di rivedere la vostra bella Firenze, ben potete credere, Signor Pelli, che sia ora cresciuto a molte doppì, essendo ora in certo modo legato e connesso con voi, e divenuto in qualche foggia come un vostro cittadino. Ora sì, che mi chiamo pienamente pagato del mio vigoroso raccomandare negli annuali miei Ragionamenti alla nostra Accademia il merito altissimo del divino vostro Michelangelo, sempre offrendolo non solo come principale, ma come unico modello a tutti coloro che in essa coltivano l' arte del Disegno ; e questa fù una delle ragioni che mi fecero accennare nel Ritratto quello che ho tante volte inculcato colle parole. Nè con questo ho io mai inteso di accrescere onore a quel sublime uomo, ma sebbene mostrare nella mia patria che ho almeno discernimento uguale all' obbligo appoggiatomi di consigliare de' discipoli, e che so metterli sulla vera strada della perfezione.

Non mi rimane ora che a ringraziare voi pure del molto sconcio da voi preso per favorirmi senz' alcuno mio previo merito, e pregarvi di qualche vostro commando, onde possa mostrarvi, che la mia riconoscenza non è minore di quel rispetto, con cui mi farò sempre mai onore di sottoscrivermi, Signor mio, stimatissimo vostro vero e leale Servidore,

J. R.[1]

All' Illustrissimo Signore, Il Signore Giuseppe Pelli,
Direttore della Reale Galleria, Firenze.

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Louis Siries, à Florence, Italy.

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[1] "I should not be able to express in English, much less can I express in Italian, the pleasure given me by your most polite letter, which tells me that my portrait has won the approbation of the Grand Duke, who has the reputation of being a connoisseur of works of painting, as well as of all the other fine arts. I am infinitely obliged to his princely generosity, not only for having condescended to admit me into that unique and wondrous Gallery, but for having assigned me the honourable position in it which you mention. How much cause I should have to be proud if I could return to Italy and recognise a portrait of myself in the midst of those illustrious masters of the art which I profess! 'He recognised himself, too, among the Achæan chiefs.' Although I feel that the age for travelling is in my case past for ever, yet I cannot help often gratifying my imagination with the thought of being again in Italy. You may think, Sig. Pelli, how my desire of revisiting your beautiful Florence is increased a hundredfold, being now, so to speak, bound and connected with you, and having become, in some sense, one of your fellow-citizens.

"I now consider myself repaid in full for my vigorous recommendation of the sublime merits of your divine Michael Angelo in my Annual Discourses to our Academy, always holding him up, not merely as the chief, but as the only model to all those who there cultivate the art of Design; and this was one of the reasons that made me in my portrait hint at that which I have so often inculcated by word. Not that by so doing I have for a moment imagined I could increase the honour of that immortal man; but I wished to show to my country that I have at least discernment equal to the responsibility which is imposed on me of advising my scholars, and that I know how to put them on to the true path of perfection. In conclusion, I have but to thank you for the great trouble you have taken in conferring favour on me without any desert of mine, and to beg you to lay some commands upon me by which I may show that my gratitude equals the respect with which I shall always have the honour to subscribe myself, most esteemed Sir, your true and faithful servant, J. R.

To the Illustrious Sig. Pelli,
Director of the Royal Gallery,
Florence.

On the 3rd of August Johnson writes to Sir Joshua to bespeak his good offices for a godson of his own, a candidate for admission to the schools of the Academy. This was the son of that old walking library, Paterson, the author of 'The Travels of Coriat Junior,' one of the many imitations of Sterne provoked by the success of 'Tristram Shandy'. Paterson was a famous compiler of book catalogues; later in life he kept an old-book shop, and was afterwards a book and print auctioneer, in King Street, Covent Garden, where Sir Joshua was a frequent attendant. Johnson's first protégé in the Academy, Maurice Lowe, had not turned out well; but I have no knowledge as to the subsequent fortunes of Samuel Paterson.

Before the year was out Sir Joshua's fame was further spread in Italy by the translation into Italian of his six first Discourses. Baretti was the translator, and earned five-and-twenty guineas by the job.[1] The moody passionate Italian quarrelled with the Thrales this year, and left their house suddenly, without even taking leave. In the Academy, this year saw the death of Frank Hayman, the friend of Hogarth and the master of Gainsborough. Hayman died poor, and racked with gout, the legacy of many a night's revel with Hogarth, Quin, and Captain Laroon, but high in spirits to the last. He had a sound method of painting, and Gainsborough always owned his obligations to him. Richard Wilson succeeded him in the librarianship of the Academy. The small salary was an object to the unfriended landscape-painter, as it had been to Hayman, in his decline.

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[1] Johnson to Boswell, Dec. 21, 1776.

This year, too, Barry's self-denying ordinances were rejected by the Council by five to two, the President not voting.

On the 4th of October the plans of the new schools and exhibition-rooms in Somerset House were presented by Chambers, and approved by the Council; and at the general meeting of the 4th of November J. S. Copley, and W. Parry, Sir Joshua's pupil and the protégé of Sir Watkin Wynne, were elected Associates.

At the distribution of the prizes for the year,[1] on the 10th of December, the President delivered his Seventh Discourse. Its argument is directed to prove the reality of a standard of taste, as well as of corporal beauty; taste being the power of distinguishing right from wrong applied to works of art, and taste, united with the power of execution, constituting genius. What can we say of a definition of genius which excludes the imaginative power altogether? Led away, as usual, by his generalizing tendency, Sir Joshua in this part of his argument entirely confounds things so fundamentally distinct as science and fine art, when he ventures on the assertion that "it is the very same taste which relishes a demonstration in geometry that is pleased with the resemblance of a picture to an original, and touched with the harmony of music." "Truth," he says, "is the object of the mind's natural appetite; and truth may be found in the agreement or equality of original ideas among themselves (geometric), from the agreement of the representation of any object with the thing represented (pictorial), or from the correspondence of the several parts of any arrangement with each other (musical)."

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[1] Subjects and winners of premiums: In painting, 'The Choice of Hercules,' Charles Grignon. In sculpture, 'The Flight of Æneas,' H. Webber. In architecture, 'A Triumphal Bridge,' John Soane.

It follows, if this be so, that wherever truth of representation is found taste will be gratified. The proposition only needs to be thus stated to be rejected. But "besides real truth," says the President, "there is apparent truth, opinion, or prejudice. In proportion as this is generally diffused and long received, the taste which conforms to it approaches nearer the taste which conforms to truth. Thus opinions are a kind of truth upon sufferance. In proportion as they are local and transitory, they recede from truth." In trying to grasp the exact connexion of Sir Joshua's argument—not an easy matter always—I find that he infers the fixity of rules of taste from the fixity of what he calls "the general idea of nature." I confess I cannot succeed in grasping the meaning of this phrase. "Beauty and nature," I am told, a few sentences farther on, "are different modes of expressing the same thing." "Deformity is not nature, but an accidental deviation from her accustomed practice." We are told that it is a sad misapplication of terms to praise Rembrandt and the Dutch painters for nature. "How can particularities, such as they paint, be nature, when no two individuals are the same in them?" The conclusion is deduced that "a work is in good or bad taste according as it is produced under the influence of general or partial ideas."

When I ask myself as to the practical effect of this teaching, I must confess I can get no satisfactory answer. Admitting—which is much—that there is such a thing as "general nature" in form, how am I to look for it in individual character, in dress, or in manners? Is art to be debarred the use of these? It seems to me that this is the conclusion to which Sir Joshua's doctrine forces us; and that art which records contemporary events, or strives to call up the past as it was, has no place within the limits of the theory which underlies this lecture, and, indeed, the whole of the Discourses. The President seems to have felt this, if somewhat dimly, as he follows out his chain of reasoning, and he is forced to admit that there is a taste which hits on what is right in what he calls "ornament" in art, *i. e.* such secondary matters as dress in men and women, and colouring, in the requisites of a picture. I may pause to direct attention to this undervaluing of colour in comparison with form, which is not more strenuously insisted on by Sir Joshua's theory than it is contradicted by his practice. In these matters the President maintains the duty of respecting long-established associations. They may even acquire, he says, such a stability and spread as to approximate to laws of general nature. As examples, the President insists on the propriety of putting the statues of great men into the classical dress, ignoring altogether the commemorative or historical value of all records of dress or equipment. His theory on the subject of dress-portraiture is in accordance with his frequent, though—happily, as I think—not his constant practice. "He, therefore, who in his practice of portrait-painting wishes to dignify his subject—which we will suppose to be a lady—will not paint her in the modern dress, the familiarity of which alone is sufficient to destroy all dignity. He takes care that his work shall correspond to those ideas and that imagination which he knows will regulate the judgment of others, and therefore dresses his figure something with the general air of the antique, for the sake of dignity, and preserves something of the modern, for the sake of likeness." I imagine that most lovers of Reynolds's pictures will agree with me in thinking that his most beautiful, as well as most interesting, portraits are precisely those in which he has admitted least of the general air of the antique, and adhered most closely to the fashions of his time.

The following passage is characteristic in its cautious good sense: "Whoever would reform a nation, supposing a bad taste to prevail in it, will not accomplish his purpose by going directly against the stream of their prejudices."

With a good deal of sound and well-expressed incidental remark, this Discourse seems to me one of the vaguest and least satisfactory of the series.

Among his notes of practice[1] I find, belonging to this year:—

"My own, Florence, upon raw cloth, cera solamente. (It has stood perfectly, the wax medium having adhered to the unprimed cloth, and there being no mixture of incongruous vehicles to tear it to pieces.)

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[1] The following notes of practice belong more precisely to 1775, but were omitted in page 146:—

"Blackguard Mercury and Cupid. Black and vermilion; afterwards glazed.

"Sir John Pringle. Vermilion, minio, giallo di Napoli a nero.

"Mrs. Joddrell. Head oil, cerata, varnisht with ovi (eggs) poi varn (ished) con Wolf, Panni (draperies), cera senza olio, verniciata con ova, poi con Wolf.

"Lord Henry and Lady Charlotte Spencer.' First olio e poi colori con cera senza olio.

"Mrs. Weyland, ditto.

"Miss Thompson, ditto.

"Mrs. Mordaunt, ditto.

"Mrs. Morris, ditto.

"Lady Tyrconnel, ditto."

Of these last I have seen the Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Morris; they have stood well. The Lady Charlotte and Lord Henry Spencer (the fancy group "fortune-telling") have suffered severely, and have been much repaired; the faces in particular.

"April 29, 1776.—Mrs. Basset. Asphalt and verm. solo; glazed, retouched.

"May 3, 1776.—Captain Kingley (Kingsmill). Naples, cinnabar, red lead, Cologne (earth), black.

"June 6, 1776.—Blue, light red, verm., white, perhaps black.

"Samuel, glazed with black, gamboge,[1] and vermilion; drapery, gamboge and lake; sky retouched with orpiment."

Being without the pocket-book for 1776, I furnish from Sir Joshua's price-book the following list of pictures paid for, and most of them probably begun, worked on, or finished, during this year:—

	£.	s.	d.
Mrs. Boon, March 14	52	10	0
Mr. Basset, May	36	15	0
Miss Boswell, June 3, 1776 (part payment) .	18	7	6
Miss Bowles, June 6 (part payment)	26	15	0
Mrs. Bassett, July 3 (part payment) . . .	26	15	0
Mr. Croft, for self and lady, April 6 (part payment)	115	0	0
Marchioness Castiglione, of Milan, Sep. . .	36	15	0
Sir Charles Davers, August 1	73	10	0
Mr. Drummond, August	36	15	0
Duke of Dorset, for Garrick, June, 2nd payment	36	15	0
Mr. Darley, August 30 (half-length) . . .	73	10	0
„ 3 quarters, August 30	36	15	0

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[1] It may be worth noting that Sir Joshua made very extensive use of gamboge, as a glazing colour, and in combination with lakes and reds. The colour is quite fleeting if used with an oil vehicle, and is hardly used by our oil-painters. But Mr. Barker (of 17, Wellington Terrace), the possessor of Sir Joshua's test canvases before referred to (on one of which the failure of gamboge with oil is recorded), finds that gamboge can be safely used ground up in water, and with copal, and that by its help many of Sir Joshua's tints, otherwise unattainable, can be exactly matched.

	£.	s.	d.
Duke of Dorset, for Wang y Tong, the Chinese, August (half payment)	73	10	0
Duke of Dorset, for Madame Schinderlin (wearing a cap and with a muff. Engraved as 'The Coquette.' A German singer, not to be confounded with la Bacelli.)	36	15	0
Ditto for the boy with a drawing in his hand, 2nd payment	52	10	0
Ditto for Samuel	52	10	0
Sir William Forbes, May	73	10	0
Lord Granby, given to Lord Lothian, Feb.	36	15	0
„ for his father, April	36	15	0
„ for a picture of Samuel	105	0	0
„ for a St. John	105	0	0
Lord Guernsey, July	36	15	0
Mr. Gawler, Dec. 25	36	15	0
Mr. Cosmo Gordon	36	15	0
Mr. Hudson, for draperies, March 8, 2nd payment	31	10	0
Mr. Jodrell, Feb. (part payment)	18	7	6
Captain Kingsmill, July 2 (part payment)	16	15	0
Lord Lothian, July	36	15	0
Lady Frances Marsham, Nov. (half payment)	75	5	0
Lady Melbourn (part payment)	115	10	0
Lord Mount-Stewart, July (2nd payment)	35	0	0
Sir Thomas Mills, Sep. 4	36	15	0
Lady Mills (part payment)	18	7	6
Colonel Morgan, Sep. 28 (part payment)	26	5	0
Mr. Paterson, June 14	36	15	0
Mrs. Rolestone, July (part payment)	55	0	0
Mrs. Smith, Feb. 23 (1st payment, a bank bill of)	15	0	0
Lord Temple, June 6	36	15	0
Lady Tyrconnel, Sep.	73	10	0
Lady Worsley, June 16	157	10	0
Mrs. Weyland, March (part payment)	105	0	0
Earl of Winterton, April	52	10	0
Sir Richard Worsley, April	157	10	0
Mrs. Willet, Sep.	36	15	0

1777.—This was a busy year for Sir Joshua. His sitters were numerous; he had in hand three of his most important pictures,[1] and his vogue in society was undiminished. The pocketbook records almost nightly engagements. Among them the names of the leading "Blues," now in full feather, continually recur:—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Ord, Mrs. Walsingham, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and Mrs. Boscawen. The Dukes of Marlborough and Bedford; Lords Palmerston, Edgcumbe, Ossory, Carysfort, Lucan, Aylesford, Mulgrave, and Shelburne, are his usual titled entertainers. There are frequent dinners at Mr. Banks's, Colman's, Garrick's, Cumberland's, and Sir Thos. Mills's; and many engagements with Langton and Beauclerk, with Boswell, Gibbon, and Sheridan, both as hosts and guests. The clubs are regularly attended—the Turk's Head on Fridays, the Devonshire on Thursdays, that at the British Coffee-house irregularly. In January Sir Joshua was at work on his favourite boy-model—the industrious little street seller, whose touching story Mason has preserved for us. He was working at the same time on the "boy-shepherd," the Temple Newsham picture, I presume. The brilliant and beautiful young Lady Derby often occupied the place just vacated by these little vagrants, and her sittings alternate with those of Sir Walter Blackett, the sturdy member for Newcastle. On Friday, the 10th of January, is noted an engagement at the Club to propose his old friend Dr. Joseph Warton—now in town, as usual, for the Christmas visits he enjoyed so heartily. Dr. Warton belonged to the best class of scholar. He had nothing of the pomposity of the schoolmaster, or the pretensions of the pedant; he was 'sociable, kindly, fond of mixed society—actors, artists, soldiers, as well as learned men —in a word, eminently *clubable.*' Dr. Warton was elected, and the week after breakfasts with Sir Joshua, to arrange for accompanying him to the Club in the evening. The meetings of the Club are now held for dinners on the first and third Fridays of each month during the session; for suppers on the intervening Fridays. On the 28th, after a dinner in Leicester Fields with Mr. Banks, I find Sir Joshua present at one of the balls given by the Ladies' Club, and the engagement often recurs this spring. This was the Society which met at Almack's. It had been started six[1] years before by the fastest and fairest female leaders of the fashion, on the model of the men's Club at White's. Here the ladies received their male friends, kept faro and loo tables, where they played deep, and gave balls, at which they danced long and late. I see the Countess of Derby had been sitting to Sir Joshua the day before the January ball. She was one of the stars of these entertainments,[2] with the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. Crewe, Lady Craven, and the Countess of Jersey, all sitters, and most of them friends of the painter. These balls opened at eleven, and no doubt first attracted the dancing fashion of London to Almack's, whose establishment, however, was then in St. James's Street.

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[1] The Marlborough family and the *Dilettanti* groups.

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[1] Walpole to Mann. May 6, 1770.

[2] Walpole, who had been tempted to one of these balls, describes it as "all goddesses, instead of a resurrection of dancing matrons, as usual."—Letter to Mann. Feb. 1, 1770.

Flood, the great Irish orator, who had recently abandoned Opposition for office, is Sir Joshua's guest during the visit he paid to London in January, introduced to the President, doubtless, by their mutual friend Lord Charlemont, or perhaps by Hely Hutchinson, who never failed when in town to visit Sir Joshua. Another Irish guest was Jephson, Master of the Horse to the Lord Lieutenant, with his laurels as the author of 'Braganza' still fresh, and soliciting the interest of Garrick for his new tragedy, 'Vitellia.' There is a Sunday engagement with Gibbon, not yet a Lord of Trade, but a pleasure-loving, self-indulgent, though neither idle nor unobservant man-about-town, with a seat in the Commons for Liskeard, member of all the clubs from Almack's to the Turk's Head, welcomed in the best society, literary, political, and fashionable, and drinking in with delight the incense of praise and success. The first volume of his History had appeared in 1776. It was just at this time that he was gossiping gaily to Holroyd :[1] "Town fills, and we are mighty agreeable. Last year, on the Queen's birthday, Sir G. Warren had his diamond star cut off his coat : this day the same accident happened to him again with another star, worth seven hundred pounds." Sir Joshua might condole with Sir George (whom he knew, and both of whose beautiful wives he painted) ; for had he not lost his gold-laced hat and watch at the installation of the Knights of the Garter only a little before ? Gibbon was now attending Dr. Hunter's anatomical lectures, and living a life which, from the description, seems to have been an uncommonly easy one—"a very little reading and writing in the morning; bones or guts from two to four; pleasant dinners from five to eight; and afterwards clubs, with an occasional assembly or supper. Charles Fox is now at my elbow,[1] declaiming on the impossibility of keeping America, since a victorious army has been unable to maintain any extent of ports in the single province of Jersey."

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[1] Gibbon's Correspondence, Jan. 18, 1777.

Sir Joshua was Gibbon's companion in some of his amusements. I find on March 11th an engagement with Gibbon for dinner first and "the masquerade" afterwards. I am always glad to give the lists of Sir Joshua's dinner-parties when I find them, as is sometimes the case, noted in the pocketbooks. One for the 27th of February this year includes his old friend Mr. Parker, Mr. Palk, Mr. Baring,[2] and Mr. Dunning, all four Devonshire men. Sir Joshua seems to have been as regular an attendant at the theatre, on the production of Sheridan's plays, as he had been on that of Goldsmith's. On February 27th he notes "Mr. Sheridan's play"—this was the third or author's night of Sheridan's adaptation of Vanbrugh's 'Relapse,' under the title of 'A Trip to Scarborough,' the first contribution to the fortunes of Drury Lane Theatre by the brilliant author of 'The Duenna,' which, at Covent Garden last year, had turned the heads of the London playgoers as completely as the 'Beggars' Opera' had their fathers'. Its author was now one of the joint patentees of Drury Lane, where, in May this year, he was destined to achieve his greatest triumph in the 'School for Scandal.' Sir Joshua had a double attraction to the theatre in the cast of the 'Trip to Scarborough.' His old and fascinating favourite, Mrs. Abington, was the Miss Hoyden; while his more recent and more lovely, if less brilliant, sitter, Mrs. Robinson (who had taken the town by storm on her *début* as Juliet on the 10th of December), was the Amanda.

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[1] He is writing from Almack's, where the play at that time was even heavier than at White's.

[2] This is the Mr. Baring whose daughter Dunning married in 1780, and in whose descendants the Dunning title of Lord Ashburton has been revived.

We have seen how the Academy had been baffled in its plans for the pictorial decoration of St. Paul's, and how the Society of Arts had failed in their effort, in January, 1774, to procure the decoration of their great room in the Adelphi with historical and allegorical designs. But one Academician, at least, still cherished the determination to produce some great decorative work, at whatever sacrifice. This was Barry, now more embittered than ever against the Academy, by the Council's rejection of his self-denying resolutions. He conveyed to the Society of Arts (through Valentine Green, the engraver), on the 5th of March, that he was ready to undertake single-handed the whole work of decoration, for which the Society had proposed to combine the powers of Sir Joshua, Angelica Kauffmann, West, Cipriani, Dance, Mortimer, Wright, Romney, and Penny, as well as himself. Barry stipulated only that the Society should provide the artist with canvas, colours, and models. The offer was accepted, and in July the painter was at work. Barry had only sixteen shillings in his pocket when he entered on this great undertaking. For the seven years it occupied him he lived chiefly on oatmeal porridge; and even to procure that, and to keep his house over his head, he had to trust to his nightly work of etching and engraving for the printsellers. It cannot be denied that there is an impressive contrast between Barry, toiling, unregarded and unrewarded, at a great decorative ideal work, and Sir Joshua,—who had thrown cold water on the scheme for decorating the same room, when he was asked to join in it three years before,—sailing on the full tide of fortune, in the sunshine of success. But I do not conclude from Barry's letters and writings that the spirit of self-sacrifice had quite so much to do with his undertaking as at first blush appears. Besides the honour to art, he looked forward to honour and reward for himself. I find him calculating, not unreasonably, on large ultimate remuneration from the profits of exhibition, which he hoped the Society would allow him to make of the picture. He was without regular employment as a painter, and he trusted that his work in the Adelphi would bring him friends and patrons. Still there is something grand in the stern faith in his own power and purposes with which Barry flung himself into this work; and I can find nothing unworthy in the letter he wrote to Sir George Saville in April this year, asking him to contribute towards an annual allowance of a hundred pounds, which the painter wanted to secure him shelter and subsistence while engaged on his Adelphi design. He hoped to finish this in two years, and out of the profits of its exhibition proposed to repay the 200*l.* contributed to his support. To Barry must be given the credit of having projected, planned, and executed the only great work of pictorial decoration yet completed in this country; and I can but regret that his relations with Reynolds and the Academy were already so embittered, that the breach between them was widened by Barry's undertaking what they had collectively declined. Barry deeply resented the success and popularity of Reynolds. It was this feeling, I think, as well as his natural tendency to the ideal and the abstract, which made Barry often write what reads unjust to portraiture. But his censure was not indiscriminate; and there is much truth at the bottom of his complaints of the neglect to which ideal work is condemned in England in comparison with portraiture. One can only regret that, reading between the lines of his introduction to the account of his pictures (written in 1783), one cannot fail to see the soreness and injustice of the unsuccessful man, prompting bitter and unjust allusions to Reynolds in almost every sentence. Barry had by that time sunk into more confirmed hate of the Academy, and was more and more reckless in his imputations on its President.

The Exhibition opened on the 24th of April. It included 423 works. The motto of the catalogue—"Sint Mecænates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones"—was appropriate to the year when Barry was in vain soliciting subscriptions to keep him in porridge, with a roof over his head, while he was at work in the Adelphi. As usual, portraits make up the bulk of the Exhibition. Gainsborough was in force, with portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Lord Gage, and his admirable three-quarters of Abel playing on the viol de gamba, as well as a large landscape, which Walpole praises as "by far the finest landscape ever painted in England, and equal to the great masters." Copley, already an Associate—painters of anything like merit rose quickly to academic honours in those days—sends a family picture, two portraits, and a Nativity. Doughty, the *protégé* of Mason, and now working at Sir Joshua's, as Northcote had been, sends a portrait. W. Parry, formerly a pupil of the President's, and now an Associate, sends two portraits. Beechey is another name of the year which has survived for us, attached to two small portraits. West, with the new title of "Historical Painter to His Majesty," exhibits, besides the Queen and Princess Royal, six of the royal children, and the altarpieces for Trinity College Cambridge (Michael subduing Satan), and Winchester Cathedral (Lazarus). Angelica Kauffmann is liberal, as usual, of her classicalities and sentimentalities (Sylvia, Dido, Sterne's Maria). Of the landscape-painters, besides Barrett, Wilson sends a Tivoli and Nemi, both marked with the star which indicates works sent in unsold, as distinguished from commissions. John Flaxman jun. is the exhibitor of two models in clay (Pompey after Pharsalia, Agrippina after the death of Germanicus), and a portrait of a lady in wax.

Sir Joshua contributed thirteen pictures:—

Whole-lengths of Lady Frances Marsham, Lady Derby,[1] and Lady Bampfylde (in Lord Poltimore's possession; a beautiful picture).

A portrait of a Nobleman, with his Brothers and a Young Lady (Francis Duke of Bedford, Lord John and Lord William Russell, and their cousin Miss Vernon).

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[1] It is curious that this picture (which I only know from Dickenson's fine engraving) should not be in possession of the Derby family; nor can I up to this time (Nov. 1863) find out its whereabouts.

Lady Caroline Montagu, daughter of Charles, the fourth Duke of Buccleugh, in the snow.

A Lady, half-length.

A Clergyman, three-quarters. (Dr. Warton or Dr. Leyland?)

A Lady and Child. (Lady Elizabeth Herbert and her son, now at High Clere?)

A Gentleman. (Mr. Gawler?)

A Child asleep. (The Cupid at High Clere?)

A Fortune-teller (the Marlborough picture).

A Young Nobleman; and

A Boy reading.[1]

The Bedford picture was painted for Sir Joshua's jovial friend Rigby,[2] the unblushing, claret-drinking, free-living Paymaster of the Forces, once the object of Junius's fierce invective, and still stanch henchman of the Bedford interest. Sir Joshua had enjoyed many a genial day under his roof at Mistley, or at Hampton in company with the Garricks. Sir Joshua had an interest, too, in the young Duke and his brothers, as the children of his sweet early friend, the sister of Admiral Keppel, cut off by an untimely death so soon after her amiable husband, the youthful Marquis of Tavistock. Francis, her eldest son, then a boy of twelve, had succeeded to the dukedom in 1771. But neither the subject nor the treatment of the picture seems to me happy. It represents the young Duke, Francis, as St. George, in property armour, with a property dragon at his feet: his brother, Lord John,[1] stands at his side, and Lord William (murdered in 1840 by his valet, Courvoisier) crouches in the corner, in terror at the dragon. Over the dead beast hovers Miss Vernon, as the rescued princess, in white, with uplifted hands. The family story is, that Lord William, then a boy of ten, had a horror of being painted, and crouched down, half in defiance, half in distrust, of Sir Joshua, in a corner of his painting-room. "Stay as you are, my little fellow," said Sir Joshua, and at once transferred the boy's action and expression to the canvas. It is, as might be expected, the best thing in the picture. Walpole saw the picture at the close of 1776, and writes to the Countess of Ossory[2] (Dec. 17, 1776), "I have seen the picture of 'St. George,' and approve the Duke of Bedford's head, and the exact likeness of Miss Vernon; but the attitude is mean and foolish, and expresses only silly wonderment. Best of all—delicious—is a picture of a little girl of the Duke of Buccleuch, who is overlaid, with a long cloak, bonnet, and muff, in the midst of the snow, and is perishing, blue and red, with cold, but looks so smiling and good-humoured that one longs to catch her up in one's arms, and kiss her till she is in a sweat, and squalls." I am afraid every fair critic must endorse both Walpole's praise and blame in this case. Indeed, he might have said more in dispraise of the St. George,[1] of which the idea seems to me as bad as the drawing of the boys—except Lord William—is feeble. The head of Miss Vernon is the best thing, after the crouching boy. Still the various power of Reynolds was splendidly displayed in an exhibition which included two such whole-lengths as Lady Derby—then in the full blaze of beauty and fashion—and Lady Bampfylde, the portrait of even a newer bride (she had not been married a year), and as exquisite for purity of expression as Lady Derby's for splendour;[2] the delightful naïveté and originality of the little Lady Montagu, muffed and fur-mantled, with the robins hopping about her in the snow, among the leafless stems; the Titianesque splendour of subdued colour in the 'Reading Boy;' and the archness and grace of the 'Fortune-teller.' This is a group of the young Lady Charlotte and Lord Henry Spencer; she in tucked-up petticoat, and hooded as a gipsy, reading the hand of her brother, who wears a Vandyke dress. The expression is admirable: the children are so evidently playing at Fortune-telling. It must have been a lovely picture, but the exquisite colouring of the heads (in particular) has been destroyed by repainting, and the delicate carnation of cheeks and lips replaced by coarse, opaque colour.

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[1] "Very fine, in the style of Titian," is Walpole's remark. The picture is at Peckforton, in Mr. Tollemache's collection, so rich in Reynoldses.

He meant to leave it to the Duke of Bedford, and told him to send for it; but owing to some scruple of delicacy, it was not claimed, and subsequently passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Drummond, of Albury Park, who gave it to the Countess Dowager of Jersey, whose husband's sister married Lord William Russell.

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[1] Afterwards 6th Duke, and father of Earl Russell.

[2] She had taken charge of the three Miss Vernons, whose mother, Lady Evelyn Leveson, widow of the first Earl of Upper Ossory, had married again. Of these three charming sisters, Henrietta, the eldest (the Miss Vernon of the picture), married the Earl of Warwick almost before her portrait was finished; the second, Caroline, married Robert Smith, Esq.; and the third, Elizabeth, died single. They were brought up much with the Bedford family, Duchess Gertrude being their mother's sister.

The Society of Artists held their Exhibition this year, but they had exchanged their new room near Exeter Change for Mr. Phillips's great room in Piccadilly, near Air Street. They got together 258 works, such as they were. The names most noticeable (for us) in their catalogue are Master Geo. Morland's six sketches, in black-lead, from idea, and Mr. James (it should be Thomas) Stothard's (at Mr. Sumner's, near the Blue Beggar, Bethnal Green) 'Views of Snowdon and Caernarvon,' and a drawing of 'a battle from the 4th book of Homer's Iliad.'

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[1] "Does not Miss Vernon think it would have been more historic to have drawn her accompanying Earl Guy, when he slew the dun cow, than St. George killing the Dragon, which is not a quarter so true?"—Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, June 10, 1777. An allusion to the lady's engagement to the Earl of Warwick.

[2] I judge from the engraving. With such accessories as the wreaths of flowers and the macaw, to say nothing of the character of the lady's beauty, the picture must have been dazzling.

Sir Joshua, we have seen, had been a regular attendant at the Sunday dinners of the Dilettanti since his election in 1766. Among other officers of the Society was a painter; and one of its rules (made in 1740) was, that every member should present the Society with his portrait in oil: a commutation of a guinea a-year, called face-money, was afterwards allowed in lieu of a portrait. Knapton was the first painter of the Society. He was succeeded in 1763 by Athenian Stuart. In 1769, on Stuart's resigning, Sir Joshua accepted the office. At a meeting on January the 12th, this year, Lord Carmarthen, Lord Seaforth, Mr. George Pitt, and Mr. Banks, agreed to sit to Sir Joshua for their pictures, "either separately or in a group, the size to be at the option of Sir Joshua." This was the origin of the two noble portrait-groups now in the possession of the Dilettanti, for which numerous sittings are noted, from April through the rest of this year. Lord Seaforth is the first Dilettanti sitter, followed by Lord Carmarthen, Henry Dundas, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Crowle, Mr. Banks, Mr. Greville, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Taylor, Mr. Richard Thompson, Mr. Richard Payne

Gallwey, Mr. Smyth, and Mr. Stanhope. In some respects these two pictures may rank amongst the painter's masterpieces.[1] He never, before or after, attempted to combine so many figures in a composition; and he must be admitted, I think, to have most happily solved the problem how to bring together a number of persons easily, naturally, and agreeably engaged. The parity of sex and age must have been, in some respects, a help, in others a hindrance. On the one hand, there was the loss of variety; on the other, an escape from the terrible difficulty of family-portrait—the combining in one design about some common purpose, or interest, young and old, male and female, pater and mater familias, grown sons and daughters, hobbledehoys, and children of all ages. The Dilettanti had two common objects, good taste and good cheer. Both seem reflected from the faces which beam on us from Sir Joshua's canvases, at once with the glow of good fellowship and good wine. The objects of the Society are simply and sufficiently expressed by the attitudes and occupations in these groups. Lord Seaforth holds up a gem to the light. Lord Mulgrave grasps his glass, with a toss of the left hand, as if pleasantly comparing the ruddy glow of the sardonyx and the ruby splendour of the wine. An Etruscan vase is being criticised by Hamilton, and a magnum of port solemnly judged by Stanhope, Smyth, and Gallwey, in the same breath, and apparently with equal gusto. The very spirit of good taste and good humour, a conjunction happily exemplified in the painter himself, seems incarnate in these pictures. They appear to me worthy in their way to take place beside the canvases on which Titian and Tintoret, Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Rubens, have grouped Venetian patricians, English cavaliers, and Low Country doctors, burghers, and statesmen. If less stately than the one, and less weighty than the other, Sir Joshua's Dilettanti are just as typical of their time, and its tastes and ways. The union of connoisseurship in *vertù* and vintages was a feature of the most refined society of that day; and the Dilettanti rooms were a temple in which Bacchus and Apollo were sacrificed to in company. The pictures have a rich yet silvery splendour of colour, showing that in them Sir Joshua was aiming less at the effect of Rembrandt than of Veronese. No wonder the pictures were some time on hand, considering the labour of love that has evidently been devoted to them. They were not put up in the Society's rooms till March, 1780. But as early as December, 1778, Mr. Banks, the Secretary, had been directed to write to the painter of the Society, "to show cause why he should not be punished for having neglected so long to finish the two groups which he undertook to do, and several members to suffer to be done." At the same meeting it was resolved in Committee "that it has been a practice of this Society to remove neglectful painters from the exercise of their office; and that this resolution should be transmitted to Sir J. Reynolds as a testimony of the just sense they entertain of his unremitting diligence in the exercise of his duties." The Dilettanti in their resolutions were wont to affect this tone of awful severity.

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[1] The first group includes Lord Mulgrave, Earl of Seaforth, Mr. Dundas, Mr. Greville, Lord Carmarthen, Mr. Crowle, Mr. Banks; the second, Sir John Taylor, Sir W. W. Wynne, Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Payne Gallwey, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Stanhope. The figures are very full half-lengths.

I am glad to say that the pictures are now in excellent condition.[1] In March, 1805, they were reported on by West and Lawrence, and found peeled in many parts, with many square inches of the colour-film blistered and ready to fall off at a shake. West then undertook to instruct Mr. Milles, an artist in whom he had confidence, in what he thought necessary for securing the pictures from further injury.

Again, in 1810, the Secretary was empowered to consult Mr. Conyers on the state of the Society's pictures, particularly the groups by Sir Joshua. Mr. Conyers reports them in a rotten and peeling condition; but writes cautiously and intelligently about the dangers of relining and damp paste. In March, 1811 (though Mr. Conyers had been desired to repair the groups in January), there is a direction that the groups be placed for repair in such hands as shall be judged proper by West and Lawrence. In May, 1812, the Committee of Painting resolved to confer with Mr. Rising on the state of the pictures, when they were intrusted to Turner and Say for engraving; and, finally, in February, 1820, they were cleaned by Mr. Bigg, R.A., at an expense of 63*l.*

In 1801, 300 copies of the prints were ordered to be struck off; 100 marked "India proof," for the use of the Society, and 200 to be disposed of to the best advantage, and the plates then to be destroyed. Under these conditions it is no wonder that these engravings should now be very rare and costly. The groups are engraved in Graves's continuation of S. Reynolds's three volumes of Engravings after Sir Joshua.

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[1] This is, perhaps, more than might have been expected, considering the many doctors through whose hands they have passed.

Politically the year must have been a dispiriting one to Reynolds, and all who thought as he did of the American war. The tide of success seemed to be running strong and steadily for the mother-country. Doubts as to the policy, justice, and success of the war were all denounced alike as disaffection. The Minister commanded majorities so triumphant that the Opposition seceded in despair from all attempts to influence the public policy on the subject of the war. Even Burke seemed to despair of the republic. "I stay away," he writes to his Bristol friend Champion, "from this[1] as from all public business, because I know I can do no sort of good by attending; but think and am sure I should do the work of that faction which is ruining us, by keeping up debate, and helping to make those things plausible for a time which are destructive in their nature."

Sir Joshua, living in constant and most intimate intercourse with Burke's family circle at Beconsfield and the Broad Sanctuary, shared his political opinions, and must have been infected with his despondency. Happily, in his quiet painting-room he had a haven from all harassing thoughts. Immersed in successful and continuous practice of the art he loved, he probably was less troubled than ninety-nine Londoners out of a hundred by the fears of an impending war with France, justified by Franklin's presence at Versailles. Even the attempts of Jack the Painter to burn the dockyards, which so narrowly missed success, and which, in the heated public feeling of the moment, were universally ascribed to instructions from Silas Deane, the American Envoy at Paris, probably found Sir Joshua still serene, and inclined to believe less than half of what was told him. His equanimity, however, must have been shaken by the capture of his old friend General Lee, now the most valued officer in the American service,[1] the news of which had reached England early in the year. And before the year was out he was destined to another deep mortification in the surrender of his friend Burgoyne to the Colonial General Gates at Saratoga.

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[1] The debates on the bill for suspending Habeas Corpus in the case of persons charged with high treason in America, or seized on the seas for piracy.

Hannah More spent less time in London this year, and gives us fewer peeps into Sir Joshua's circle, than usual. But it was to him that she trusted a copy of her Ode to Garrick's famous house-dog Dragon, while still unprinted, under an oath neither to take nor give a copy of it, which oath Sir Joshua had observed (she says) like a true knight, only reading it to his visitors till some of them learned it by heart.[2] The "charming bagatelle" was afterwards printed, that posterity might be enabled to wonder what a small expenditure of wit in metre sufficed to purchase a large modicum of fame among the Blues of that day. During some of Sir Joshua's visits to the Garricks at Hampton, in June and July, he must have heard enough of the honour done to Garrick by the House of Commons, the most flattering compliment ever paid to an actor. Garrick, happening to be present in the gallery of the House of Commons, was allowed to retain his seat when the gallery was, not long before the close of the session, ordered to be cleared. A dull Shropshire member, Mr. Baldwin, having complained of the favour shown to the retired player, who, he said, "gloried in his situation" (as even a less vain man might), Burke, and Fox, and Townshend, in turn, employed their eloquence in his praise, and a motion was on the point of being made to give him the exclusive privilege of attending the debates of the House whenever he pleased. In November Hannah More was again in London, this time with a completed tragedy, 'Percy,' in the construction of which she had had Garrick for her adviser, and for which—now that it had been accepted by Harris for Covent Garden—he furnished her with prologue and epilogue. Several great ones made interest to hear him read the piece, but he refused, perhaps at that very supper at Sir Joshua's which Hannah enumerates as one of his pleasant parties, just before the play appeared. It came out at a time of mingled elation and humiliation. The news of the surrender of Burgoyne on convention at Saratoga had arrived almost at the same time as the tidings of Howe's capture of Philadelphia, in spite of all Washington's patient strategy in its defence. I find that Sir Joshua was present on the third or author's night (on the 12th of December) of the Bristol Muse's tragedy—one of the dullest, it now reads to us; but it was a great success, even when Mason's 'Caractacus,' produced a year before, with the aid of Mrs. Hartley's beauty in Evelina, did not fill the house, though it pleased the judicious; and Home's 'Alfred,' brought out little more than a month after 'Percy,' only survived three nights. It is very amusing to trace the delight of the demure Hannah in the success of her play, though she does her best to seem superior to such vanity. But that the play should have run is not less remarkable than that an edition of 4000 should have been quickly exhausted, and left Cadell eager to bring out a second. To this flattering triumph of the happy young authoress, her good friend Sir Joshua no doubt contributed his proportion. It was from a dinner at Sir Joshua's that Hannah ran away, "just as they were sitting down to offer their nightly sacrifice to their idol Loo, to see Mrs. Barry in the mad scene in the last act of 'Percy,' in which she is so very fine, that, though it is my own nonsense, I always see that scene with pleasure." But, when she entered the theatre, she goes on to tell her sisters, she was "a little hurt to see a very indifferent house;" and much surprised, on looking to the stage, to find the scene the inside of a prison, and the heroine in a linen gown, and, lo and behold, they were acting the 'Beggars' Opera,' the play having been changed in consequence of Lewis's illness! How happy she is! And Sir Joshua's dinners or suppers are named among her pleasantest entertainments, even while she is making all this money, and receiving all this delightful incense of flattery, dining with the Sour-crout Club at Garrick's, and being petted as a ninth Muse by the Blues, with Mrs. Montague at their head; and when she is ill, and can't go to the Adelphi Terrace to dine, there is Garrick looking in at her lodgings in Gerrard

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[1] He passed, in general opinion, as a superior strategist to Washington.

[2] Mr. Boscawen, in Hannah More's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 97.

Street, on his way to the dinner at the Club, and "in the coach with him a minced chicken in the stewpan hot, a canister of Mrs. Garrick's fine tea, and a pot of cream." Well may she exclaim, "Were there ever such people!"

An apple of discord was flung into the charmed circle of the Blues this year by the publication of the 'Lives of the Poets,' in which Johnson's treatment of Lord Lyttleton greatly offended his Lordship's old friend and admirer Mrs. Montague.[1] Regular as Sir Joshua was at all the Blue parties, he must have heard a great deal more of this feud than was agreeable to his peace-loving disposition. But in this, as in all difficulties of the kind, if he took part at all, it would be as peacemaker. His old friend the Doctor was much before the public at this time. He had been called almost in the same breath to write a petition to the King and a condemned sermon for Dr. Dodd, and to furnish a prologue for Hugh Kelly's 'Word to the Wise,' when brought out at the end of May this year, for the benefit of the deceased author's widow and children. "When they come to me with a dying parson and a dead staymaker, what can a man do?" growled the kindly old Doctor, and gave them his prologue. Considering the Doctor's estimate of Whigs and players, one is hardly prepared to find Johnson proposing Sheridan as a member of the Literary Club[2] in March this year, with the sententious plea, "that he who has written the two best comedies of his age is surely a remarkable man." He alluded, doubtless, to the 'Rivals' and the 'Duenna.' The 'School for Scandal' was not produced till the 8th of May; and on the author's night Sir Joshua was, of course, present. Sheridan had paid Johnson a graceful compliment[1] in his prologue to Savage's tragedy of 'Sir Thomas Overbury,' revived at Covent Garden on the 1st of February this year; and Croker hints that this may have smoothed his introduction to the Club.

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[1] That part of 'The Lives,' however, did not appear till 1780.

[2] On March 14 Fox was in the chair. The members present were—Fordyce, Gibbon, Garrick, Reynolds, Johnson, Adam Smith, and Burke. In illustration of the value of tradition, I may mention a current story in the Club, that Sheridan only dined there once, and then forgot to pay for his dinner. On examining the Club records, I found Sheridan had dined thirteen times (at least) within two years of his election.

It is pleasant to find in the pocketbooks frequent records of engagements with the Sheridans at this time; the wife so sweet, the husband so prosperous and brilliant, his better qualities still unclouded by excess, his graces and gifts still undebased by debt and its attendant shiftiness. How Gibbon valued the Club is evident from one of his letters to Garrick, written in August this year, during a visit to Paris, where he was enjoying the very finest incense of French flattery. "At this time of year the Society of the Turk's Head can no longer be addressed as a corporate body, and most of the individual members are probably dispersed: Adam Smith in Scotland; Burke in the shades of Beaconsfield; Fox the Lord or the Devil knows where, &c. &c. Be so good as to salute in my name those friends who may fall in your way. Assure Sir Joshua in particular, that I have not lost my relish for manly conversation, and the society of the brown table." While Gibbon, under the auspices of the Neckars, was revelling in the homage of the wits, fine ladies, and littérateurs of Paris, Sir Joshua was not less agreeably employed. During the spring and summer the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, with Lord Henry, Lady Elizabeth, and Lady Caroline Spencer, had been frequently sitting for the great Blenheim picture, the most important work of the class ever attempted by Sir Joshua. Both Duke and Duchess were old friends of the painter's. He had painted him in his manly dignity, and her in the springtide of her beauty, as Lady Caroline Russell, one of the Queen's bridesmaids, and herself on the threshold of marriage. At no house in town did Sir Joshua dine oftener than at theirs; and Blenheim was one of the country seats he most frequently visited. On the 13th of August he left town to complete this picture at Blenheim, where he put in the younger children, and where he was absent till the 4th of September. Is this picture worthy to hang in that stately palace, among such rivals as Vandyke's Buckingham Family, and Rubens's grand composition of himself, Helena Forment, and their child? Northcote used to quote the 'Marlborough Family' as a proof that Sir Joshua could not manage a crowded composition. This was when Northcote was contending in favour of the simpler arrangement usually adopted in family subjects by Vandyke and the Venetians. The one generally painted his figures simply standing together, without any attempt at a common occupation, or much show of grouping. The Italians usually took either a mythological or historical personification or an act of devotion as their

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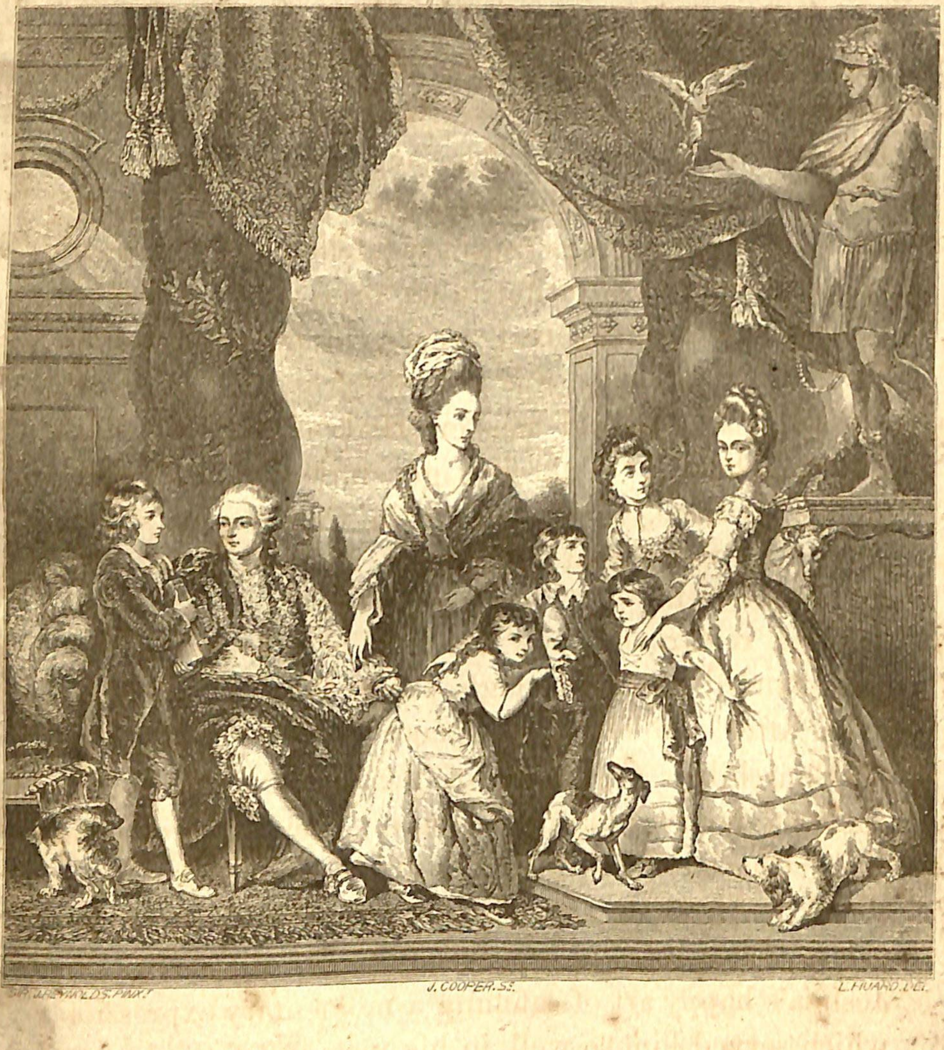
[1] "So pleads the tale that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes and the parent's crimes;
Then shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live."



SIR J. REYNOLDS. PINXᵗ J. COOPER. SC. L. HUARD. DEL.

THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY.

central motive—the last a noble and significant as well as natural means for bringing a family together. But this was not in the manners of the last century; and Sir Joshua had to get over his difficulties of arrangement, without venturing on either the inartificial simplicity of Vandyke, the reverent adoration of Titian or Tintoret, or the mythological or historical masquing of Veronese. The composition of the picture may be judged from the woodcut of it here given. It seems to me, all things considered, felicitous in arrangement, as well as beautiful in its forms, and good, if not among the painter's best works, in point of colour. Sir Joshua probably was not sorry to challenge comparison with his old master, Hudson, whose 'Marlborough Family' of the last generation hangs on the grand staircase, as well as with Clostermann's huge canvas of the Great Duke and Duchess, and their lovely children.

It is remarkable how the gift of personal beauty was handed down through those three generations, even after the blood of Spencer had succeeded that of Churchill. Certainly, of the three pictures, Sir Joshua's deserves to rank highest. The group of little Lady Charlotte holding the mask, and Lady Anne shrinking from it and clinging to the dress of her eldest sister, strikes everybody. It illustrates Sir Joshua's happy art of catching a momentary expression, which served him so well in his pictures of children, of which we have seen another example in his use of Lord William Russell's recalcitrance, in the 'St. George.'] When Lady Anne, a child of four, was brought into the room to sit, she drew back, and, without turning round, clung to the dress of her nurse or mother, crying out, "I won't be painted." Sir Joshua sketched the attitude and kept it, and, to account for the alarm of the child, introduced the elder sister in front of her holding the mask before her face. The incident is borrowed from an antique gem, but to Sir Joshua belongs the merit of the ready and happy application of it. The graceful attitude of the lady to whom the little girl clings for protection was probably one which also occurred at the moment.[1]

[The female figures present an exquisite gradation, from matronly beauty in the Duchess, through beauty of girlhood in Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth, to childish beauty in Ladies Charlotte and Anne. I cannot agree with Northcote in condemning the composition. On the whole this picture remains, by many degrees, the finest family picture ever painted by an Englishman.]

In his 'Life of Nollekens,' Smith says, "Colonel Phillips assured me that, during the time Sir Joshua was painting the large picture at Blenheim of the Marlborough family, the Duchess ordered a servant to bring a broom and sweep up Sir Joshua's snuff from the carpet, but Reynolds, who would not suffer any interruption to take place during his application to his art, desired him to let the snuff remain until he had finished painting, observing that the dust raised by the broom would do more injury to his picture than the snuff could possibly do to the carpet."

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[1] The personages of the picture are —George, third Duke; Caroline his Duchess; George Marquis of Blandford (born 1766), with his hand on the Duke's shoulder; Lord Henry (born 1770), standing at his mother's knee; Lady Caroline, afterwards Lady Clifden (born 1763), on the spectator's right; Lady Elizabeth, a year younger, next her; and the two little girls, Lady Charlotte (born 1769), afterwards Lady Nares, and Lady Anne (born 1772), afterwards Countess of Shaftesbury.

Sir William Beechy told me that he, then a very young man, was in Sir Joshua's room after the picture had been brought to town. The Duchess of Bedford, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, came in and said; "Sir Joshua, I don't think the head of my daughter a bit like." Reynolds bowed and said, "I am glad you are pleased with it. Everybody thinks it the best likeness I ever painted." "But I don't think it *like*." Sir Joshua still bowed as if she had paid him a compliment. She then applied to Beechy. "Pray, Sir, will you tell him I don't think it like?" He excused himself; and somebody else coming in who was older and more intimate with Reynolds, she said, "I can't make Sir Joshua hear; I wish you would tell him I don't think my daughter's portrait like." The gentleman accordingly bawled out the unpleasant remark, and Sir Joshua said, "Not like? then we will make it like." But Beechy thought he heard the Duchess from the first.

[In the course of this year Sir Joshua, if we may trust Walpole, tried the help of "the Delineator" in putting in his outline. This was a modification of the camera obscura, the invention of a Mr. Storer, of Norfolk. Walpole was charmed with the toy, as he was apt to be; and tells Conway (Sept. 15) that both Sir Joshua and West have got one—nay, he informs Mason (Sept. 21), "are gone mad with it; and it will be their own fault if they do not excel Rubens in light and shade, and all the Flemish masters in truth." There is no evidence in Reynolds's works at or after this time of more than usual precision of outline; and the "Delineator" was probably only a nine days' amusement.]

In this year the plan of the painted window of New College Chapel at Oxford was determined on. Reynolds was to furnish the design. It was at first intended that the various virtues should be distributed in different windows of the chapel, but Sir Joshua suggested an alteration of the stone-work of the great west window, so as to admit of all the figures. This was agreed to, and in a letter to Mr. Oglander, a fellow of the College, who was much interested in the scheme, he thus explained his intentions:—

"My idea is to paint, in the great space in the centre, Christ in the manger, on the principle that Correggio has done it in the famous picture called the *Nótte*, making all the light to proceed from Christ. These tricks of the art, as they are called, seem to be more properly adapted to glass-painting than to any other kind. This middle space will be filled with the Virgin, Christ, Joseph, and Angels; the two smaller spaces on each side I shall fill with the shepherds coming to worship; and the seven divisions below with the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the four Cardinal Virtues, which will make a proper rustic base or foundation for the support of the Christian Religion. Upon the whole it appears to me that chance has presented to us materials so well adapted to our purpose that if we had the whole window of our invention and contrivance we should not probably have succeeded better."

[At the General Meeting of the Academy on the 17th of October this year, a vacancy was declared in consequence of the death of Toms, Sir Joshua's favourite drapery-man—for by such drudgery, in spite of the R.A. after his name, poor Toms was glad to earn a livelihood. He had fallen into drunken habits, Edwards tells us, probably under the stress of poverty and disappointment, and died by his own hand in the spring of this year. Sir Joshua and he had tiffs sometimes, Northcote tells us, about the arrangement of a drapery; and once Toms ventured to criticise Sir Joshua's heads, as too small for proportion; which remark Sir Joshua catching imperfectly, owing to his deafness, broke out in a hasty "What, Sir, do you say I paint in a small manner?" But it would be unfair to saddle either poor Toms' distresses or drinking habits on Reynolds, who paid him at the market rate for his journey-work, and thought no more about it. Northcote used to complain of like indifference on Sir Joshua's part to the pupils, or rather young journeymen, who at once learnt their art and helped the President in Leicester Fields. But he admitted in his juster moments that this indifference was mainly attributable to Sir Joshua's absorption in his own work, as well as to his constitutional equability about what concerned himself, as well as what affected others, which, by persons of a different temperament, is apt to be set down as coldness, if not want of feeling.

List of Sitters for 1777.

January.

Boy with nets; Boy-Shepherd; Miss Cawardine; Lady Derby; Mr. Hoole; Sir W. Blackett; Mr. Sheldon; Mrs. Kent.

February.

Lady Thanet and Master Tufton; Lady Smith; Mrs. West; Mr. Gawler; Master Gawler; Boy and Mother (for Nativity); Lady Elizabeth Herbert.

March.

Lord Binning; Lady Mills; Miss Rumbold (for her father, now proceeding as Governor to Madras); Miss Monckton; Mrs. Hanbury; Mr. Cleaver (the Duke of Portland's faithful steward; a capital picture, still at Welbeck Abbey); Lady Worsley; Mr. Bassett; Lord Lothian; Mr. Gordon.

April.

Mrs. Rumbold; Duchess of Marlborough (for Marlborough family picture); Archbishop of York (Dr. Markham); Mr. Cox; Lady Betty Delme; Miss Southby; Lady Bampfylde; Lady Eliz. Somerset (for the picture of the Duchess of Beaufort's family); Mr. Cater; Lord Seaforth (Dilettanti picture); Mrs. Hatton; Mr. Dundas (Dil. picture); Mrs. Stanhope (Dil. picture); Lady Catherine Paulet; Lady Eglinton (a fine full-length, at the harp).

May.

Mr. Dundas, Mr. Crowle, Mr. Banks, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Seaforth, Mr. Greville (all for the Dilettanti picture); Lady Beauchamp; Mrs. Eckersall; Lord Carysfort; Lady Lisburn; Lord Henry, and Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Spencer (Marlborough picture); Lady A. M. Stanhope; Mrs. Lloyd.

June.

Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. R. Thompson, Mr. Taylor, Sir W. W. Wynne (all for Dil. picture); Miss Molesworth; Mrs. and Miss Powys; Miss George.

July.

Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Mathews.

August.

At Blenheim till Sept. 4.

September.

Miss Sackville (she ends her sittings as Lady Crosbie); Miss Fagniani;[1] Girl models; Mr.

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[1] A little Italian girl of some eight years old, at this time the object of George Selwyn's intense affection. He evidently considered himself her father, but the claim was contested by the Duke of Queensberry. When she sat to Sir Joshua the picture was to console Selwyn for the loss of the original. She had been left under his care for a year, and was now reclaimed by her reputed Italian parents. The Selwyn correspondence is full of details showing the ardour of Selwyn's love for this interesting child. It is

Thrale; Lady Herbert; Miss Long.

October.

Angelica Kauffmann; Count Belgioioso;[1] Old Man; Mr. Huddesford.

November.

The Spencer children for the Marlborough picture; Master Gawler; Mr. Payne Gallwey (Dil. picture); Dr. Pitcairn; Mr. Boscawen; Mr. and Mrs. Musters; Mr. Chamier.

December.

Lady Jersey; Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Taylor; Lady Bute; Miss Beauclerk.

1778.—The pocketbook for this year is missing. In default of its guidance to Sir Joshua's society and sitters, the biographer is thrown on his price-book for the one, and on the memoirs of the time for the other. Boswell, who was in London this year, is invaluable. Hannah More's letters supply but little for this year; but her place is taken by Miss Burney, a far keener observer, only inferior to Boswell as a recorder of conversations and describer of manners, because she is conscious of her best points, and demure instead of naïve in her vanity. 'Evelina' appeared on the close of January. It was soon the talk of the town. A novel, painting manners truly and pleasantly, with characters studied from life, and showing some range of social observation and humour without licentiousness or coarseness, was at that time a phenomenon. Richardson, Smollett, and Fielding had passed away; the first was long-winded, and was beginning to be thought dull; the other two were voted low, and, above all, were "taboo" to ladies who valued their reputation for propriety. The novels of the day were wretched farragos of stilted senti-

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the one touching incident in his intensely worldly and epicurean life. Miss Fagniani inherited the bulk of Selwyn's fortune, as well as 150,000*l.* from the Duke of Queensberry, and was afterwards Marchioness of Hertford.

[1] Imperial Minister.

mentality and high-flown commonplace. Warburton managed to read them, it is said. But, apart from some peculiar idiosyncracy, it is difficult to conceive any of the men, or women either, of Sir Joshua's circle, interesting themselves in any novel published in the ten years before 'Evelina' came out. And now here was a novel which riveted Burke and Sir Joshua; threw Johnson, old, sad, and hypochondriac as he was, into fits of admiration and laughter; made Sheridan dread a rival in the field; and extorted honest compliments from Gibbon, in the full flush of his own reputation. Its phrases became catchwords among the wits and blues; its characters were accepted as real types, and their names affixed to originals in all sorts of societies. The Miss Palmers told Miss Burney, and Miss Reynolds confirmed the story,[1] how Sir Joshua, who began the book one day when he was too much engaged to go on with it, was so much caught that he could think of nothing else, and was quite absent all the day, not knowing a word that was said to him; and when he took it up again, found himself so much interested in it, that he sat up all night to finish it. He met the authoress in September this year at a Streatham party,[2] of which Miss Burney has left an account in her most amusing Diary—as precious a picture of literary and court life under George III. as Pepys's diary is of town manners in the days of Charles II. She at once pronounces herself much pleased with Sir Joshua; she likes his countenance and his manners; the former she thinks "expressive, soft, and sensible; the latter, gentle, unassuming, and engaging." One generally distrusts epithets that run in triplets; but Miss Burney had not yet caught the pseudo-Johnsonian style which makes her Memoirs of her father unreadable; and we may take this as her genuine impression of Sir Joshua. His nieces were with him. Miss Burney gives Miss Palmer credit for the better understanding, but Offy has the most pleasing face. 'Evelina' was here, as everywhere, the talk of the company before dinner. Mrs. Thrale, hearing Sir Joshua declare he would give fifty pounds to know the author, was only too proud to let out that the author would be of that day's dinner party. As soon as the ladies retired, to pump their hostess in their summer evening walk, Sir Joshua extracted the secret from Mr. Thrale; and Miss Burney at once found herself, she says, much more an object of attention to him than she wished to be: "he several times spoke to me, though he did not make love." She is still so new to her honours, that she gives full swing to her half-amusement, half-amazement, when the Miss Palmers, in taking leave, with the air of asking the greatest of favours, hoped to see her when she returned to town; while Sir Joshua, approaching her with the most profound respect, inquired how long she should remain at Streatham, and hoped, when she left it, they should have the honour of seeing her in Leicester-square. Sir Joshua, in Miss Burney's Diary, appears bland, amiable, sensible, unaffected, and essentially kindly. In this the Diary is borne out by all the reliable contemporary evidence to character. The conception of him as a cold, calculating, politic, selfish being, a smoulderer instead of a blazer, is a figment of later biographers and critics. Its best foundation is an occasional splenetic remark of Northcote's, made when he was old, ailing, and querulous, but contradicted by the general tenor of Northcote's own account of the painter he reverenced, and whom he was always holding up as a pattern to young men.

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[1] Miss Burney's 'Diary,' vol. i. p. 53 (ed. 1854).

[2] Ibid. p. 88.

Boswell, under the date of April the 3rd this year, records, for the only time in detail, under initials, a night's conversation at the Club, when the party included Dr. Johnson (President), Mr. Burke, Mr. Boswell, Dr. George Fordyce, Mr. Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Upper Ossory, and Mr. Sheridan. Of course, Dr. Johnson, in Boswell's account, plays first fiddle; but it is interesting to note how characteristic the observations of Sir Joshua are, and how happily dropped in, giving one the impression of an interlocutor who speaks seldom, but never wastes a word. This was the description Northcote used to give of Sir Joshua's style of conversation. He used to lie quietly in wait behind his trumpet, losing little of what was said; and when he spoke, he spoke always to the purpose. In Boswell's report he always speaks cautiously and gently, by way of qualifying, or suggesting a kindly reservation; sometimes he happily condenses a long and loose set of words into a brief and exact phrase.

Burke lays down the thesis that emigration makes a country more populous. Sir Joshua observes, that *sounds* very like a paradox; and Johnson at once maintains that it is one, and clinches his argument by a pun, which is a personality on Burke, who had remarked, *à propos* of cattle-breeding, that there were bulls enough in Ireland. "So I should think, Sir, from your argument," replied the Doctor, smiling. They discuss the morality of public men, and the worth of majorities and minorities—a delicate subject just then, with Lord North overriding the Opposition by sheer dint of numbers. Boswell suggests that place-hunters hunt without regard to anything, just as their huntsman, the Minister, leads, looking only to the prey. Sir Joshua puts in a qualification. "Taking your metaphor, you know that in hunting there are few so desperately keen as to follow without reserve. Some do not choose to leap ditches and hedges and risk their necks, or gallop over steeps, or even to dirty themselves in bogs and mire." They start the question of the good and ill of human kind. "From the experience I have had," says Burke, "and I have had a great deal, I have learnt to think better of mankind." *Johnson:* "From my experience, I have found them worse in commercial dealings, more disposed to cheat than I had any notion of; but more disposed to do one another good than I had conceived." *Sir Joshua* (condensing for him): "Less just and more beneficent." Dean Barnard had presented the Club with a hogshead of claret. Burke has been told it is nearly out, and proposes writing to the Dean for another, with such a happy ambiguity of language, that they may have the chance of getting it as a present. Johnson volunteers his services as secretary. It is carried unanimously. Boswell declares the Doctor will be their dictator. No, they are to dictate to him; he will be the humble scribe. "You shall *pre*scribe," says Burke. "The first play of words to-day," shouts Boswell. "No, no," interposes the watchful Sir Joshua;

"the bulls in Ireland;" alluding to Johnson's hit at Burke.

On Thursday, the 9th of April, Boswell is dining at Sir Joshua's, with Bishop Shipley, Allan Ramsay, Gibbon, Cambridge, and Langton. Ramsay was then just returned from his third visit to Italy, not yet lamed by the fall which, a few years later, crippled his right arm, and laid the seeds of his last illness; but in high health and spirits, carrying his sixty-five years bravely, full of knowledge and information about men, books, and things; altogether one of the most remarkable figures of that circle. The cordial regard between Reynolds and Ramsay is what we might expect of two such men. They both upheld the social dignity of their calling at its highest, and were both men of too wide an experience of the world, too gentle, tolerant, and just, to be liable to the weaknesses that raised a barrier between Reynolds and such men as Hone, or even painters like Gainsborough, Romney, and Barry. Gainsborough from his love of gay and unrestrained company, Romney from his morbid timidity and depression, to say nothing of their imperfect culture, were alike unfitted for the society in which Reynolds and Ramsay held their own with the most learned and high-bred. Barry was too fierce and unhappy, too careless in his habits and rugged in his temper, for any society whatever. Such a company as that gathered round Sir Joshua's hospitable and unceremonious table for this dinner, could not, as Johnson said, have been got together in Paris in half a year. And the conversation at these parties, as far as we can judge of it by Boswell's imperfect record, was worthy of the men. It seems to me above the level of even the best conversation now-a-days. Was it that famous men talked out then the matter they keep now for their publishers? Was it that the comparative paucity of books of the day and newspapers kept the edge of wit unblunted, and left minds to flow out in spontaneous channels instead of moulds? Or was it that social intercourse was at once closer and more narrowly bounded than now? Men and women of note in that day, in London at all events, seem hardly to have known what chimney-corner life was. They lived in a constant give-and-take of invitations, which passed to and fro among circles and sets. The huge and miscellaneous crushes of the London season were then hardly known. That social clearing-house system, by whose economic arrangements our multitudinous metropolitan society is enabled to pay off its festive debts with the least possible expenditure of room, conversation, or hospitality, is contrasted, by writers of that generation who survived the Regency, with the compact, conversable, mutually-acquainted gatherings of their earlier days. This April dinner and evening party at Sir Joshua's illustrates the more truly social form of manners. We have seen how the dinner-table was surrounded. "When we went to the drawing-room," says Boswell, "there was a rich assemblage." Hannah More came with Garrick, "not a little proud of being the means of bringing such a beau into such a party." There were Harris of Salisbury, the learned grammarian, and a wit and poet as well; Dr. Percy (of 'The Reliques'), Dr. Burney, Sir W. Chambers, Mrs. Cholmondeley. "Scarce an expletive man or woman of the party," Hannah writes to her sisters. I find her, like Miss Burney, always placing Sir Joshua at the very head of her favourites, for his sense, simplicity, kindness, and genuine sociability. Johnson was in rare spirits. Hannah More attributed the Doctor's gaiety to the influence of Garrick. It was at this dinner that Sir Joshua expressed his pleasure at having heard Charles Fox say that Goldsmith's 'Traveller' was the finest poem in the language.[1] When Langton and Johnson declared this confirmation of Goldsmith's fame unnecessary, and Sir Joshua alluded to the possibility that the partiality of his friends might have raised their estimate, he spoke for himself; his warm friendship *might*, as he modestly feared, have overrated Goldsmith's work. For all the rest of their circle, there was truth in Johnson's rejoinder: "Nay, Sir; the partiality of his friends was always against him. It was with difficulty we would give him a hearing." But Johnson was vexed to hear Sir Joshua quoting Fox as an authority. "I knocked Fox on the head without ceremony," he said to Boswell, discussing the party next day. "Reynolds is too much under Fox and Burke at present. He is always under some planet." Johnson, at seventy, did not like even the mild enthusiasms of Reynolds. Just before the Exhibition opened (April 25), Sir Joshua is again entertaining Dr. Johnson, with Boswell, of course; Dr. Musgrave, the editor of Euripides; Counsellor Leland, son of the Irish historian; Mrs. Cholmondeley, and other ladies; when, among other subjects, is started the question, how far an author has any right to ask another what he thinks of the author's work? and what is the other to do—hurt the author by telling the truth, or himself by blinking it? Johnson considered it a very difficult question in conscience whether we should advise a man not to publish, if profit be his object; for a man may say, "Had it not been for you, I should have had the money. Now you cannot be sure; for you have only your own opinion, and the public may think very differently." To this Reynolds brings his usual contribution of mild, practical, tolerant wisdom. "You must on such an occasion have two judgments—one as to the real value of the work, the other as to what may please the general taste at the time." And he afterwards quotes the 'Beggars' Opera' as a proof how strangely people will differ in opinion about a literary performance. Burke," he says, "thinks it has no merit." How Reynolds's gentleness enabled him to hold his own even against Johnson's occasional onslaughts of rudeness, we see from a scene a few days later. Sir Joshua was dining at General Paoli's, with Boswell and Johnson (who had stopped on his way, in Hedge-lane, to relieve the distresses of his ill-starred godson, Maurice Lowe, the painter), Langton, the Marchese Gherardi of Milan, and Mr. Spottiswoode, of that ilk, a Scotch solicitor, when Johnson forgot himself so far as to charge Sir Joshua with being "too far gone" for argument; and Sir Joshua at once, and with perfect mildness, made the Doctor feel his ill-breeding, and apologise for it.[1]

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[1] See *ante*, p. 72.

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[1] See *ante*, p. 107.

Sir Joshua, with all his respect for Johnson, was no blind worshipper of him, such as Boswell delighted to avow himself. At a dinner at Allan Ramsay's (on Wednesday, April 29), where the company included, besides Boswell and Johnson, Lord Binning (eldest son of the Earl of Haddington), Dr. Robertson the historian, and Mrs. Boscawen (all of whom but the host had sat to Reynolds), Dr. Robertson charged the company, before Johnson's arrival, with spoiling the Doctor by worship. When Boswell, among his reasons for the reverent admiration he professed, enumerated the Doctor's power of drawing characters, Sir Joshua put in a judicious qualification: "He is undoubtedly admirable in this; but in order to mark the characters which he draws, he overcharges them, and gives people more than they really have, whether of good or bad." Even poor Boswell, however, with all his reverence, was, as Sir Joshua expressed it, "tossed" sometimes, and notably at a dinner in Leicester-fields on the 2nd of May, when the company happened to be more mixed, and therefore less inclined to humour or pay deference to Johnson than he liked. "On some imaginary offence from me," says Boswell, "he attacked me with such rudeness that I was vexed and angry, because it gave those persons" (the guests, by no means of the Johnsonian school) "an opportunity of enlarging upon his supposed ferocity and ill-treatment of his best friends. I was so much hurt, and had my pride so much roused, that I kept away from him a week. . . . To such unhappy chances are human friendships liable." In truth, Sir Joshua's company was not arranged to please Johnson, though no one valued more justly than Reynolds the Doctor's really great qualities, as he showed by his admirable obituary character of Johnson.[1] Boswell shows us how Sir Joshua opposed the paradoxes of Johnson. Thus, at a supper at Hoole's this year (May 10), Reynolds maintains, against the Doctor, that virtue is preferable to vice, even considering this life only, and that a man would be virtuous only to preserve his character. The weight of opinion, I presume, would be with Reynolds on this question, though each was arguing from his self-consciousness. Sir Joshua, placid, pure of life, untempted by passion, and governed by the gentler and kinder tendencies, shuddered at no such depths of unsounded sin within him, as the self-questioning, diseased, passionate, and semi-sensual Johnson, who lived in a conflict with his appetites, and put his passions under his feet, as fiercely as he "downed" his antagonists.]

In 1778 the Marlborough picture was exhibited, with three others:—

A half-length of Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York (now at Christchurch).

Whole-lengths of a Lady (? Miss Campbell) and a Gentleman (Mr. Campbell with a dog).

In connection with the picture of the Marlborough family, Northcote relates an instance of the candour of Reynolds:—

"A young artist, named Powell, was much employed in making small copies of Sir Joshua's pictures, which he executed with much accuracy and taste. Having brought a copy of *Marlborough Family* to Reynolds, for his inspection, he was surprised at his finding much fault with the effect of the background. Powell protested that he could not make it better; when Sir Joshua comforted him by the assurance that it was his own picture with which he was offended, and not with the copy. He afterwards altered the background of the original. I can easily believe this story. I remember that West once said to me, 'Employ somebody to copy your pictures, if you want to know their faults.'"

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[1] See *post*, 1784.

[The picture had a narrow escape just before it was exhibited. Powell was in debt; he had hired a room to make his copy; it was invaded by the bailiffs. The young copyist made his escape by the window; but the picture was seized by the creditor, who determined that the best way of making his money out of it would be to cut out the heads and the dogs (of which there are three), and sell them separately. Luckily, Sir Joshua heard what was in the wind, and Ralph Kirtley was sent with a cheque to redeem the picture.[1] The improvements to which Sir Joshua was led, from seeing Powell's copy, were made at Blenheim, where Sir Joshua was again a visitor for the purpose, in the autumn of this year. This Powell seems to have been unlucky in his dealings with Sir Joshua's pictures. Northcote tells us how, having borrowed a beautiful portrait of a child to copy—for Sir Joshua allowed young painters the use of his works for study with singular liberality—Powell was carrying the picture back again to Leicester-fields, when it was struck by a passer-by swinging his stick; a large portion of the face and hand dropped clean off the canvas, to the dismay of poor Powell, who was quite unable to repair the damage.[1]

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[1] The story was told by Kirtley himself to Charles Turner, who engraved the picture admirably in mezzotint. (See Scharf's 'Blenheim Catalogue.')

Powell's name occurs in the Academy catalogue for this year, "at Sir Joshua Reynolds's," as does Doughty's, the protégé of Mason, afterwards an admirable engraver of some of Sir Joshua's heads. Another pupil about this time was Score, the painter, as Northcote used always to declare, of the copy of the 'Tragic Muse' now at Dulwich. Gainsborough showed in great strength at this Exhibition, sending ten pictures, the full-length of the Duchess of Devonshire (now at Althorpe) among them. It is curious to compare his picture with Sir Joshua's. Both have the credit of seizing strong likenesses; yet the two pictures would hardly, I think, be recognised as portraits of the same woman. Wright of Derby, who had till now been faithful to the Incorporated Society, exhibited at the Academy, for the first time, this year, an Eruption of Vesuvius, his 'Edwin'[2] from Beattie's 'Minstrel,' and Sterne's 'Captive.' Stothard exhibited this year at the Academy, for the first time, a 'Holy Family.' Flaxman also exhibits a terracotta of 'Hercules tearing off the shirt of Nessus.' Bankruptcy had lately overtaken poor Tom Davies, for whom

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[1] I can well believe the truth of this story from examination of pictures by Sir Joshua of this date which have been relined. Where the canvas has been primed, the painted surface often detaches in a mass, showing the canvas underneath as clean as when it left the colourman's shop. I have in my possession a portion of the original canvas of the Lady Rochester and son, from High Clere, relined by Morell in 1862, which is in this state. The non-adhesion of colour to cloth was owing to the rapid drying of Sir Joshua's semi-solid impasto, mainly made up with Venice turpentine and wax as vehicles.—ED.

[2] Now the property of Lord Houghton. Walpole praises it: "The head is finely expressive of passion and enthusiasm, and very new.'

Sir Joshua had originally procured the post of publisher to the Academy. Cadell was appointed in his stead, engaging to pay Davies an allowance of twenty guineas a year out of his profits.

In the list of guests at the Academy dinner this year one sees how Sir Joshua was in the habit of distributing invitations among his own sitters. Besides the thirty-one noble and gentlemen, officials and high dignitaries, and such standing guests as Sir John Pringle, Giardini, Harris, and Colman, we find R. B. Sheridan, Gen. Pelham, Sir George Beaumont, Lord Lucan, the Marquis of Caermarthen, H. C. Greville, G. Crowle, Esq. (the last three then sitters for the Dilettanti pictures), the Earl of Hardwicke, John Crewe, Esq., Lord Mountstuart, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord W. Gordon, the Earl of Aylesford, and Major-General Clarke.[1] The Academy dinner was increasing in numbers. There were sixty-four guests this year, and the President's list of invitations was almost doubled. Horace Walpole, one of the regular guests, was absent. "I shall not leave my little Hill," he writes to Mason, "for the dinner at the Royal Academy on Thursday, only to figure the next day in the newspapers, in the list of the geniuses of the age." Then going into ecstasies over Lady Di Beauclerk's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, just engraved by Bartolozzi, he winds up his rapturous praise by asking, "What should I go to the Academy for? I shall see no such *chef-d'œuvres* there." Considering that Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess was in the Exhibition, the question is unlucky.

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[1] Afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Alured, who married Miss Kitty Hunter after her escapade with Lord Pembroke.

The public events of the year, full of painful interest for all Englishmen, must have had especial interest for Reynolds. He must have followed every Parliamentary triumph of Burke's, whose eloquence never shone more brilliantly than in his famous speeches on the conduct of the war, in February. But these oratorical successes were little in comparison with that tribute to Burke's political wisdom, paid by the Minister, when, on the 17th of February, he announced a plan for the conciliation of the American colonies, every argument for which was drawn from the speeches of Burke two years before. This was the Parliamentary turning-point in the struggle with the colonies. The conclusion of a treaty of commerce between France and the States was soon announced. The ambassadors on both sides, the Duc de Lauzun here, Lord Stormont in Paris, were recalled. A war with France appeared inevitable. The spirit of the country was roused at the prospect. The dockyards were all alive with preparation. The troops under orders for America were stopped; the militia were called out. England was studded with militia camps. When Parliament rose, early in June, members, instead of retiring to horse-racing or partridge-shooting, were with their regiments. "Camps everywhere," writes Walpole, "and the ladies in the uniform of their husbands." Sheridan's farce of the 'Camp' is a dramatic memorandum of this military fever. The impress of that warlike time has left itself, like every other stamp of his epoch, on Sir Joshua's canvas. He was now finishing his fine full-length of a beautiful and conspicuous woman (soon, alas! to become notorious by the circumstances of her divorce), Lady Worsley, the wife of his old acquaintance and Isle of Wight host, Sir Richard Worsley. She is painted in the uniform of her husband's regiment of Hants militia. This general arming was inspired not only by the fear of a French fleet or a French invasion. American privateers swept the narrow seas, and made prizes within sight of the coast. Paul Jones actually burnt the shipping in Whitehaven, and plundered Lord Selkirk's house. There were camps at Salisbury, at Bury St. Edmunds, at Coxheath in Kent, at Warley Common in Essex, and at Winchester. They were scenes of festivity and fun, as well as hard and hasty soldiering—pleasant places not only for manœuvres and the manual exercise, but for fashionable picnic parties and flirtations. Langton was out with his Lincolnshire militia at Warley Common. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua both visited him there; and Langton told Boswell afterwards, how the Doctor, with characteristic vigour and earnestness, made it his business to learn all he could about camp duty and military matters, how he sate through a regimental court-martial, went visiting rounds, watched the regiment at drill, and inquired the weight and range of their balls. Sir Joshua was at Coxheath,[1] also, where I presume Henry Bunbury must have been quartered, from the many sketches of that camp by him, in the collection at Barton. Reynolds visited Winchester camp, too, as the guest of Warton. This was during the Royal progress round the camps, which began with Winchester, where the King reviewed the troops on the 29th of September. Lord Palmerston, Garrick, Thomas Warton, and Hans Stanley were Joseph Warton's guests at the same time. Warton's pompous biographer[1] tells how, at the review, Garrick's horse getting loose, as he "casually alighted," Garrick suddenly threw himself into the attitude of Richard, and shouted, to the astonishment of the militiamen, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" The King heard it. "That must be Garrick; see if he's on the ground." The actor was brought up to the King, graciously received, and assured, among other compliments, that his delivery of Shakspeare could never pass undiscovered. One can't help suspecting Roscius took care to make his speech when he knew the King was within ear-shot—a little bit of that "artifice" of his, which has left such an impression in the theatre, that the phrase "as deep as Garrick" is still current stage slang. Had the King any welcome for Reynolds? He had been sitting to him, Northcote says, just before he left town on this camp-inspection, for the picture now in the Royal Academy. The sittings had been ungraciously conceded. West and Gainsborough and Zoffany were George III.'s painters. Reynolds was a Whig, the friend of Burke and Fox; besides, he was a favourite and old friend of the Duchess of Gloucester's. The Royal Dukes who married out of the pale, always went to him for pictures of themselves and their wives and children.

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[1] "The Coxheath men, I think, have some reason to complain. Reynolds says your camp is better than theirs." —Johnson to Langton, Oct. 31, 1778.

The clouds which had so long hung heavily over the Opposition, and had so deeply clouded the personal fortunes of Burke—Sir Joshua's main link with the political life of his time—were at last beginning to lighten. From this spring Chatham might be said to have stood alone in his desire to prolong the war. His death in May, after that awful and memorable dying scene in the House of Lords on the 7th of April, when the Great Minister fell in the attempt to oppose the Duke of Richmond's motion for withdrawing our troops from America, removed the great source of disunion in the Opposition ranks. Yet in spite of all the grave reasons the Whig leaders had for dissatisfaction with the Lord Chatham of the last five years, they did due honour to the mighty Minister of the years of victory. Richmond, Manchester, and Rockingham walked after his body; Savile, Dunning, Burke, and Townshend bore his pall. Before the session closed overtures were actually made through Lord Weymouth to the Dukes of Richmond and Portland and the Marquis of Rockingham. Fox was the medium of communication. Burke does not seem to have been trusted with the secret. But, besides the rising fortunes of the Opposition, the public events of the year had a deep personal interest for Sir Joshua, as they affected the glory of his gallant friend Admiral Keppel. When it was known that France had concluded a treaty with the revolted colonies, that large fleets were being assembled at Brest and Toulon, and bodies of troops collected on the coast, the general voice selected Keppel for command of the Channel fleet, then as now the first line of England's defences against invasion. Though still languishing under the wounds and diseases which had been the chief fruits of his glorious services, though ill seen at Court, and profoundly opposed to the war with the Colonies, Keppel at such a moment did not hesitate to put his services at the disposal of the King, and hoisted his flag aboard the 'Victory,' at Portsmouth, on the 24th of March. He found only six ships-of-the-line fit for sea, although Lord Sandwich had boasted in November that the Admiralty had thirty-five ships ready for service, and seven more that would be ready in a fortnight. Thanks to his untiring energy, Keppel, by May, had got together a force something like equivalent to the French. On the 4th of June he dropped down to St. Helen's, and was under weigh on the 13th. The capture of the French frigates 'Licorne,' 'Courier,' and 'Pallas,' and the chase of the 'Bellepoule' by the 'Arethusa,' were the first blows struck in the war. The French Government issued directions for reprisals. Keppel found from his prisoners that the French had thirty-two sail-of-the-line to his twenty, and twelve frigates to his three. Determined not to risk a force, the loss of which he knew better than any one must have been irreparable, he put back to St. Helen's on the 27th of June. Numerous accusations and calumnies were poured out against him by the ministerial press. Keppel bore all. He knew his own strength, as his friends knew it—none better than Reynolds, who, as a young man, had seen the stripling Commodore brave the threats of the angry Dey of Algiers. But in the mean time, he, like all Keppel's friends, must have had much to bear. The West India and Mediterranean fleets arrived, and brought a welcome supply of seamen: ten more ships-of-the-line were got to sea, and on the 12th of July Keppel encountered the French fleet off Ushant. After a partial but very warm engagement, it became necessary to take a short time to repair damages; which being done, the Admiral signalled the ships to renew the attack. The signal was obeyed by the van; but Sir Hugh Palliser, of the rear, took no notice of it; in consequence of which, and of night coming on, the French escaped to their own coast. Keppel, willing to screen Palliser, wrote home a letter in which he seemed to take blame on himself. Public indignation, however, was roused against the rear-admiral. He was attacked in the newspapers. Palliser demanded of Keppel a denial of the charges brought against him. The charges being true, Keppel refused; on which Palliser exhibited articles of accusation against him, charging misconduct and neglect of duty. On these charges Keppel was brought to court-martial. The history of the court-martial, and Sir Joshua's concern in its result, belongs to next year.

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[1] The Rev. John Wool, a gentleman who thinks it beneath the province of biography to descend to the minutiæ of daily habits, and carries out in his 'Life of Warton' Sir Joshua's high-art theory by avoiding "the local, personal, and individual."

To turn from politics to Art. This year Sir Joshua published his Seven Discourses, with a dedication to the King, of which it was aptly said at the time that it was a model to dedicators, and a hint, both to writers and painters, that a portrait may be well drawn without being varnished, and highly coloured without being daubed. "By your illustrious predecessors," he writes, "were established marts for manufactures, and colleges for science; but for the arts of design, those arts by which manufactures are embellished and science is refined, to found an Academy was reserved for your Majesty. Had such patronage been without effect, there had been reason to believe that Nature had by some unsurmountable impediment obstructed our proficiency; but the annual improvement of the Exhibitions which your Majesty has been pleased to encourage shows that only encouragement had been wanting. To give advice to those who are contending for Royal liberality has been for some years the duty of my station in the Academy; and these Discourses hope for your Majesty's acceptance, as well-intended endeavours to incite that emulation which your notice has kindled, and direct those studies which your bounty has rewarded." There is here none of the fulsomeness to which dedicators approaching the King were prone in those days. Reynolds preserved his quiet dignity, even in contact with royalty.

Among the memorable sitters of the year was Johnson. It was after Sir Joshua's return from his round of autumn visits to Blenheim and the camps (Oct. 15, 1778) that Johnson writes in his diary to Mrs. Thrale: "I have sat twice to Sir Joshua, and he seems to like his own performance. He has projected another, in which I am to be busy; but we can think on it at leisure." And, again (Oct. 31): "Sir Joshua has finished my picture,[1] and it seems to please everybody; but I shall wait to see how it pleases you." I find, from the price-book, that in February next year he executed copies of Johnson and Garrick, from the Thrale pictures I presume, for Topham Beauclerk.

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[1] I am in doubt which of his pictures of Johnson is the one first referred to. I think it can hardly be the one painted for Malone (now in the possession of the Rev. T. Rooper, Wick, near Brighton), with the book held close to the eyes; that, I think, must be the second, "in which I am to be busy." It could not have been one of the several repetitions of the Thrale picture, which was itself a repetition of the one painted for Bennet Langton. There is a picture at Pembroke College, Oxford. Can this be it?

Some of his most charming female heads are of this period, as Lady Beaumont, the beautiful wife of his friend Sir George, and Mrs. Payne Gallwey—the wife of his Dilettanti sitter—carrying her pretty boy pickaback, one of his sweetest and silveriest though slightest works. Miss Campbell's portrait, too, is a very beautiful example of this date. And the group of Mr. Parker's two children, now at Saltram—the boy of ten, in his red suit, putting his arm protectingly round his little sister, in white, with a mob cap and rose-coloured ribands—is one of the most delightful child-pictures ever painted even by Reynolds.

Other sitters of the year were Lord Lucan; Malone, who was now much in Sir Joshua's company; Mr. Huddisford (the son of the President of Trinity College, Oxford), Reynolds's quondam pupil, now known about town as a wit and lampooner, in which character he this year produced his 'Warley, a Satire' on the military mania of the day, which he dedicated to Sir Joshua. Miss Burney was terribly alarmed by finding herself coupled with the President in the preface, under Johnson's pet name of "dear little Burney," and was in agonies lest Sir Joshua should be annoyed by it; for she knew that, among the odd matches projected for her by her busy friend Mrs. Thrale, Reynolds had been seriously talked of. Before the year was out Sir Joshua was working on the designs of the Virtues for the Oxford window.

In the Academy, John Bacon, the sculptor, was this year elected a member, and Nixon and Mortimer associates. At the meeting for the distribution of prizes,[1] on the 10th of December, Sir Joshua delivered his Eighth Discourse. Its argument is directed to prove that the Principles of Art, whether poetry or painting, have their root in the mind: in our love of novelty, variety, and contrast, which, however, in their excess become defects. A moderation is to be observed between variety and unity, between profusion of ornament and nakedness, between simplicity and exuberance. Throughout this is an excellent lecture. It contains hardly any of that dangerously broad generalization which was Reynolds's rock ahead, and is eminently practical in character. It puts with great clearness the distinction between principles and rules. In what is said of portraiture, nothing can be better than the contrast between the turgid flutter of Rigaud and the grand simplicity of Titian. There is an admission that in the earlier Discourses the President had undervalued the ornamental part of the art, but he explains: "I said then what I thought it was right at that time to say. I supposed the disposition of young men more inclinable to splendid negligence than perseverance in laborious application to acquire correctness; and therefore did as we do in making what is crooked straight;

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[1] Subjects and winners:—*Painting*, 'Sacrifice of Iphigenia' (C. Rubens Ryley); *Sculpture* (relievo), 'Slaughter of the Innocents' (J. Hickey); *Architecture*, Church of Corinthian Order, with Greek cross and dome (W. Moss).

by bending it the contrary way, in order that it may remain straight at last." "The painter must add grace to strength, if he desire to secure the first impression in his favour." "There are some rules whose absolute authority, like that of our nurses, continues no longer than while we are in a state of childhood." "The various modes of composition are infinite. . . . Whatever mode of composition is adopted, every variety and licence is allowable. This only is indisputably necessary, that to prevent the eye from being distracted and confused by a multiplicity of objects of equal magnitude, these objects, whether they consist of lights, shadows, or figures, must be disposed in large masses, and groups properly varied and contrasted; that to a certain quantity of action a proportioned space of plain ground is required; that light is to be supported by sufficient shadow; and, we may add, that a certain quantity of cold colour is necessary to give value and lustre to the warm colours." In this lecture occurs the dictum which Gainsborough is always said to have defied in his 'Blue Boy' painted the year after this. "It ought, in my opinion, to be indispensably observed that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours; and for this purpose a small proportion of cold colours will be sufficient." It is worth noting that this remark (certainly too sweepingly expressed) occurs in a lecture intended to guard students against attaching too much weight to rules. Gainsborough may have thought it well to show by an example that Sir Joshua's doctrine might be pushed further.[1] The concluding remarks of the lecturer, questioning the right of Timanthes to the praise that has been generally given him for concealing the face of Agamemnon in his picture of the 'Sacrifice of Iphigenia,' derive additional significance from the fact that this was the subject of the year's competition in painting. Probably all the students had followed the practice of the Rhodian painter. To them was addressed the last sentence of the lecture: "If difficulties overcome make a great part of the merit of art, difficulties evaded can deserve but little commendation."

I find only one note of practice referring to this year:—

"Oct. 1778.—Hope, cera solamente. La meglio maniera, con cera mesticata con turp. di Venetia (Justicia), ma le panni cera sol.

"Strawberry Girl, cera sol."

The 'Hope' and 'Justice' have both stood well. His deliberate preference here recorded for an admixture of Venice turpentine with wax as a vehicle for the heads, wax alone being used for the draperies, should be noticed. It explains the marked difference in texture between the heads and draperies of this period. The former are transparent, and comparatively unloaded, while the pure wax tells in the thicker impasto of the latter.

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[1] Leslie, in his 'Handbook for Young Painters,' which contains in its modest and tolerant pages a greater amount of sound sense on the subject than was ever heard from the Academic chair—since Reynolds occupied it—says (p. 193), "I agree with the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that in this picture the difficulty (of using light blue as a large mass) is rather ably combated than vanquished." Indeed, it is not even fairly combated, for Gainsborough has so mellowed and broken the blue with other tints, that it is no longer that pure bleak colour Sir Joshua meant; and after all, though the picture is a very fine one, it cannot be doubted that a warmer tint for the dress would have made it still more agreeable to the eye."

Sir Joshua had originally intended to execute his designs for the Oxford window as cartoons only. But his love of colour had carried him away, and before the year was out, as we see from this note, he completed the 'Hope' and 'Justice.' The 'Nativity' and the 'Faith' and 'Charity' must also have been begun before the end of the year.

I supply from the price-book[1] the following imperfect list of the pictures in hand or paid for this year, besides the Dilettanti groups and the designs for New College window:—

	£.	s.	d.
Lord Broome (infant son of Lord Cornwallis) .	96	15	0
Lady Beaumont	40	0	0
Lord and Lady Bellamont . . . . . each	157	10	0
Sir W. Blackett	52	10	0
Mr. Boscawen (half payment for head) . . .	15	15	0
Miss Campbell	78	5	0
Mrs. Hardinge	73	10	0
A Boy and Girl, bought by Mr. Hardinge, for each	42	0	0
Mr. Hardinge	36	15	0
Mrs. Gallwey and Child			
General Haldiman	36	15	0
And two copies . . . . each	26	5	0
Mr. Huddisford (for a picture of himself and Mr. Bampfyld)	105	0	0
Mrs. Huddisford, half payment	17	7	0

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[1] The prices are still on the scale fixed in 1766:—

157*l*. 10*s*. (150 guas.) whole-length.
73*l*. 10*s*. (70 guas.) half-length.
52*l*. 10*s*. (50 guas.) three-quarters, with hands.
31*l*. 10*s*. (30 guas., or with frame 36*l*. 15*s*.) head.

Sometimes part payments are noted; but the entries under the heads "first" or "second payment" are often of the full amount. The half payment at the first sitting was evidently not at all regularly insisted on: payments were often long deferred, and often made by bond or bill instead of cash.

	£.	s.	d.
Lord Lucan	36	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Musters . . . . each	157	10	0
Mr. Malone	36	15	0
Remaining for Lord Chancellor Malone	36	15	0
Sir Thos. Mills (copy), given to the Dean of Derry	10	0	0
Miss Monckton (afterwards the famous Lady Cork)	157	10	0
Mr. Parker's two Children (part payment)	40	0	0
Lady Catherine Paulett (part payment)	105	0	0
Mrs. Powis, for self and daughter	112	13	6
Copy of Lady Mary Somerset and Lord Granby, for the Duchess of Beaufort	21	0	0
A copy of Sir J. Vanneck, for Mrs. Vanneck	26	5	0
Lord Vaughan, half payment	18	7	6
Master Wynn	52	10	0
Lady Winterton	73	10	0

1779.—Sir Joshua opened this year's work with the 'Nativity.' Throughout January entries of "Boy," "Girl," "Girls," "Mother and Child," "Girl, red hair," "Children" (evidently referring to models), constantly recur. Indeed, except Lady Mary Grenville[1] and her son and Mr. Bampfylde, he had no sitters this month, except the models for this, his first sacred picture. Yet, if ever Sir Joshua painted with a divided mind, it must have been during this January, through which the court-martial on his friend Keppel was sitting at Portsmouth. Not only his old and warm regard for the accused, but his other intimacies, his political opinions, his sense of justice as a man, his feeling for the national honour as an Englishman, must all have worked together to cause interest in that memorable trial, and joy at its result. Even in one writing at this distance of time, and with no political heats to kindle him, the reading of the proceedings at this court martial inspires alternately so keen an indignation against the prosecutor, and so vivid an admiration for Keppel, that the writer almost shares the passion of the day, and can imagine himself breaking Lord North's windows, or hoisting the Admiralty gates off the hinges, with the crowd whose joy overflowed into riot on Keppel's triumphant acquittal. But what must the trial and its event have been to Reynolds? The friends who surrounded Keppel, their Royal Highnesses of Cumberland and Gloucester (the first accompanied by his fascinating Duchess), the Dukes of Portland, Richmond, and Bolton, the Marquises of Rockingham and Granby, the Earl of Effingham, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan—the counsel who aided the Admiral with their advice, Dunning, Lee, and Erskine—were, almost to a man, members of Sir Joshua's intimate circle. The professional and personal character of Keppel, on which every incident of the court martial seemed to throw new lustre, was matter of dearest concern to the friend who had known and valued him since the days when the high-hearted captain of twenty-four and the unknown painter of six-and-twenty had spent months of close intimacy aboard the old Centurion. The President, Admiral Pye, the admirals and captains who composed the court, the witnesses who were called for and even against Keppel, were most of them acquaintances, and many of them sitters, of Sir Joshua's. There is no court-martial in our naval annals in itself more dramatic. Keppel was so honoured and beloved, that the old admirals who were trying him could hardly preserve a decent show of judicial impassiveness. His witnesses gave their evidence with a fervour that still communicates itself to one who reads their answers. When old Admiral Montague was questioned by Keppel whether he had seen any negligence in his performance of his duty on the 27th and 28th of July, both the question and answer were choked by the tears of those noble sailors. It is impossible for any generous man to study this scene of Keppel's life without loving the man as well as honouring the Admiral. It enables one to understand the sailor's affection for "Little Keppel," as well as the fervour of his friends and the riotous joy of the mob. When Keppel's sword was returned to him, the pent-up feelings of the crowd in Court burst out in a cheer, in which all joined, from the Royal Dukes to the humblest jack-tar. A signal-gun carried the news to Spithead. The ships saluted and cheered. The East India fleet, at the Mother Bank, fired nineteen broadsides. Keppel was convoyed to his lodgings by a triumphal procession of his friends, with light-blue ribbons in their hats, inscribed in gold with "Keppel," among rejoicing crowds which lined the streets and filled the windows. Bands played; bells were rung; Portsmouth was illuminated; bonfires and fireworks blazed and cracked while the captains of the fleet were entertaining the Admiral and his friends at a grand dinner. Politics, in Portsmouth, seemed for the moment to have been swallowed up in Keppel's popularity. All were of one way of thinking. But in London there was an obnoxious ministry, and an Admiralty at whose door the mob, not unfairly, laid both the weakness of the navy and the ill-treatment of Keppel.] Sir Joshua writes the very day after the acquittal:—

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[1] Wife of George Grenville, nephew of the first Earl Temple, and himself second Earl in September this year, and first Marquis of Buckingham in 1784. Lady Mary was the only daughter of Robert Earl Nugent.

"London, February 12th, 1779.

"SIR,—Amidst the rejoicings of your friends, I cannot resist offering my congratulations for the complete victory you have gained over your enemies. We talk of nothing but your heroic conduct in voluntarily submitting to suspicions against yourself, in order to screen Sir Hugh Palliser and preserve unanimity in the navy, and the kindness of Sir Hugh in publishing to the world what would otherwise have never been known.

"Lord North said of himself that he was kicked up stairs; I will not use so harsh an expression, but it is the universal opinion that your court-martial is unique of its kind. It would have been thought sufficient if you had had no honour taken from you—nobody expected that you could have had more heaped on a measure already full.

"My opinion in these matters can be of very little value; but it may be some satisfaction to know that this is the opinion of all parties, and men of every denomination. Whatever fatigue and expense this business has occasioned, is amply repaid you in additional honour and glory; and I hope you begin to think yourself that you have had a bargain.

"The illumination yesterday was universal, I believe, without the exception of a single house; we are continuing this night in the same manner.

"Poor Sir Hugh's house in Pall Mall was entirely gutted, and its contents burnt in St. James's-square, in spite of a large party of horse and foot who came to protect it.

"Lord North and Lord Bute had their windows broke. The Admiralty gates were unhinged; and the windows of Lord Sandwich and Lord Lisburne broke. Lord Mulgrave's house, I am told, has likewise suffered, as well as Captain Hood's. To-night, I hear, Sir Hugh is to be burnt in effigy before your door.[1]

"I have taken the liberty, without waiting for leave, to lend your picture to an engraver, to make a large print from it.

"I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your most humble and most obedient servant,

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

[No common rioters took part in these disturbances. Pitt helped to break windows; Rogers took part in unhinging the Admiralty gates; the young Duke of Ancaster was arrested in the crowd, and spent the night in the watch-house. The military were called out, and fired on the mob before Sir Hugh Palliser's house. In Leicester Fields, besides Sir Joshua's, Sir John Saville's house, we are particularly told, was all a-blaze with lights. The popularity of the Admiral got itself expressed in every conceivable way. Besides his head on the signposts (all the "Admiral Keppels" date from this time), blue cockades with his name were worn, and the ladies figured in caps *à la Keppel.* The representatives of Sir Joshua have still spoons and tablecloths of this date, inscribed 'Keppel and Virtue.' Sir John Hamilton wore a 'Keppel's Head' on his buttons as long as he lived, and Lord Rockingham raised a Doric column to his friend on his domain at Wentworth.[1]

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[1] Keppel was the favourite of all classes:—with the populace for his gallantry; with his intimate friends for his endearing manners; and, for his attention to the comforts of his officers and crews, he was as much the idol of the navy as Nelson afterwards became. He was in very bad health at the time of this memorable trial; indeed, his constitution had been impaired in his youth by the extreme hardships he underwent while going round the world with Anson.

Captain Walsingham, who commanded the 'Thunderer' in Keppel's action, was one of the Admiral's witnesses, and, supporter of the Government as he was, did the hero full justice both at the court-martial and in the House of Commons. He was the husband of the Mrs. Walsingham who figures in Miss Burney's 'Diary,' in the front rank of the Blues.[2] I find Sir Joshua a regular guest at her *conversaziones,* and he notes engagements for more than one which she gave during the time her husband was at Portsmouth on business of the court-martial.

The same peculiar interest which invests the trial itself, extends even to matters so unromantic as the fees of the counsel engaged in it.

Keppel presented bank-notes for 1000*l.* to Lee, Dunning, and Erskine for their professional assistance. Lee and Dunning returned the money. Erskine, who had been called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1778, and who had a wife and eight children depending on him, was still too poor to follow their example. The Admiral's letters, and his friends' replies, have the same stamp of generous affectionateness which seems to radiate from Keppel to all about him. Lee writes (prompted, he says, by his wife): "Will you make me a present of your picture, painted by Mr. Dance, who takes excellent likenesses, that I may keep it, and my family after me?" Keppel did better. He sat to Sir Joshua for a half-length portrait, and had four repetitions of it painted, one of which he gave to Lee, one to Dunning, and one to Burke. The other hangs at Quiddenham.[1] In these portraits Keppel looks out of the picture, with one hand on his hip, the other resting on the hilt of his sword. The face is manly—almost stern; the figure curiously altered from the lithe frame which Reynolds had painted twenty-six years before. The portrait presented to Erskine, if begun now, was not completed till four years after this. The other four portraits were finished by November. Burke writes, on receipt of it: "The town, and my house there, will be the more pleasant to me for a piece of furniture I have had since I saw you, and which I owe to your goodness. I shall leave to my son, who is of a frame of mind to relish that kind of honour, the satisfaction of knowing that his father was distinguished by the partiality of one of those who are the marked men of all story, by being the glory and reproach of the times they live in, and whose services and merits, by being above recompense, are delivered over to ingratitude. Whenever he sees the picture, he will remember what Englishmen, and what English seamen were, in the days when name of nation, and when eminence and superiority in that profession, were one and the same thing." This was written when Keppel's retirement from the command of the Channel fleet had so emboldened the enemies of England, that the combined fleets of France and Spain had chased our own fleet into Plymouth, and still held the Channel, keeping the country in a fever of alarm, till an easterly wind drove them out of English waters. Burke concludes his letter: "I assure you, my dear Sir, that, though I possess the portraits of friends highly honoured by me, and very dear to me on all accounts, yours stands alone; and I intend that it shall so continue, to mark the impression I have received of this most flattering mark of your friendship." The picture was preserved with reverence at Beaconsfield while Burke lived. His widow left it to Earl Fitzwilliam, and it still hangs at Milton.] Seventeen years after this, Burke, old and brokenhearted, wrote of this picture to the Duke of Bedford, nephew of the man it represented—

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[1] Life of Keppel, vol. ii. p. 194.

[2] "A woman high in fame by her talents, and a wit by birth, as the daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. She has the character of being only civil to people of birth, fame, or wealth, and extremely insolent to all others. Of this, however, I could see nothing, since she at least took care to invite no company to her own house when she was disposed to disdain." —Miss Burney's Diary, vol. ii. p. 163. Mrs. W. painted and copied many of the pictures of Sir Joshua.

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[1] In the first price-book is entered, under August 27, 1764, "Admiral Keppel, in full, for his own two pictures and the Bishop of Exeter, 100 guineas." In the second price-book, I find "Sept. 1779: Admiral Keppel given to the Bishop (of Exeter, his brother), 35 guineas; Admiral Keppel, for four half-lengths, 400 guineas; Lord Keppel, given to Mr. Erskine, 100 guineas; Lord Keppel, given to the Prince of Wales, 200 guineas (1786)." The picture for Erskine must have been painted after 1782, when Keppel was raised to the peerage. This makes nine undoubted pictures of Keppel (under Sir Joshua's own hand), besides the first famous full-length, painted in 1753-4.

"It was but the other day that, in putting in order some things that had been brought here on my taking leave of London for ever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongst these was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject—the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation.

"I ever looked on Keppel as one of the greatest and best men of his age; and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart; and I believe I was in his to the very last beat. It was at his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory! what part was taken therein by my son, in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue; and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connexions! with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake! I believe he felt just as I should have felt such friendship, on such an occasion. I partook, indeed, of this honour, with several of the first and best and ablest in the kingdom; but I was behindhand with none of them; and I am sure that if, to the eternal disgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honour and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I should have attended him to the quarter-deck, with no less good will and more pride, though with far other feelings, than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the justice done to his virtue.

"Lord Keppel had two countries—one of descent, and one of birth. Their interests and their glory are the same; and his mind was capacious of both. His family was noble, and it was Dutch—that is, he was of the oldest and purest nobility that Europe can boast; among a people renowned above all others for love of their native land. Though it was never shown in insult to any human being, Lord Keppel was something high. It was a wild stock of pride, on which the tenderest of all hearts had grafted the milder virtues. He valued ancient nobility, and he was not disinclined to augment it with new honours. He valued the old nobility and the new; not as an excuse for inglorious sloth, but as an incitement to virtuous activity. He considered it as a sort of cure for selfishness and a narrow mind; conceiving that a man born in an elevated place in himself was nothing, but everything in what went before and what was to come after him. Without much speculation, but by the sure instinct of ingenuous feelings, and by the dictates of plain, unsophisticated natural understanding, he felt that no great commonwealth could by any possibility long subsist without a body of some kind or other of nobility, decorated with honour, and fortified by privilege. This nobility forms the chain that connects the ages of a nation, which otherwise would soon be taught that no one generation can bind another. He felt that no political fabric could be well made, without some such order of things as might, through a series of time, afford a rational hope of securing unity, coherence, consistency, and stability to the State. He felt that nothing else can protect it against the levity of courts, and the greater levity of the multitude."[1]

[Miss Burney and Sir Joshua had parted at Streatham in the summer, with mutual liking. The acquaintance prospered, in spite of Fanny's shyness, and her knowledge that Mrs. Montague had actually proposed to make a match between her and the President, and though Sir Joshua told Johnson that, if he were conscious to himself of any trick or affectation, there was nobody he should so much fear as this little Burney.] Her first visit to Leicester Fields brings the whole circle to life, and must not be curtailed.[2]

"We found the Miss Palmers alone. We were for near an hour quite easy, chatty, and comfortable; no pointed speech was made, and no starer entered.[3] . . .

"Mrs. and Miss Horneck were announced. . . . Mrs. Horneck seated herself by my mother. Miss Palmer introduced me to her and her daughter, who seated herself next me; but not one word passed between us!

"Mrs. Horneck, as I found in the course of the evening, is an exceeding sensible, well-bred woman. Her daughter is very beautiful, but was low-spirited and silent during the whole visit. She was indeed very unhappy, as Miss Palmer informed me, upon account of some ill news she had lately heard of the affairs of a gentleman (Colonel Gwynn) to whom she is to be shortly married.

"Next came a Mr. Gwatkin, of whom I have nothing to say, but he was very talkative with Miss Offy Palmer,[1] and very silent with everybody else.

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[1] Burke's Works, vol. vii. p. 433.

[2] The party was, actually, on Dec. 21, 1778.—'Diary,' vol. i. p. 142 (ed. 1854).

[3] Miss Burney represents herself as living at that time in constant terror of allusions to 'Evelina.'

"Not long after came a whole troop, consisting of Mr. Cholmondeley, Miss Cholmondeley and Miss Fanny Cholmondeley, his daughters, and Miss Forrest. Mrs. Cholmondeley I found was engaged elsewhere, but soon expected.

"Mr. Cholmondeley is a clergyman, nothing shining either in person or manners, but rather somewhat grim in the first, and glum in the last. Yet he appears to have humour himself, and enjoys it in others.

"Miss Cholmondeley I saw too little of to mention.

"Miss Fanny Cholmondeley is rather a pretty pale girl; very young and inartificial, and, though tall and grown up, treated by her family as a child, and seemingly well content to really think herself such. She followed me whichsoever way I turned; and though she was too modest to stare, never ceased watching me the whole evening.

"Miss Forrest is an immensely tall and not handsome young woman. Further I know not.

"Next came my father, all gaiety and spirits. Then Mr. William Burke.

"Soon after, Sir Joshua returned home. He paid his compliments to everybody; and then brought a chair next mine, and said—

"'So you were afraid to come among us?'

"He went on, saying I might as well fear hobgoblins, and that I had only to hold up my head to be above them all.

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[1] He married her in 1781.

"After this address, his behaviour was exactly what my wishes would have dictated to him for my own ease and quietness; for he never once even alluded to my book, but conversed rationally, gaily, and serenely: and so I became more comfortable than I had ever been since the first entrance of company.

"Our confab was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. King, a gentleman who is, it seems, for ever with the Burkes; and presently Lord Palmerston was announced. . . .

"A violent rapping bespoke, I was sure, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and I ran from the standers, and, turning my back against the door, looked over Miss Palmer's cards; for you may well imagine I was really in a tremor at a meeting which has been so long in agitation, and with the person who, of all persons, has been most warm and enthusiastic for my book.[1]

"She had not been in the room half an instant, ere my father came up to me, and, tapping me on the shoulder, said, 'Fanny, here's a lady who wishes to speak to you.'

"I curtsied in silence; she curtsied too, and fixed her eyes full on my face; and then tapping me with her fan, she cried—

"'Come, come, you must not look grave upon me.'

"Upon this, I te-he'd; she now looked at me more earnestly, and, after an odd silence, said abruptly—

"'But is it true?'

"'What, ma'am?'

"'It can't be! tell me, is it true?'

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[1] This lively lady was the sister of Mrs. Woffington, the actress.

"I could only simper.

"'Why don't you tell me? but it can't be—I don't believe it!—no, you are an impostor!'

"Sir Joshua and Lord Palmerston were both at her side—oh, how notably silly must I look! She again repeated her question, 'Is it true?' and I again affected not to understand her; and then Sir Joshua, taking hold of her arm, attempted to pull her away, saying—

"'Come, come, Mrs. Cholmondeley, I won't have her overpowered here!'

"I love Sir Joshua much for this. But Mrs. Cholmondeley, turning to him, said, with quickness and vehemence—

"'Why, I ain't going to kill her! don't be afraid, I shan't compliment her! I can't, indeed.' . . . . .

"In this comical, queer, flighty, whimsical manner, she ran on till we were summoned to supper; for we were not allowed to break up before; and then, when Sir Joshua and almost everybody had gone down stairs, she changed her tone, and, with a face and voice both grave, said—

"Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you; yet, perhaps you won't, neither, will you?'

"'What is it, ma'am?'

"'Why, it is that I admire you more than any human being! and I can't help it.'

"Then suddenly rising, she hurried down stairs.

"Sir Joshua made me sit next him at supper; Mr. William Burke was at my other side; though afterwards I lost the Knight of Plympton, who, as he eats no suppers, made way for Mr. Gwatkin, and, as the table was crowded, stood at the fire himself. He was extremely polite and flattering in his manners towards me, and entirely avoided all mention or hint at 'Evelina' the whole evening: indeed I think I have met with more scrupulous delicacy from Sir Joshua than from anybody, although I have heard more of his approbation than of almost any other person's."

Mrs. Cholmondeley persecutes her. "Pray, Miss Burney, is there anything new coming out?" and "Well, I wish people who *can* entertain me *would* entertain me."

"To the last of these speeches I made no answer, but Sir Joshua, very good-naturedly, turned it from me by saying, 'Well, let every one do what they can in their different ways; do you begin yourself.'

"'Oh, I can't,' cried she; 'I have tried, but I can't.'

"'Do you think, then,' answered he, 'that all the world is made only to entertain *you?*'"

Soon Fanny is terribly alarmed.

"'Pray, Sir Joshua,' asked Lord Palmerston, 'what is this "Warley" that is just come out?'

"SIR J.—'Why, I don't know; but the reviewers, my Lord, speak very well of it.'

"MRS. CHOL.—'Who wrote it?'

"SIR J.—'Mr. Huddisford.'

"MRS. CHOL.—'Oh, I don't like it at all, then. Huddisford! What a name!'

"Sir Joshua attempted a kind of vindication of him, but Lord Palmerston said, drily,

"'I think, Sir Joshua, it is dedicated to you?'

"SIR J.—'Yes, my Lord.'

"MRS. CHOL.—'Oh, your servant! Is it so? Then you need say no more.'"

Then Sir Joshua laughed, and the subject, to Miss Burney's intense relief, was dropped. They do not break up till two in the morning. As they are coming away, Offy Palmer, laughing, says to Fanny,

"I think this will be a breaking-in to you."

"Oh," cries Fanny, "if I had known of your party!"

"You would have been sick in bed, I suppose?"

"I would not answer No," writes the diarist; "yet I was glad it was over."

Soon afterwards, still in January, she meets Sir Joshua again, with the Sheridans, Miss Linley, Dr. Warton, and my Lord Harcourt, at Mrs. Cholmondeley's. Sir Joshua drops in from Mrs. Vesey's. Sheridan hopes Miss Burney does not intend to let her pen lie idle.

"SIR J.—'No, indeed, ought she not. . . . Anything in the dialogue way, I think, she must succeed in; and I am sure invention will not be wanting.'

"MR. SHERIDAN.—'No, indeed; I think and say she should write a comedy.'

"SIR J.—'I am sure *I* think so, and I hope she will. Consider . . . you have already had all the applause and fame you can have given you in the closet; but the acclamations of a theatre will be new to you.'" And then he put down his trumpet and began a violent clapping of his hands. Fanny feels herself in all the hubbub of a first night, and suggests the noise may be of the other kind, and she returns Sir Joshua's salute with a hiss. Sheridan echoes Sir Joshua. Fanny protests they don't know what mischief they may do. Mr. Sheridan will be only too glad to be accessory.

"SIR J.—'She has certainly something of a knack of characters. Where she got it I don't know, and how she got it I can't imagine; but she certainly has it . . . and to throw it away is . . .'

"MR. S.—'Oh, she won't—she will write me a comedy—she has promised me she will.'

"F. B.—'Oh! if you both run on in this manner, I shall—' (she was going to say, get under the chair).

"MR. S. (interrupting)—'Set about one? Very well, that's right.'

"SIR J.—'Ay, that's very right. And you (to Sheridan) would take anything of hers, would you not?—unsight, unseen?'"

What a point-blank question! Who but Sir Joshua, thinks Fanny, would have ventured it?

"MR. S. (quickly).—'Yes, and make her a bow and my best thanks into the bargain.'"

This from the author of 'The Duenna' and 'The School for Scandal!' Soon after, Sir Joshua brings up Dr. Warton to give her his opinion of a certain book. This was very provoking of Sir Joshua, and makes both Fanny and the Doctor uncomfortable; but the Doctor recovers himself, and declares he can only join in the voice of the public. And then comes supper, and everybody is in spirits, and a thousand good things are said, and F. B. sits between Sir Joshua and Miss Linley, and Mrs. Cholmondeley aims all her *bons mots* and drolleries at her, and is flattering in her distinction to a degree, without being overpowering; and so the curtain falls on as happy, merry, pleasant a party as gentleman or lady could wish to take part in.

[Just as all this gaiety was in progress, and before Keppel had passed through his "agony of glory," Sir Joshua's circle lost one of its brightest members in Garrick. His illness was short. It was while spending a merry Christmas with his warm and constant friends, Earl Spencer and his charming Countess, that he was attacked by his old enemies, gout and gravel, but this time more seriously than ever. He hurried up to London, and reached his own house on the 15th of January. Heberden and Warren, the eminent physicians, and Pott, the leading surgeon of the day, were called in. The whole faculty clubbed their powers to save the great actor, till one day, when his room was filled with doctors, he whispered to his friend Lawrence, from a speech of Horatio's in the 'Fair Penitent,'—

"Another and another still succeeds,
And the last fool is welcome as the former."

He did not anticipate the end so soon. On the 20th of January he died without a groan. His disease had passed into palsy of the kidneys. He was buried on the 1st of February. The pocketbook for that day has the entry, "Mr. Garrick." Sir Joshua was one of the distinguished company who followed the pompous funeral, which moved at one o'clock from the Adelphi Terrace to the great west door of the Abbey. It was a stately procession.[1] The pall was supported on the one side by Lord Camden, the Earl of Ossory, Mr.

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[1] It is curious that Davies omits the name of Reynolds. It is found, however, in the accounts given in the periodicals, as the 'Town and Country Magazine,' vol. xi. p. 108.

Rigby, Hon. Hans Stanley, and J. Patterson, Esq.; on the other by the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Viscount Palmerston, Sir W. W. Wynne, and Albany Wallis, Esq. After the nineteen coaches which carried the clergy of St. Martin's, the doctors, the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and the deputations of twelve from the company of each theatre, came four carriages with the members of the Literary Club, Lord Althorp and Sir Charles Bunbury, Fox, Beauclerk, Burke, Dunning, Reynolds, Johnson, Colman, and Gibbon. In the seven coaches which followed were many men of little less distinction: Barré, Lord Lisburn, and Sir Grey Cooper; Cumberland and Dr. Burney; Fitzmaurice and Sir Thomas Mills; Hoare and Hardinge; Le Texier, the inimitable French mime, who at a table read comedies with an effect that quite supplied the want of dresses, decorations, and a dramatic company; Bate, the uproarious clerical editor of the 'Morning Post;' Angelo, the famous fencing-master; Walker, of the 'Pronouncing Dictionary.' So splendid a funeral, followed by mourners of such various distinction, has seldom been vouchsafed to poet or painter, soldier or statesman. Next in such honour, perhaps, comes Sir Joshua's own burial ceremony. I find the Club dined four days after the funeral. Banks was the president. The party included Beauclerk, Bunbury, Colman, Dunning, Fordyce, Gibbon, W. Jones, Johnson, Langton, Marlay (Dean of Ferns), Percy, Reynolds, and W. Scott. There was discussion, no doubt, of the character of Garrick.]

It is probable that Garrick and Reynolds had known each other for five or six-and-twenty years; as their acquaintance must have commenced soon after that between Johnson and Reynolds, if it had not preceded it.

The studies of an actor and of a painter of history or portrait have a close affinity; and there must therefore have been one bond of union between Garrick and Reynolds, that did not exist between Reynolds and his other friends.

Their mission was the same. Each was destined to do more to elevate his art than any other single Englishman,—but not single-handed; for they were each the centre of a constellation, of which other stars had risen earlier. As Hogarth and Wilson had, by a few years, the start of Reynolds; so Macklin and Quin had preceded Garrick. Macklin was the first natural Shylock,—

> ——"the Jew
> That Shakespeare drew;"

and Quin's Falstaff was pronounced by Garrick to be perfect.[1]

Barry, in Romeo, divided the applause of the town for twelve successive nights with Garrick; and the latter resigned Othello to him.

There were, indeed, passages of Barry's acting in which he was allowed to surpass Garrick, as Gainsborough in some things surpassed Reynolds; still, taken altogether, Garrick was the greatest of British actors, as Reynolds was the greatest of British painters.

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[1] It must have been glorious, and the tradition of it places Quin very high, for it seems to be the most difficult of all characters to sustain. Since Garrick there have been more than one Richard, Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth, and Lear; but since Quin only one Falstaff (Henderson). Quin seemed born to play it. He was convivial,—and, when carrying the dead Hotspur (Garrick) off the stage, he would say to him, "Where shall we sup?" He was satiric, and had much of Falstaff's wit, but, in him, it was the appendage of a noble nature.

It was probably as much to record the character of the great actor, as to exhibit Johnson's peculiarities of conversation, that Reynolds composed two Dialogues in the manner of Johnson, and made Garrick the subject of them.

In these Dialogues, which were written with no view to publication,[1] he has, with great skill and humour, connected the opinions Johnson had at different times, and in different moods, expressed of Garrick. They exemplify Sir Joshua's own remark, that "Johnson considered Garrick as his property, and would never suffer anybody to praise or abuse him but himself."

Although nothing, probably, is added by Reynolds, yet the manner in which he has arranged what he had heard shows how closely he had observed the peculiarities of Johnson's way of talking; of all in it that commanded admiration, as well as of all that made him feared.

We are to suppose a dinner-party, Sir Joshua the host, and some guests present who had not before met Johnson.

"REYNOLDS.—Let me alone, I'll bring him out. [*Aside.*

"I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, this morning, on a matter that has puzzled me very much; it is a subject that I dare say has often passed in your thoughts, and though *I* cannot, I dare say *you* have made up your mind upon it.

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[1] They were privately printed by his niece, Lady Thomond, in 1816; and first published in Mr. Murray's edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' 1835, but have been omitted in the later editions.

"JOHNSON.—Tilly fally! what is all this preparation? what is all this mighty matter?

"R.—Why, it is a very weighty matter. The subject I have been thinking upon is. Predestination and Free-will, two things I cannot reconcile together for the life of me; in my opinion, Dr. Johnson, free-will and foreknowledge cannot be reconciled.

"J.—Sir, it is not of very great importance what your opinion is upon such a question.

"R.—But I meant only, Dr. J., to know your opinion.

"J.—No, sir, you meant no such thing; you meant only to show these gentlemen that you are not the man they took you to be, but that you think of high matters sometimes, and that you may have the credit of having it said that you held an argument with Sam Johnson on predestination and free-will—a subject of that magnitude as to have engaged the attention of the world, to have perplexed the wisdom of man for these two thousand years; a subject on which the fallen angels, who *had yet not lost all their original brightness*, find themselves *in wandering mazes lost.* That such a subject could be discussed in the levity of convivial conversation, is a degree of absurdity beyond what is easily conceivable.

"R.—It is so, as you say, to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.

"J.—O noble pair!

"R.—Garrick was a clever fellow, Dr. J.; Garrick, take him altogether, was certainly a very great man.

"J.—Garrick, sir, may be a great man in your opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine; little things are great to little men.

"R.—I have heard you say, Dr. Johnson——

"J.—Sir, you never heard me say that David Garrick was a great man; you may have heard me say that Garrick was a good repeater—of other men's words—words put into his mouth by other men; this makes but a faint approach towards being a great man.

"R.—But take Garrick upon the whole, now, in regard to conversation——

"J.—Well, sir, in regard to conversation: I never discovered in the conversation of David Garrick any intellectual energy, any wide grasp of thought, any extensive comprehension of mind, or that he possessed any of those powers to which *great* could with any degree of propriety be applied——.

"R.—But still——

"J.—Hold, sir, I have not done. There are, to be sure, in the laxity of colloquial speech, various kinds of greatness; a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimic; now you may be the one and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men.

"R.—But, Dr. Johnson——.

"J.—Hold, sir! I have often lamented how dangerous it is to investigate and to discriminate character, to men who have no discriminative powers.

"R.—But Garrick, as a companion, I heard you say—no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mrs. Thrale's table——

"J.—You tease me, sir. Whatever you may have heard me say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mrs. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me, you misapprehended me, you may not have heard me.

"R.—I am very sure I heard you.

"J.—Besides, besides, sir, besides—do you not know,—are you so ignorant as not to know—that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?

"R.—But if you differ from yourself, and give one opinion to-day——

"J.—Have done, sir; the company you see are tired, as well as myself."

Sir Joshua has so contrived this little dialogue as to furnish some apology for the Doctor's rudeness to himself. Nothing angered Johnson more than the suspicion of an attempt to show him off before strangers. And then again, the attempt in this instance was connected with subjects he was most unwilling at any time to discuss.

Reynolds had noticed that, when Johnson had been rough to any person in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation, by drinking to him, or addressing his discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indirect overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, and considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, and the other was now in the wrong.

We are to imagine, therefore, that in the course of the evening Johnson has taken wine with Reynolds, and that the overture to reconciliation was cordially accepted. We are then to suppose that, some time after, when the whole affair was forgotten by Johnson, he meets Gibbon at Sir Joshua's table, and that the historian depreciates Garrick's Richard III., and expresses a doubt whether his reputation was so great while he lived as it was since represented to be by his friends.

"JOHNSON.—No, sir; Garrick's fame was prodigious, not only in England, but over all Europe. Even in Russia I have been told he was a proverb; when any one had repeated well he was called a second Garrick.

"GIBBON.—I think he had full as much reputation as he deserved.

"J.—I do not pretend to know, sir, what your meaning may be, by saying he had as much reputation as he deserved; he deserved much, and he had much.

"G.—Why, surely, Dr. Johnson, his merit was in small things only; he had none of those qualities that make a real great man.

"J.—Sir, I as little understand what your meaning may be when you speak of the qualities that make a great man; it is a vague term. Garrick was no common man; a man above the common size of men may surely, without any great impropriety, be called a great man. In my opinion he has very reasonably fulfilled the prophecy which he once reminded me of having made to his mother, when she asked me how little David went on at school, that I should say to her he would come to be hanged, or come to be a great man. No, sir, it is undoubtedly true that the same qualities, united with virtue or with vice, make a hero or a rogue, a great general or a highwayman.' Now Garrick, we are sure, was never hanged, and in regard to his being a great man, you must take the whole man together. It must be considered in how many things Garrick excelled in which every man desires to excel; setting aside his excellence as an actor, in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled, as a man, as a poet, as a convivial companion, you will find but few his equals, and none his superior. As a man, he was kind, friendly, benevolent, and generous.

"G.—Of Garrick's generosity I never heard; I understood his character to be totally the reverse, and that he was reckoned to have loved money.

"J.—That he loved money nobody will dispute; who does not? but if you mean, by loving money, that he was parsimonious to a fault, sir, you have been misinformed. To Foote and such scoundrels, who circulated those reports, to such profligate spendthrifts prudence is meanness, and economy is avarice. That Garrick in early youth was brought up in strict habits of economy I believe, and that they were necessary I have heard from himself; to suppose that Garrick might inadvertantly act from this habit, and be saving in small things, can be no wonder; but let it be remembered at the same time, that, if he was frugal by habit, he was liberal from principle; that when he acted from reflection he did what his fortune enabled him to do, and what was expected from such a fortune. I remember no instance of David's parsimony but once, when he stopped Mrs. Woffington from replenishing the teapot; it was already, he said, as red as blood; and this instance is doubtful, and happened many years ago. In the latter part of his life I observed no blameable parsimony in David; his table was elegant and even splendid; his house both in town and country, his equipage, and I think all his habits of life, were such as might be expected from a man who had acquired great riches. In regard to his generosity, which you seem to question, I shall only say there is no man to whom I would apply, with more confidence of success, for the loan of two hundred pounds to assist a common friend, than to David, and this too with very little if any probability of its being repaid.

"G.—You were going to say something of him as a writer—you don't rate him very high as a poet?

"J.—Sir, a man may be a respectable poet without being a Homer, as a man may be a good player without being a Garrick. In the lighter kinds of poetry, in the appendages of the drama, he was, *if not the first, in the very first class.* He had a readiness and facility, a dexterity of mind, that appeared extraordinary even to men of experience, and who are not apt to wonder from ignorance. Writing prologues, epilogues, and epigrams, he said he considered as his trade, and he was, what a man should be, always and at all times ready at his trade. He required two hours for a prologue or epilogue, and five minutes for an epigram. Once at Burke's table the company proposed a subject, and Garrick finished his epigram within the time; the same experiment was repeated in the garden, and with the same success.

"G.—Garrick had some flippancy of parts, to be sure, and was brisk and lively in company, and by the help of mimicry and story-telling made himself a pleasant companion; but here the whole world gave the superiority to Foote, and Garrick himself appears to have felt as if his genius was rebuked by the superior powers of Foote. It has been often observed that Garrick never dared to enter into competition with him, but was content to act an under part to bring Foote out.

"J.—That this conduct of Garrick's might be interpreted by the gross minds of Foote and his friends as if he was afraid to encounter him, I can easily imagine. Of the natural superiority of Garrick over Foote, this conduct is an instance; he disdained entering into competition with such a fellow, and made him the buffoon of the company—or, as you say, brought him out. And what was at last brought out but coarse jests and vulgar merriment, indecency and impiety, a relation of events which, upon the face of them, could never have happened, characters grossly conceived and coarsely represented?

Foote was even no mimic; he went out of himself, it is true, but without going into another man; he was excelled by Garrick even in this, which is considered as Foote's greatest excellence. Garrick, besides his exact imitation of the voice and gesture of his original, to a degree of refinement of which Foote had no conception, exhibited the mind and mode of thinking of the person imitated. Besides, Garrick confined his powers within the limits of decency; he had a character to preserve, Foote had none. By Foote's buffoonery and broad-faced merriment, private friendship, public decency, and everything estimable amongst men, were trod under foot. We all know the difference of their reception in the world. No man, however high in rank or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and was glad to have him at his table; no man ever considered or treated Garrick as a player: he may be said to have stepped out of his own rank into a higher, and by raising himself he raised the rank of his profession. At a convivial table his exhilarating powers were unrivalled; he was lively, entertaining, quick in discerning the ridicule of life, and as ready in representing it; and on graver subjects there were few topics in which he could not bear his part. It is injurious to the character of Garrick to be named in the same breath with Foote. That Foote was admitted sometimes in good company (to do the man what credit I can) I will allow, but then it was merely to play tricks: Foote's merriment was that of a buffoon, and Garrick's that of a gentleman..

"G.—I have been told, on the contrary, that Garrick in company had not the easy manners of a gentleman.

"J.—Sir, I don't know what you may have been told, or what your ideas may be of the manners of gentlemen; Garrick had no vulgarity in his manners; it is true Garrick had not the airiness of a fop, nor did he assume an affected indifference to what was passing; he did not lounge from the table to the window, and from thence to the fire, or, whilst you were addressing your discourses to him, turn from you and talk to his next neighbour, or give any indication that he was tired of his company; if such manners form your ideas of a fine gentleman, Garrick certainly had them not.

"G.—I mean that Garrick was more overawed by the presence of the great, and more obsequious to rank, than Foote, who considered himself as their equal, and treated them with the same familiarity as they treat each other.

"J.—He did so, and what did the fellow get by it? The grossness of his mind prevented him from seeing that this familiarity was merely suffered as they would play with a dog; he got no ground by affecting to call peers by their surnames; the foolish fellow fancied that lowering them was raising himself to their level; this affectation of familiarity with the great, this childish ambition of momentary exaltation obtained by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another, only showed his folly and meanness: he did not see that by encroaching on others' dignity he put himself in their power either to be repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. Garrick, by paying due respect to rank, respected himself; what he gave was returned, and what was returned he kept for ever; his advancement was on firm ground, he was recognised in public as well as respected in private; and as no man was ever more courted and better received by the public, so no man was ever less spoiled by its flattery. Garrick continued advancing to the last, till he had acquired every advantage that high birth or title could bestow, except the precedence of going into a room, but when he was there he was treated with as much attention as the first man at the table. It is to the credit of Garrick that he never laid any claim to this distinction,—it was as voluntarily allowed as if it had been his birthright. In this, I confess, I looked on David with some degree of envy, not so much for the respect he received, as for the manner of its being acquired; what fell into his lap unsought I have been forced to claim. I began the world by fighting my way. There was something about me that invited insult, or at least a disposition to neglect, and I was equally disposed to repel insult, and to claim attention, and, I fear, continue too much in this disposition now it is no longer necessary; I receive at present as much favour as I have a right to expect. I am not one of the complainers of the neglect of merit.

"G.—*Your* pretensions, Dr. Johnson, nobody will dispute;

I cannot place Garrick on the same footing: your reputation will continue increasing after your death, when Garrick will be totally forgot; you will be for ever considered as a classic——

"J.—Enough, sir, enough; the company would be better pleased to see us quarrel than bandying compliments.

"G.—But you must allow, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or rather to the mean ambition of living with the great, terribly afraid of making himself cheap even with them; by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society. Employing so much attention and so much management upon such little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it; he was every minute called out, and went off or returned as there was, or was not, a probability of his shining.

"J.—In regard to this mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great, what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish, can be no reproach to Garrick; he who says he despises it, knows he lies; that Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly acquired both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied; but where is the blame, either in the one or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance? Besides, sir, consider what you have said; you first deny Garrick's pretensions to fame, and then accuse him of too great an attention to preserve what he never possessed.

"G.—I don't understand——

"J.—Sir, I can't help that.

"G.—Well, but, Dr. Johnson, you will not vindicate him in his over and above attention to his fame, inordinate desire to exhibit himself to new men, like a coquet ever seeking after new conquests, to the total neglect of old friends and admirers;—

'He threw off his friends like a huntsman his pack;'

always looking out for new game.

"J.—When you quoted the line from Goldsmith, you ought, in fairness, to have given what followed,—

'He knew when he pleased he could whistle them back;'

which implies at least that he possessed a power over other men's minds approaching to fascination. But, consider, sir, what is to be done: here is a man whom every other man desired to know. Garrick could not receive and cultivate all, according to each man's conception of his own value—we are all apt enough to consider ourselves as possessing a right to be excepted from the common crowd; besides, sir, I do not see why that should be imputed to him as a crime, which we all so irresistibly feel and practise; we all make a greater exertion in the presence of new men than old acquaintance. It is undoubtedly true that Garrick divided his attention among so many that but little was left to the share of any individual; like the extension and dissipation of water into dew, there was not quantity united sufficiently to quench any man's thirst; but this is the inevitable state of things; Garrick no more than another man could unite what, in their natures, are incompatible.

"G.—But Garrick not only was excluded by this means from real friendship, but accused of treating those whom he called friends with insincerity and double dealing.

"J.—Sir, it is not true; his character in that respect is misunderstood: Garrick was, to be sure, very ready in promising, but he intended at that time to fulfil his promise; he intended no deceit; his politeness or his good-nature, call it which you will, made him unwilling to deny; he wanted the courage to say *No* even to unreasonable demands. This was the great error of his life: by raising expectations which he did not, perhaps could not gratify, he made many enemies; at the same time it must be remembered that this error proceeded from the same cause which produced many of his virtues. Friendships from warmth of temper too suddenly taken up, and too violent to continue, ended, as they were like to do, in disappointment: enmity succeeded disappointment, his friends became his enemies, and those, having been fostered in his bosom, well knew his sensibility to reproach, and took care that he should be amply supplied with such bitter potions as they were capable of administering; their impotent efforts he ought to have despised, but he felt them; nor did he affect insensibility.

"G.—And that sensibility probably shortened his life.

"J.—No, sir, he died of a disorder of which you or any other man may die, without being killed by too much sensibility.

"G.—But you will allow, however, that this sensibility, those fine feelings, made him the great actor he was.

"J.—This is all cant, fit only for kitchen wenches and chambermaids; Garrick's trade was to represent passion, not to feel it. Ask Reynolds whether he felt the distress of Count Ugolino when he drew it.

"G.—But surely he feels the passion at the moment he is representing it?

"J.—About as much as Punch feels. That Garrick himself gave in to this foppery of feelings I can easily believe; but he knew at the same time that he lied. He might think it right, as far as I know, to have what fools imagined he ought to have; but it is amazing that any one should be so ignorant as to think that an actor would risk his reputation by depending on the feelings that shall be excited in the presence of two hundred people, on the repetition of certain words which he has repeated two hundred times before in what actors call their study. No, sir, Garrick left nothing to chance. Every gesture, every expression of countenance and variation of voice, was settled in his closet before he set his foot upon the stage."

Lady Thomond sent a copy of these Dialogues to Hannah More, who thus speaks of them in a letter, with a sight of which I have been favoured by Mrs. St. John:—

"My dear Madam,—I cannot allow any hand but my own to express to your Ladyship the very great delight I have received from your most obliging present. It has afforded me a greater gratification than I can express. To see men whom I so highly loved and honoured brought, as it were, before my eyes in so pointed and striking a manner, was indeed an unspeakable pleasure. Dear Sir Joshua, even with his inimitable pencil, never drew more interesting, more resembling portraits. I hear them all speak, I see every action, every gesture which accompanied every word. I hear the deep-toned and indignant accents of our friend Johnson; I hear the affected periods of Gibbon; the natural, the easy, the friendly, the elegant language, the polished sarcasm, softened with the sweet temper, of Sir Joshua.

"There are, perhaps, few persons who could have enjoyed this beautiful morsel so much, because there are few left, besides your Ladyship and myself, who so intimately knew the originals as to feel all the value of these speaking pictures.

"Barley Wood, 15th March, 1820."

Nor was Garrick the only old friend who this year disappeared from Reynolds's circle. On the 26th of January his old master, Hudson, passed away, full of years (he was born in 1701), at his house in King Street, Covent Garden. He and his illustrious pupil were friends to the last. At Hudson's sale in March Reynolds was a buyer, for many of the drawings which were in his father-in-law Richardson's choice collection had passed to Hudson, and from his portfolios were then transferred to Sir Joshua's. Dr. Armstrong too, one of the earliest literary friends of Reynolds, died in September this year, and on the 14th I find Sir Joshua attending his funeral.

It seems, by a letter from Johnson to Miss Reynolds, dated February 15th, 1779, she was no longer in her brother's house. Johnson writes:—

"DEAREST MADAM,—I have never deserved to be treated as you treat me. When you employed me before, I undertook your affair,[1] and succeeded: but then I succeeded by choosing a proper time; and a proper time I will choose again.

"I have about a week's work to do, and then I shall come to live in town, and will first wait on you in Dover Street. You are not to think that I neglect you, for your nieces will tell you how rarely they have seen me. I will wait on you as soon as I can; and yet you must resolve to talk things over without anger, and you must leave me to catch opportunities; and be assured, dearest dear, that I could have very little enjoyment of that day in which I had neglected any opportunity of doing good to you. I am, dearest Madam,

"Your humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

To the Exhibition of this year Reynolds sent the picture of the Nativity, with the three separate figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, designed for the Oxford window. Of the first Walpole remarks in his catalogue, "Very great; the Virgin, Mrs. Sheridan; Joseph, the old beggar-man;" of the Virtues, "Very middling." His other works were:—

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[1] In a note to this passage Mr. Croker says, "This seems to allude to some favour (probably a pecuniary one) which Johnson was to solicit from Sir Joshua for Miss Reynolds."

Three whole-lengths of Ladies (among them Walpole notes Lady Louisa Manners[1] and Lady Crosbie,[2] both fine examples of full-lengths).

A whole-length of a Young Lady.

A Lady and Child, three-quarters; and

Two of Gentlemen (one a portrait of Andrew Stuart[3]).

He had hurried his picture of the 'Nativity,' to get it ready for the Exhibition, was dissatisfied with it on its return, and continued to work at it at intervals for the rest of the year. For the Virgin, as well as for the Charity, he had a lovely model in Mrs. Sheridan. But the picture—to judge from the engraving, for the original was burnt at Belvoir—must have suffered from the painter's attempt to imitate Correggio, not only in making the Child a centre and fountain of light, but in the expressions of the mother and the watching angels. How, indeed, should such a picture have been other than a failure, from the moment that the art, rather than the event, was uppermost in the mind of the painter, as we may be sure it was in Sir Joshua's? He was here a conscious imitator, even a plagiarizer from a great Italian master. Yet his sense of childish beauty and womanly sweetness served him well in the work; and though the sweetness of the angels may be pushed to the very verge of insipidity and affectation, there is a reverent tenderness in the group round the divine Child, and especially in the look and action of the mother, which lifts the picture out of the region of imitation. The Shepherds and Joseph are less successful. Sir Joshua's technical resources, especially his powers as a draughtsman, were overtasked in such a picture. The two designs for the side pictures, one containing shepherd children by torchlight, and the other, two older shepherds adoring the star in the east, portraits of Reynolds himself and Jervas the glass-painter, are now in the collection of Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Wode-house. They remained in Sir Joshua's possession at his death. The magnificent young Duke of Rutland gave him 1200*l.* for the 'Nativity,' a price for an English picture at that time quite unexampled.

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[1] Eldest daughter of the third Lord Dysart: married John Manners, Esq., of Grantham Grange, Lincoln. Her sister, Lady Jane Halliday, was sitting at the same time. Their pictures, noble full-lengths, hang in the same room at Peckforton, with the Thais, and Mrs. Tollemache as Miranda.

[2] Diana, daughter of Lord George Sackville, married, in November, 1777, Viscount Crosbie, son and successor of first Earl of Glandore. The picture is in possession of the present representative of the family, W. Talbot Crosbie, Esq., of Ardfert Abbey, Kerry.

[3] The Scotch agent for the opponents of the filiation of the Douglas, in the famous Douglas cause, and the author of Letters to Lord Mansfield, impugning the judgment of the House of Lords in that cause, in 1769.

Mason was in London while Reynolds was at work on these designs. In his interesting fragment on Sir Joshua he tells us:—

"When he was engaged by the Master and Fellows of the New College to give designs for the west window of their chapel, it was meant that they should be drawings, or cartoons. This he told me; but, calling upon him some time after, I found the figure of *Faith* painted on canvas; the reason for this, as he said, was, that he had been so long in the use of the pallet (*sic*) and brushes, that he found it easier to him to paint them, to drawing. 'Jervas, the painter on glass,' says he, 'will have a better original to copy; and I suppose persons hereafter may be found to purchase my paintings.'[1]

"When he was employed upon the central part of the window, in his famous 'Nativity,' I happened to call on him,[2] when his painting-room presented me with a very singular and pleasing prospect. Three beautiful young female children, with their hair dishevelled, were placed under a large mirror, which hung angularly over their heads, and from the reflection in this he was painting that charming group as angels which surrounded the Holy Infant. He had nearly finished

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[1] These designs were purchased at Lady Thomond's sale in 1821, by Lord Normanton, at the following prices:—

	£	s.
Charity ..	1575	0
Faith	420	0
Hope	682	10
Temperance ..	630	0
Justice	1155	0
Fortitude ..	735	0
Prudence ..	367	10
	£ 5565	0

There were some interesting points in connection with the sale of these pictures to Lord Normanton. Lord N. had known and admired these pictures at Lady Thomond's from his Westminster school-days, and made an offer to the executors to purchase them all by private contract. The price offered was handsome, but the executors conceived themselves bound to sell by auction, having announced the intention. The room was crowded. James Christie took the sense of the company present (including the Dukes of Devonshire and Northumberland, Lords Egremont, Grosvenor, Bridgewater, Fitzwilliam, Dudley and Ward, and Harewood, Sir Charles Long on the part of the King, and Mr. Alexander Baring), whether he should put up the Virtues separately or together; and after some twenty minutes' discussion, in groups, the sense of the company was pronounced to be in favour of separate sale. The 'Charity' was first put up, and its purchase by Lord N., then a young man, unknown among the picture-buyers, at the price of 1575*l.*, made a sensation. Lord Dudley and Ward ran him hard for the 'Fortitude,' for which Lord Dudley and Ward's mother had sat to Sir Joshua.

Seven years after, Seguier (commissioned by the King) offered double the money Lord N. had paid for these pictures. The offer was refused. Another seven or eight years elapsed, Seguier reappeared, and this time with an offer of three times the original purchase-money, for the National Gallery. The pictures are still in Lord N.'s possession; and these facts are stated on his Lordship's authority. The prices are from Christie's priced catalogue.

[2] I have little doubt this was on the 30th of June, when I find in the pocketbook, "Children, 2. Mr. Mason."

this part of his design, and I hardly recollect ever to have had greater pleasure than I then had in beholding and comparing beautiful nature, both in its reflection and on the canvas. The effect may be imagined, but it cannot be described. The head of the Virgin in this capital picture was first a profile. I told him it appeared to me so very *Correggiesque*, that I feared it would be throughout thought too close an imitation of that master. What I then said, whether justly or not I will not presume to say, had so much weight with him, that, when I saw the picture the next time, the head was altered entirely: part of the retiring cheek was brought forward, and, as he told me, he had got *Mrs. Sheridan* to sit for it to him.

"With the copy Jervas made of this picture he was grievously disappointed. 'I had frequently,' he said to me, 'pleased myself with reflecting, after I had produced what I thought a brilliant effect of light and shadow on my canvas, how greatly that effect would be heightened by the transparency which the painting on glass would be sure to produce. It turned out quite the reverse.' And I must myself own, when I saw the window at Oxford some time before Sir Joshua expressed this sentiment to me, that I had thought precisely as he did. It is true that I saw it when not illuminated by the sun behind it, an advantage which such paintings peculiarly require; I saw it on a dull morning; whereas, supposing the chapel to stand east and west, a bright evening is the proper time to examine it.[1]

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[1] "Mr. Essex agreed with me that Jarvis's window for Oxford, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, will not succeed. Most of his colours are opaque, and

"The day of opening the Exhibition that year, when this picture was in hand, approached too hastily upon Sir Joshua, who had resolved that it should then make its public appearance. I saw him at work upon it, even the very day before it was to be sent thither; and it grieved me to see him laying loads of colour and varnish upon it, at the same time prognosticating to myself that it would never stand the test of time, but that it would" . . . .

Here Mason's fragment provokingly breaks off.

Haydon criticised these pictures (when exhibited for the sale after Lady Thomond's death, in 1821) as "having emptiness for breadth, plastering for surface, and portrait individuality for general nature. Reynolds's tone is too much toned. Raffaele is pure and inartificial in comparison. Reynolds is a man of strong feeling, labouring to speak in a language he does not know, and giving a hint of his idea by a dazzling combination of images—Raffaele a master of polished diction who conveys in exquisite phraseology certain perceptions of truth." Yet he says of the 'Charity,' that "it may take its place triumphantly by any Correggio on earth. It is very lovely. The whole series are unequalled by any series of allegorical designs ever painted by an English master."

Sir Joshua attended the King at the Exhibition on

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their great beauty depending on a spot of light for sun or moon is an imposition. When his paintings are exhibited at Charing Cross all the rest of the room is darkened to relieve them. That cannot be done at New College, or, if done, the chapel would be too dark. If there are other lights, the effect will be lost."—(*Walpole*, July 12, 1779.) Walpole is quite right. The window was a great and fundamental mistake. The blunder was repeated in the Italian stained-glass window, with subjects from Dante, in the International Exhibition of 1851.

April the 22nd. The town was still in a ferment, not only about the court-martial on Sir Hugh Palliser, which had followed Keppel's triumph, and Fox's bold motion for the removal of Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty; but even more about the startling murder[1] of Lord Sandwich's mistress, Miss Ray, by Hackman. Since Miss Blandy's parricidal poisoning, twenty-six years before, no crime, not even Dodd's forgery last year, had so excited the town. Hackman, too, was a clergyman, and, unlike Dodd, attempted to cheat the executioner by blowing out his own brains, but ineffectually, and he also was hanged—the second clergyman given to the gallows within a twelvemonth. Hackman was tried on the 16th of April. Boswell was present, and had the great pleasure of describing the scene at the Club next day. Dr. Johnson was in the chair, and the guests included Lord Althorp, Beauclerk, Boswell, Banks, Sir Joshua, and George Steevens. Hackman was the subject of the day. Boswell wound up his description of the trial with an account of the prisoner's peroration:—"I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country award to my crime; but, being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself with penitence and patience to the judgment of Almighty God." "I hope," said Johnson, in a solemn manner, "he shall find mercy." Beauclerk and Johnson quarrelled on the question whether Hackman's being furnished with a brace of pistols was evidence, as Mr. Justice Blackstone had charged the jury, of his intending to shoot two persons. Beauclerk had the best of the argument, and clinched one of his replies with "This is what *you* don't know, and *I* do."

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[1] On the 7th of April.

JOHNSON (after dinner and wine had gone on cheerfully for some minutes): "Mr. Beauclerk, how came you to talk so petulantly to me as 'This is what *you* don't know, but what *I* know?' One thing *I* know, which *you* don't seem to know,—that you are very uncivil."

BEAUCLERK: "Because you began by being uncivil, which you always are."

Johnson did not hear the last words, and dinner went on quietly. But when he remembered, says Boswell, that a young lord and a great traveller were present that day, men of the world with whom he had never dined before,[1] he felt it necessary, lest they too should take liberties with him, to show Beauclerk he was no coward. Hackman was still the topic. His violent temper was pleaded. "It was his business to *command* his temper, as my friend Beauclerk should have done some time ago."

BEAUCLERK: "I should learn of *you*, sir."

JOHNSON: "Sir, you have given *me* opportunities enough of learning when I have been in *your* company. No man loves to be treated with contempt."

BEAUCLERK (with a polite inclination towards Johnson): "Sir, you have known me twenty years, and, however I may have treated others, you may be sure I could never treat *you* with contempt."

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[1] This is incorrect as regards Banks; but it was the Doctor's first time of dining at the Club with Lord Althorp, who had been elected November 27, 1778, with Banks, Windham, and W. Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell). Sir Joshua proposed, and Dr. Johnson seconded, Banks; Sheridan proposed, and Langton seconded, Windham; Dr. Johnson proposed, and Dr. Fordyce seconded, Scott; and Lord Althorp was proposed by William Jones, and seconded by Langton.

JOHNSON: "Sir, you have said more than was necessary."

"Thus it ended" (says Boswell); "and Beauclerk's coach not having come for him till very late, Dr. Johnson and another gentleman (Boswell to wit) sat with him a long time after the rest of the company were gone, and he and I dined at Beauclerk's on the Saturday se'nnight following."

It is interesting to look into "the Club" books, and find the contemporary entries of the guests at the dinners which Boswell records, and Sir Joshua notes in his pocketbook. Besides the guests, it is the practice to state the wine left in the Club cellar after each dinner. We may thus gauge the quantity consumed, *en masse*. Port and claret were the drink of the Club. There were one, two, and even three bottle men among them; but the average consumption all round was about a bottle of claret and half a bottle of port per man. Thus after the dinner of April the 1st, when Fordyce was in the chair, supported by Beauclerk, Gibbon, Reynolds, and Sheridan, six bottles of claret were drunk, and two of port; while at the dinner of the 16th, the seven guests (exclusive of Johnson, then a water-drinker) disposed of seven bottles of claret and four of port. It was this year, at a dinner at Sir Joshua's[1]—on the very day of Hackman's crime—that Johnson had harangued on the qualities of various liquors, and spoke with great contempt of claret, as so weak that a man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk. He is persuaded to drink a glass of it, that he might judge, not from recollection, which might be dim, but from immediate sensation. "Poor stuff!" he declares with a shake of the head. "No, sir, claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavour of brandy is most grateful to the palate; and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him. There are, indeed, few who are able to drink brandy. That is a power rather to be wished for than attained. And yet, as in all pleasure hope is a considerable part, I do not know but fruition comes too quick by brandy. Florence wine I think the worst; it is wine only to the eye; it is wine neither while you are drinking it nor after you have drunk. It neither pleases the taste nor exhilarates the spirits."

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[1] Boswell, sub anno.

Sir Joshua was one of the party at the reconciliation dinner at Beauclerk's, on Saturday, April 24th, with William Jones, Langton, Steevens, Paradise, and Dr. Higgins. There is a conversation on Garrick, which strongly recalls Sir Joshua's imaginary dialogues. Johnson believes that Wilkes is right in the notion that Garrick had no *friend*. He had *friends*. He was too diffused. But Garrick's death was still too recent for harshness to be uppermost to-night. "Garrick was a very good man, the cheerfulest man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness; and a man who gave away freely money required by himself. He began the world with a great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-halfpenny do. But when he had got money he was very liberal." Boswell attempts to convict the Doctor of exaggeration in his lately published eulogy of the actor, "that his death eclipsed the gaiety of nature, and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure." But the Doctor stands out for the exact appropriateness of his panegyric. Sir Joshua carries the Doctor and Boswell home with him in his coach, when Johnson complains of Beauclerk's predominance over his company; "but he is a man who has lived so much in the world, that he has a short story for every occasion; he is always ready to talk, and is never exhausted."

Boswell was at this time living very hard. All Johnson's attempts to make a water-drinker of him had only ended in increasing his attachment to the bottle. Laid up in bed with gout (on April the 26th), his spirits sadly sunk, he supplicates the Doctor to come and sit an hour with him in the evening, as he cannot join the party at Allan Ramsay's. The Doctor comes and brings Sir Joshua with him, and "I need scarcely say," adds the honoured Boswell, "that their conversation, while they sat by my bedside, was the most pleasing opiate to pain that could have been administered." In May, while Sir Joshua was entertaining pleasant parties at Richmond, and while Mr. Gibbon and pretty little Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick were sitting to him, came news that the French, under a crackbrained prince of Nassau, had actually attempted a landing in Jersey, but had been repelled by Lord Seaforth's new raised Highlanders, with the island militia. Yet with our Channel fleet scarcely able to hold the sea against the overwhelming navy of France and Spain, with our ablest admirals throwing up their commands in disgust, and the Admiralty presided over by a luxurious Epicurean, the scandals of whose private life had been lately made matter for the world's gossip by the tragic end of his mistress, the town was gayer than ever. Engagements for clubs, balls, at homes, fill every night of Sir Joshua's time. "There have been three masquerades," writes Walpole (on the 22nd of May), "an Installation, and the ball of the Knights (of the Bath) at the Haymarket this week; not to mention Almack's Festino, Lady Spencer's, Ranelagh and Vauxhall, operas and plays." At many if not most of these entertainments, I have little doubt Sir Joshua was to be seen. He has noted his engagement for the Knights' ball on the 19th. The list of new knights included many of his friends as well as sitters: Sir John Blaquiere, Sir George Howard, Sir John Irwine, Sir William Gordon, Sir William Horne, Sir Guy Carleton, Sir Hector Munro, Sir James Harris; and amongst the old knights present, the Earl of Amherst, Sir George Warren, Lord Bellamont, and Sir Ralph Payne, were ancient or recent occupants of his mahogany chair. The ball was a stately entertainment, at the King's theatre in the Haymarket, attended by more than 1000 guests. "The ladies," says a contemporary account, "were mostly dressed in white, and their heads ornamented with diamonds and a plume of feathers. The ball was opened by the Duke of Cumberland and the Duchess of Devonshire." The ladies' heads were never more exaggerated than now. "Wool, horsehair, paddings, and cushions" were piled a foot and a half high, and over these towered a nodding plume of feathers. Sir Joshua has managed so to modify these erections as to conciliate fashion with beauty. He was noted for this art even at the time.[1] Gibbon, who was now sitting to him, seems to have taken the place formerly filled by Goldsmith, of Sir Joshua's companion to places of amusement, masquerades, and ridottos. Mason was now in town, and is often entertained by Sir Joshua. There is one dinner party (on the 15th) made for him to meet Gibbon and Dunning; and a party at Richmond on the last day of the month, when the other guests are the Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. and Mrs. Vesey (Sir Joshua is still constant to her "chaoses"), their relation Mr. Hancock, Dean Marlay, and Lord Spencer. Indeed, Sir Joshua seems to have been unusually gay this year; and I find one engagement (on the 1st of June) with the Catch Club, when the entertainment for him must have been the dinner rather than the singing.

It is in rather curious contrast, considering the feelings of the Court towards Keppel, that while Sir Joshua was painting the portraits commemorative of his friend's gratitude to Lee and Burke he was honoured with sittings for the first portrait of the Queen he had been asked to paint, the one now in the Royal Academy, and intended to grace the great lecture-room of the new Academy rooms in Somerset House, now rapidly approaching completion. But more interesting now than his entries of sittings at "the Queen's House" is one record of a summer Sunday (June 6th) at Richmond, when Sir Joshua's guests were Keppel, Lee, and Burke. Keppel at this time was full of apprehensions for the safety of England; and the fear of invasion increased as the summer passed into autumn, and a French and Spanish fleet held our ships blockaded in Plymouth. In July three of Sir Joshua's acquaintances and sitters —one of them a sitter of the year—the Duchess of Leinster, Mrs. Damer, and Lady William Campbell, were taken in the Dover and Ostend packet, captured by a French frigate, after a running fight.

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[1] "Was Venus ever chiselled with a high tête, or was ever Euphrosyne or Thalia depicted with a cushion on either of their heads? And yet the ancient sculptors and painters were certainly as good judges of beauty as any modern connoisseurs. But if the ladies will not be satisfied with these authorities, let them consult Sir Joshua Reynolds."—Letter in 'Town and Country Magazine' for 1779, p. 366.

The militia were again in the field; England was dotted with camps; and soldiering was the order of the day. "All the world," writes Walpole, early in September, "are politicians or soldiers, or rather both. Even this little great village is grown a camp. Servants are learning to fire all day long." An invasion which particularly menaced Plymouth, one might have thought, would have had special alarms for Sir Joshua. His favourite niece, too, must have been fluttered when her lover, Mr. Gwatkin, at the beginning of September, marched, with John Vivian and John Beauchamp, at the head of the Gwennap division of Cornish miners, who came up six hundred strong, at the expense of the county gentlemen, to strengthen the garrison of Plymouth. But Sir Joshua found refuge from public anxiety, as usual, in his painting-room.

He writes to Lord Ossory:[1]—

"London, Sept. 21, 1779.

"MY LORD,—I return your Lordship many thanks for the present of venison which I had the honour of receiving to-day, safe, and in perfect good order: it is remarkably fine, and worthy for its beauty to sit for its picture.

"I have been as busy this summer in my little way as the rest of the world have been in preparing against the invasion: from the emptiness of the town I have been able to do more work than I think I ever did in any summer before. My mind has been so much occupied with my business that I have escaped feeling those terrors that seem to have possessed all the rest of mankind. It is to be hoped that it is now all over, at least for this year.

"I beg my most respectful compliments to Lady Ossory. "I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your Lordship's most humble
"and obedient servant,
"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

Lord Upper Ossory was one of the kindliest as well as most accomplished gentlemen of his time; and the charm of his mansion at Ampthill, or his shooting-box at Farming-Woods, was enhanced by the beauty, grace, and intelligence of his countess, Walpole's pet correspondent. Sir Joshua was this year painting Lord Ossory's pretty daughter, Lady Gertrude.[2] He visited the Earl and Countess at Farming-Woods at the close of September, after a short stay at Blenheim. The Earl has recorded in one of his memoranda his impressions of Sir Joshua and some of his circle: "In Italy I became acquainted with Garrick, and, from my earliest youth, having admired him on the stage, was happy to be familiarly acquainted with him, cultivated his society from that time till his death, and then accompanied him to the grave as one of his pall-bearers. He and Mrs. Garrick (I think it was in 1777) have been with us in the country; Gibbon and Reynolds at the same time; all three delightful in society. The vivacity of the great actor, the keen, sarcastic wit of the great historian, and the genuine pleasantry of the great painter, mixed up well together, and made a charming party. Garrick's mimicry of the mighty Johnson was excellent."[1] We have seen from his Garrick Dialogues that Reynolds could take off Johnson too. It is amusing to contrast the Earl's social estimate of Reynolds with that of an acquaintance of Miss Burney's at this time, a Mr. B——y, a pompous old Irish ex-commissary, who had been one of Sir Joshua's sitters, in Minorca, nearly thirty years before. The scene is at Brighthelmstone. Painting is the subject of discussion. Mr. B. speaks of Sir Joshua as if he had been on a level with a carpenter or farrier. "Did you ever see his 'Nativity'?" Mrs. Thrale asks.

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[1] I owe this, and Sir Joshua's other letters to the Earl and Countess of Ossory, to the courtesy of Lord Lyveden.

[2] Engraved as Sylvia, the Mountain Maid. He had painted her as a child of three or four, crouching with a bunch of grapes in her hand. Both

"No, madam; but I know his pictures very well. I knew him many years ago, in Minorca: he drew my

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pictures are at Farming-Woods (Lord Lyveden's), in excellent condition.

[1] Quoted by Lord Lyveden in a note to Walpole, February 1, 1779.

picture there, and then he knew how to take a moderate price; but now, I vow, ma'am, 'tis scandalous—scandalous, indeed! to pay a fellow here seventy guineas[1] for scratching out a head!"

Dr. Delap reminds him that he must not run down Sir Joshua, because he is Miss Burney's friend. "Sir, I don't want to run the man down: I like him well enough in his proper place: he is as decent as any man of that sort I ever knew; but for all that, Sir, his prices are shameful. Why, he would not," looking at the poor Doctor with an enraged contempt—"he would not do *your* head under seventy guineas!" Mrs. Thrale declares too much could hardly be paid for such a portrait as Mr. Stuart's in the last Exhibition. "What stuff is this!" exclaims Mr. B——y; "how can two or three dabs of paint ever be worth such a sum as that?" "Sir," says Mr. Selwyn, delighting to draw him out, "you know not how much he is improved since you knew him in Minorca: he is now the finest painter, perhaps, in the world!" Mr. B——y poohpoohs this, and reiterates, he has no objection to the man. "I have dined in his company two or three times: a very decent man he is, fit to keep company with gentlemen; but, ma'am, what are all your modern dabblers put together to one ancient? Nothing! a set of—not a Rubens among 'em! I vow, ma'am, not a Rubens among 'em!"

It is amusing to get such a view of one's hero through the reversed opera-glass. Doubtless there were many people in good society much of Mr. B——y's opinion, that Sir Joshua's prices were ridiculous, and the man himself, "though a very decent man," absurdly over-rated. However, the best company of his time thought differently. His popularity in society was never greater than now,[1] and his engagements are almost nightly. The circle continues the same. Miss Monckton, who was sitting to Sir Joshua this year,[2] is an addition to the body of Blues. This was the daughter of Viscount Galway, who, under her married title as Countess of Cork, was as conspicuous for her oddities and eccentricities among the lion-hunters of this century[3] as of last. Her mother, the Dowager Lady Galway, indulged her taste for collecting all the extraordinary or curious people in London to her conversaziones, which deserved Horace Walpole's title of chaoses more even than Mrs. Vesey's. "They mix the rank and the literature," says Miss Burney, "and exclude all besides." It is necessary to compare Miss Burney's pen-and-ink portrait[4] with that on Sir Joshua's canvas. "Miss M. is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed; rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing everything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror." Sir Joshua's portrait has the vivacity and beauty here suggested; and the brilliancy of the cheek may be referred to rouge. The action is rather forced than easy; and the lady being painted sitting, her fatness is not so apparent.

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[1] Sir Joshua's prices were still 36*l.* 10*s.* for a three-quarters or head; 52*l.* 10*s.* for a Kit-kat; 73*l.* 10*s.* for a half-length; and 157*l.* 10*s.* for a whole-length.

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[1] Among other proofs of it I may mention his figuring in the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of the time as the hero of one of the "Tête-à-têtes" in the 'Town and Country Magazine.' (See the Tête-à-tête for August, 1779: 'The modern Apelles and the amiable Laura.')

[2] For the fine engraved full-length of her at Mr. Monckton's, Fineshade Abbey, Northamptonshire, one of the best preserved full-lengths I have seen.

[3] She died in May, 1840, having survived her husband forty-two years.

[4] Drawn in 1782. A capital picture of an assembly at Miss Monckton's will be found in Miss B.'s Diary, vol. i. p. 153.

With Lord Granby (who this year succeeded to the dukedom of Rutland) he dines frequently; and Lord Suffolk, Lord Newhaven, Lord Harcourt, and the Duke of Hamilton (who in June brings to Sir Joshua's the bride[1] he married in April), are other additions of the year to his visiting-list. The quality of Sir Joshua's work, judging it by the pictures I have seen, was never higher than now. Such full-lengths as the admirably characteristic one of the Countess of Bute (walking in the garden, umbrella in hand, a proof how little inclined the painter was, sometimes, to sacrifice character to beauty), those of Lady Louisa Manners, Lady Jane Halliday, and Miss Monckton; such half-lengths as those of Primate Robinson,[2] Admirals Keppel[3] and Barrington;[4]

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[1] She was the youngest daughter of Mr. Peter Burrell (of Beckenham, in Kent), a Commissioner of Excise, the singular rise of whose family, by great marriages, exceeded even that of the Gunnings. Though the eldest and only beautiful sister married a commoner (Mr. Bennett), her three sisters, modest, good, and amiable, but not beautiful, became Lady Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, and Duchess of Hamilton; while the son (who had married Lady Elizabeth Bertie, sister of the Duke of Ancaster, to whom, on her brother's death by fever this year, reverted the barony of Willoughby d'Eresby, with the inherited office of Great Chamberlain of England) was raised to the peerage in 1796 as Lord Gwydir. (*See* Wraxall, 'Posthumous Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 19.)

[2] The one at Lord Rokeby's, in hat and walking dress, with a landscape background.

[3] Repeated four or five times.

[4] Now at Greenwich Hospital. This

such heads as those of Lady Beaumont and Gibbon;[1] such fancy subjects as the Sylvia and the Una, are, in their several styles, unsurpassed among the master's pictures.

List of Sitters for 1779.

January.

Boy, Girl; Girls; Mother and Child; Girl, red hair; Children (Nativity models); Lady Mary Grenville and Master Grenville; Mr. Bampfylde.[2]

February.

Nativity models; Lady Louisa Manners; Lady Jane Halliday; Murphy and Malone; Master and Miss Parker; Miss Hanbury; the Primate of Ireland (Dr. Robinson); Mr. Smyth (Dilettanti picture).

March.

Lady Beaumont; Mr. Milbanke; Lady Ilchester; Lord Wentworth.[3]

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was one of the pictures referred to by Northcote, in which the sky was painted with a colour which turned green, though bought by Sir Joshua of a foreign colourman as ultramarine. Sir Joshua repainted the sky. The Hon. G. Barrington has kindly furnished me with the following letter on the subject from Sir Joshua to the second Viscount Barrington:—

"Leicester Fields, June 24th.

"My Lord,—I am sorry that the hurry of business has prevented me from returning the pictures before. I have *endeavoured* to repair Mr. Barrington's in the best manner I can. In regard to the Admiral's picture, I could *scarce* believe it to be the picture I painted, the effect was so completely destroyed by the green sky. This was occasioned by a blunder of my colourman, who sent blue verditer (a colour which changes green within a month), instead of ultramarine, which lasts for ever. However, I have made such a background now as I think best corresponds with the head, and sets it off to the best advantage.

"I am, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

"Joshua Reynolds."

[1] The engraved picture in Lord Sheffield's possession; repeated more than once. Malone bears evidence to its fidelity, in a note which preserves a curious trait of Gibbon's indolence:—"Mr. Gibbon, the historian, is so exceedingly indolent that he never even pares his nails: his servant, while Gibbon is reading, takes up one of his hands, and, when he has performed the operation, lays it down, and then manages the other, the patient, in the mean while, scarcely knowing what is going on, and quietly pursuing his studies. The picture of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the prints made from it, are as like the original as it is possible to be."—*Maloniana.*

[2] One of Sir Charles's brothers.

[3] Edward Baron Wentworth, of Wellsborough and Nettlebed. Sir Ralph Milbanke married his sister. The friends were sitting at the same time.

April.

Nativity models, including the Ox; Lady Cornwall; Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick.

May.

Mr. Gibbon; Duchess of Leinster; the King; Admiral Keppel; Lord Townshend.

June.

Lady Townshend; the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton; Lady Worsley; Lord Mountstuart.

July.

No new sitters; hard at work repainting Nativity, and busy with sittings of Gibbon, Malone, Keppel, and Lord Wentworth.

August.

No new sitters; working from Nativity models, old man and infants.

September.

Still on Nativity models and Keppel's portraits. At Blenheim and Farming-Woods, the Earl of Upper Ossory's, during the latter part of the month and part of October.

November.

Mr. Macpherson; Admiral Barrington;[1] Countess of Bute.

December.

The Queen; Lord Chatham; Mrs. Armstead; the Prince of Wales.[2]

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[1] Within a month of his arrival in town (slightly wounded) as the bearer of despatches from Admiral Byron, with news of the indecisive action between our West India fleet (in which Barrington commanded a division) and the superior French West India squadron under Count d'Estaing and Monsieur de la Motte Piquet.

[2] At this time reputed to be *en liaison* with Mrs. Armstead.

CHAPTER VIII.

1780—1784. ÆTAT. 57—61.

(1780) Work of the year — Keppel portraits — At Belvoir — General Oglethorpe — Beauclerk's death — Johnson's Diary — The Academy at Somerset House — Exhibition of the year — The three Ladies Waldegrave — May engagements — Letter to Pocock — The No-Popery riots — Princess Daschkaw — Out of town — At Bagshot with Keppel, and at Spitchwick with Dunning — Address on opening the schools — The Tenth Discourse — Sitters of the year — (1781) The Streatham portraits — Letter to W. Johnson — Offy married — A day at Sir Joshua's with Miss Burney — The Thais — Thrale's death — Mrs. Garrick reopens her house — The Exhibition — Tour to the Low Countries, Holland, and the Rhine — Opie's appearance in London — Sitters of the year — (1782) Conspicuous sitters — Mrs. Robinson — Colonel Tarleton — Beckford — The Fair Greek — Dr. Adam Ferguson — Second Rockingham Administration — Notes on Du Fresnoy — A boy critic — The Exhibition — Peter Pindar's Odes — T. Warton's lines on the New College Window — With Burke and the Burneys at Richmond — Sits to Gainsborough — Has a stroke of the palsy — Mrs. Siddons — A pleasant dinner in Leicester Fields — The Eleventh Discourse — Sitters of the year — (1783) Obituary notice of Moser — A compliment from Erskine — Johnson failing — Crabbe's early days — Barry's Exhibition — His insinuations against Sir Joshua, and recantation — The Exhibition — Peter Pindar again — Jarvis's Exhibition — Johnson palsy-struck — The Coalition Ministry — At Nuneham — Second visit to the Continent — Mrs. Siddons sits for the Tragic Muse — Quarrel with Valentine Green — Pictures paid for this year — (1784) Full of work — Fox's portrait — Downfall of the Coalition — Gainsborough's quarrel with the Academy — Johnson's last Academy dinner — The Exhibition — Press critiques — Cooper's miniature of Milton — Reference of Rodney's statue to the Academy — Good offices to Johnson — Sir Joshua succeeds Ramsay as King's painter — The King's dislike of Reynolds — Johnson's death — Reynolds's character of him — The Twelfth Discourse — Sitters in 1784.

[1780.—THROUGHOUT January Sir Joshua was still engaged on the Nativity, which may be said to have been entirely repainted after its return from the Academy Exhibition. It was not fairly out of hand till the May of this year. Admiral Keppel, too, gave him further sittings. This was after he had finished the pictures for Lee and Burke. It would seem, therefore, that his four or five portraits of Keppel at this date were not strictly copies or repetitions, but distinct portraits, into all of which Sir Joshua, from respect and regard for his sitter and the occasion, put new work of his own hands. This accounts for the even merit of all these portraits, of which I believe it to be quite impossible, from the pictures themselves, to determine which is the best, or was the first painted. From the 10th to the 27th Sir Joshua was the guest of the young Duke and Duchess of Rutland, at Belvoir. The Duke was one of the most hospitable and sumptuous nobles of the day. The Duchess, a daughter of the house of Beaufort, was one of the most brilliant beauties of a time which gave her for rivals such women as the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Craven, the Countess of Jersey, Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Sheridan. The Duke had succeeded to the title only the year before; and Sir Joshua had painted, and been the friend of, his father, the celebrated Marquis of Granby. He this year painted the Duchess, and her two eldest children, the Marquis of Granby and Lady Elizabeth. Both pictures were burnt at Belvoir in October, 1816; but the Duchess's portrait has been well engraved by Valentine Green; and a copy of the children's picture, by Smirk, should survive. But for that fire Belvoir would be one of the richest in Reynolds's works of all our English mansions.[1]

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[1] I find in Sir Joshua's price-book, —Duke of Rutland for children, 200 guineas; for Mr. Thoroughton (Thoroton, a friend and connection of the

The Dilettanti groups were still in hand; and jolly Sir Watkin Wynne was sitting to Sir Joshua in February. General Oglethorpe, whose portrait was a commission from the Duke of Rutland, began his sittings in March. There are few more remarkable figures in the Johnsonian circle than this gallant old soldier. He was now in his eighty-third year, and had used through his long life the powers of a singularly benevolent, vivacious, and observant mind, on men and books, at home and abroad, in services of peace and war. He had served while a lad of seventeen under Eugène[2] and Marlborough. The war over, his ardour of enterprise had put him at the head of the founders of Georgia

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family), 50 guineas; for the Duchess of Rutland, 150 guineas; paid for the Duke of Rutland's children, to Mr. Smirk, 20 guineas (these in June, 1780, and June, 1781). December 26, 1781, Dean of Raphoe, 52*l.* 10*s.*; May, 1782, Duke of Rutland, for Lord Chatham, 200*l.*; Bishop of Rochester, 100 guineas; Duke of Rutland, for Jupiter, 100 guineas; Duke of Rutland, sent to Chevely; Duke of Rutland, for Old Man, Lord Lothian, and Mr. Stanhope, General Oglethorpe and Miss Fisher; Duke of Rutland, for Lord Robert Manners (killed in Rodney's action with Count de Grasse, 12th April, 1782), 110*l.*; ditto for Lady Catherine Manners, given to the Duchess of Beaufort, a tela di testa size, 52*l.* 10*s.* (a sweet child's head, in a cap, engraved by S. W. Reynolds); Duke of Rutland, for Lord Robert Manners, given to Captain Reynolds, 50 guineas. The Duke also commissioned Sir J. to buy pictures and statues for him, to which there is a reference in the entry, "D. of R., debtor for the Dutch pictures, 247*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*; duty paid, 15*l.* 15*s.*" I have copies also of a correspondence (of 1786) between Sir Joshua and the Duke's solicitor, touching the payment for a statue of Neptune purchased at Rome for the Duke through Sir Joshua.

[2] Boswell has an anecdote showing his high spirit and self-control, even at that age. A Prince of Wirtemberg filliped some wine into his face at table. "To have challenged him instantly," says Boswell, "might have fixed a quarrelsome character on the young soldier; to have taken no notice might have been considered cowardice." Oglethorpe looked the Prince in the face, smiled, and said in French, 'Mon Prince, that is a good joke, but we do it much better in England,' and flung the contents of his glass in the Prince's face. An old General who sat by prevented ill consequences, saying, '*Il a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé.*'

in 1732, where he built Savannah, and, by his admirable rule, earned the praise of Pope,[1] and a place he has not yet lost in the affections of the Georgians. His subsequent military career against the rebels in the '45 was unfortunate. Loyal soldier as he was, Oglethorpe was a Jacobite in principles; and it was believed that his sympathy with the cause of the Stuarts had paralysed his ardour against Charles Edward. He had befriended the early literary efforts of Johnson when he was friendless and unknown, and Johnson was warmly grateful as long as he lived. Of immense and restless energy, so quick in ideas as to seem inconsequent and abrupt, General Oglethorpe, high Tory, Jacobite as he was, lived in friendly intimacy with Burke, Reynolds, Sheridan, and Fox, as well as with Johnson. He survived Johnson by a year, dying in June 1785. His portrait has never been engraved, and perished in that disastrous fire at Belvoir which destroyed so many fine works of Sir Joshua's. Among Sir Joshua's engagements this spring I find several for dinners and evening-parties at Topham Beauclerk's, one of the most brilliant wits and finest gentlemen of the Club. I find he presided at the first meeting this year (on the 14th of January), when Fox, Reynolds, Gibbon, Steevens, and Scott composed the party. He dines again on the 17th; but after that the Club records do not contain his name, though he was one of the most regular round "the brown table" at the Turk's Head. He was ailing through March. Johnson, who had "frisked" with him, and submitted to his freedoms as he did to no other man's, and who was fascinated by his manners, parts, and ready wit, sorrowed over him like a father. "I would walk the length of the earth's diameter to save Beauclerk." He died on the 11th of March. I find Sir Joshua was at Mrs. Vesey's on the 16th, when Lord Althorp, remarking to Johnson "that the Club had had a great loss since its last meeting," was answered, "A loss that perhaps the whole nation could not repair." The Doctor admitted at Mr. Thrale's that he had felt himself more disposed to envy Beauclerk's talents than those of any man he had ever known. Beauclerk, and his beautiful and accomplished wife Lady Di, who was herself an artist of no mean merit, had been watching to its close, just as the year began, Sir Joshua's beautiful picture[1] of their little daughter Elizabeth (afterwards Countess of Pembroke), as Una, sitting in a wooded landscape, with the lion by her side. The death of Anthony Chamier this year made another gap in the cordial circle at the Turk's Head, though Mr. Chamier's visits had been rare for some time before his death.

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[1] "One urged by strong benevolence of soul
Will fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

Langton's letter informing Boswell of Beauclerk's death gives a striking picture of Johnson at Mrs. Vesey's, in a circle including, among the women, the Duchess-dowager of Portland and the Duchess of Beaufort, her sister Mrs. Leveson Gower, and her mother Mrs. Boscawen, Lady Lucan, Lady Clermont: among the men, Lord Althorp, Lord Macartney, and Lord Lucan; Sir Joshua, Warren, Pepys, Dr. Barnard, and

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[1] Now in the gallery of Lord Normanton.

Wraxall; with the company gathered four and five deep round the old Dictator's chair, listening while he rolled out his oracles, or dealt his swashing blows. This March was a very busy month with Sir Joshua. Besides General Oglethorpe and the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Cornewall (whose husband had sat in 1761 as Master Amyand), Miss Ingram (afterwards Lady Beauchamp), Lady Beaumont (the amiable and accomplished wife of Sir George), Prince William of Gloucester (whose mother he had painted so often as Lady Waldegrave), Mrs. Harcourt, Lord Temple, and Sir W. Molesworth occupied his chair. At the same time he was more in society than ever. Johnson's description (in his diary for Mrs. Thrale) of his life at this time (April) might serve exactly for Sir Joshua: indeed, I find in the pocket-book engagements for most of the very parties enumerated by the Doctor. "How do you think I live? On Thursday (20th) I dined with Hamilton, and went thence to Mrs. Ord; on Friday, with much company, at Mrs. Reynolds's ('Renny dear,' now living by herself in Dover Street); on Saturday, at Dr. Bell's; on Sunday, at Dr. Burney's; at night came Mrs. Ord, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Greville, &c.; on Monday, with Reynolds;[1] at night with Lady Lucan; to-day, with Mr. Langton; to-morrow, with the Bishop of St. Asaph ('who comes to every place'); on Thursday, with Mr. Bowles; Saturday, at the Academy; Sunday, with Mr. Ramsay." On Friday, the 28th day of April, before the Academy dinner, the King had visited the

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[1] The pocketbook has "4. Dr. Johnson, Lady Lucan."

Exhibition at ten in the morning, and, by a special vote of the Council, the Bishop of Winchester and Horace Walpole were allowed to see the pictures after two on the same day. This was a memorable year for the Academy—the first of their exhibiting at Somerset House. Till now, though the keeper had had apartments, and the schools some accommodation, in the old buildings of Somerset Place, the Exhibition had been held in its original quarters in Pall-Mall, once Dalton's print-warehouse, close to Carlton House. It was henceforth to be more splendidly accommodated in new Somerset House, just completed from the designs of Sir W. Chambers. Now that the Academy has again shifted its abode, it seems worth while, in connection with Sir Joshua, to describe from contemporary accounts[1] the home into which it moved this year. The right wing of the new building, fronting on the Strand, was appropriated to the Academy. The entrance was from the vestibule. The exhibition-rooms for sculpture and drawings were on the ground-floor, and were without ornament. On the first landing of the stairs was a painting by Cipriani, in *grisaille*, imitating bas-relief, of the Arts and Sciences. On the first floor the library was first entered—a small room, with the ceiling painted by Sir Joshua—a figure of Theory,[2] seated on clouds, holding a scroll, inscribed, "Theory is the knowledge of what is truly nature;" in the coves four figures by Cipriani symbolising 'Design,' 'Character' (!), 'Commerce,' and 'Plenty;' over the chimney-piece a bust of the King, by Carlini; under it a bas-relief of Cupid and Psyche, by Nollekens. The room was further ornamented by casts from Ghiberti's Gates, and cases of stuffed owls and hawks, on which the critic is pleased to break into a series of satiric witticisms. Next to this was the Antique Academy, with its casts and models, otherwise unadorned, opening into the lecture-room, spacious, elegant, and well proportioned, the ceiling painted in compartments by West, with 'the Graces unveiling Nature' in the centre, and round them 'the Elements.' In four small corner-circles heads of Apelles, Archimedes, Apollodorus, and Phidias, by the clever ornamentist Biaggio Rebecca, now an Associate. At each end figures by Angelica Kauffmann, of 'Genius,' 'Design,' 'Composition,' and 'Painting;' the first leaning on a celestial globe, and expressing rapture of invention; Design drawing from the torso; Study (a composition), with the chess-board and other emblems; and Painting colouring from the rainbow. At the end of this room, fronting the door, hung Sir Joshua's full-lengths of their Majesties,[1] the first royal commission, and the only portraits of the King and Queen, I believe, he ever had *sittings* for, though he painted many, or rather had many painted for him by his journeymen: near them Copley's Samuel and Eli: over the chimney West's Raising of Lazarus: in the right-hand corner Mason

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[1] See 'A Candid Review of the Exhibition,' which, besides a full description of the rooms, contains a more detailed and ambitious effort of criticism than the Exhibition had yet called forth. The newspaper notices up to this time were of the most perfunctory and jejune kind.

[2] A direct plagiarism from one of Raphael's fresco-figures in the S. M. del Popolo.

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[1] Horace Walpole notes on his catalogue, "This was the first time the King had sat to Sir J., though numberless times to other painters."

Chamberlain's portrait of Dr. W. Hunter: next it, Reynolds's portrait of himself, a duplicate of the picture sent to Florence; and by his side the President's fine portrait of Sir W. Chambers: next the door, on the right, Dominick Serres's picture of the Relief of Gibraltar by Rodney, in January 1780. These were the beginnings of the collection of diploma-pictures, begun in 1770, thenceforward rigidly exacted. At the top of the next flight of stairs was the great exhibition-room, lighted by a skylight 60 feet by 50, with four arched windows, the ceiling (beyond the skylight) painted with a tender sky, and in the corners emblematical figures, by Catton, of Geometry, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. The great room was entered from a small ante-room lighted by an arched window. Over the door, on the staircase, a group of Minerva and the Muses, by Cipriani. Over the door into the great room, a medallion of their Majesties' heads, in bas-relief, supported by Design and Painting, and a motto (altered from the Pythagorean direction): *οὐδεὶς ἄμουσος εἰσίτω.*[1]

The dinner-list was enlarged for the inauguration of the new rooms, from the sixty-four of the year before to ninety. Johnson was at the dinner, as well as at the opening on the first of May. "The Exhibition!" he writes in his diary for Mrs. Thrale: "how will you do, either to see, or not to see? The Exhibition is eminently splendid. There is *contour* and *keeping*, and *grace* and *expression*, and all the varieties of artificial excellence. The apartments were truly very noble.

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[1] "Let none uncultured enter." Μηδεὶς would have been better Greek.

The pictures, for the sake of a skylight, are at the top of the house: there we dined; and I sat over-against the Archbishop of York."

Now the Exhibition was removed to rooms provided for it at the public expense, the Council thought it expedient again to plead (as they had done in their first catalogue) the danger of overcrowding as a reason for not admitting the public gratis. The Exhibition in the new rooms was more numerously attended than ever: 3069*l.*, more than twice the amount yet taken in any one year, being received in entrance-money. Public attention, too, was more prominently attracted to the Exhibition from its emigration to Somerset House. The newspaper notices become more elaborate; and critical pamphlets on the pictures, serious or satirical, from this time make their appearance. 'The Candid Review,' already quoted, was the gravest of these, and is written in a spirit very favourable to the Academy, if not, as one would almost suppose from its tone, immediately under Academic auspices. The painters did their best to make their first Exhibition in Somerset House attractive.[1] Gainsborough was in great force, sending six landscapes, on which H. Walpole[2] in his catalogue-notes exhausts his epithets of admiration: "Very spirited," "Very charming," "As admirable as the great masters." One of these was the magnificent 'Horses drinking at a trough,' now in Lord Lonsdale's possession; and another represented 'a Review on Warley Common.' Besides his landscapes, Gainsborough exhibited portraits of General Conway, a commission from the States of Jersey, of which island the General was now Governor; Mr. Fossett, the Rev. Mr. Stephens, Crossdell the violoncello player, Madame le Brun, first woman singer at the opera; Henderson the actor, studying a part; Mrs. Beaufoy; Bate, the notorious editor of the 'Morning Post;' and a Mr. George Coyte, against which Walpole has written 'Alive.' West, besides portraits of the Royal Children, and of his Majesty, with two general officers on horseback, and the Royal Navy in the background (more allusion to the military excitement of the time), sent his 'Battle of the Boyne,' and his 'La Hogue,' his best historical works after the 'Death of Wolfe,' with an Ægisthus, and the 'Raising of Lazarus,' summarily but justly despatched by Walpole[1] as "hard, glaring, and no harmony." H. Bunbury sends a series of subjects from soldier-life, including a 'Visit to the Camp,' and a 'Camp-toilet;' and, among Richard Wilson's landscapes, a Review on Wimbledon Common figures with an Apollo and the Seasons, and a View in St. James's Park, with Gipsies. Zoffany's picture of the Tribune of Florence, giving miniature copies of the most famous pictures and statues of that famous collection, was the subject of almost as much curiosity as his picture of the Royal Academicians eight years before. Fuseli was now a regular contributor to the Exhibition. It is amusing to read Horace Walpole's notes on his pictures. On his 'Satan starting from the touch of Ithuriel's Spear,' exhibited this year, he writes, "Extravagant and ridiculous." He did not quite know whether to treat such work as the result of conscious bombast or insanity. Walpole has set a cross, but no remark, against Flaxman's sketch for a monument of Chatterton (the youthful poet dying in the arms of one Muse, while another stands weeping by), which, the 'Candid Review' says, "possesses infinite merit," the first praise of Flaxman I have met with in contemporary printed criticism. The Candid Reviewer also detects the merit of Stothard, remarking that "he seems to have made Mortimer his study, and has discovered a strong, promising genius, with great knowledge of composition and anatomy."

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[1] Horace Walpole notes on his catalogue, "Fine Exhibition, with excellent pictures by Gainsborough, and several good by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Loutherbourg, Zoffany, Wright, and others. This was the first exhibition at Somerset House. N.B. Mr. Romney, now in great vogue, sent none of his pictures to either of the exhibitions."

[2] It is to the credit of Walpole's taste that he always expresses the highest admiration of Gainsborough's landscapes, even when the public was indifferent to them.

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[1] Another ground of respect for Walpole's judgment of pictures, besides his appreciation of Gainsborough's landscapes, is his unvarying condemnation of West, at a time when his works were highly esteemed.

Copley, now engaged on his Death of Chatham (which the Candid Reviewer hopes will be finished against next Exhibition), sent only one picture, his portrait of Major Montgomery, "who signalised himself by the destruction of the Cherokee settlements last war." The Major was painted in his Highland uniform, with the blazing wigwams for a background. Sir Joshua did not send so many pictures as Gainsborough, contenting himself with his Lady Beaumont ("well," W.), his head of Gibbon ("good and like," W.), and the Earl of Cholmondeley; his full-length of Lady Worsley, in Hants militia uniform; Miss Beauclerk as Una ("very sweet," W.); and a standing full-length, in Vandyke dress[1] of the youthful Prince William Frederick, son of the Duke of Gloucester ("well, but too washy," W.); and the finished design of Justice, for the Oxford window. The selection illustrated Sir Joshua's variety, and included at least one of his most characteristic heads—that of Gibbon—and one of his sweetest fancy pictures, the Una.

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[1] Now in possession of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is very silvery, and has lost the "washiness" noticed by Walpole.

Among the portraits in the Exhibition was a group, by Ozias Humphrey, of two of Horace Walpole's beautiful grand-nieces, the Ladies Maria and Horatia Waldegrave, daughters of his niece, now Duchess of Gloucester, whom we have seen so constant a sitter to Sir Joshua. Walpole was dissatisfied with Humphrey's picture: "Both too old," he notes in his catalogue; "and Lady Horatia not near so handsome as she is." He had commissioned Sir Joshua to paint the three lovely sisters on one canvas; and while the Exhibition was attracting crowds Reynolds was already hard at work on the lovely Lady Laura. She had sat to him as an infant of a year old, crouching on her mother's bosom; now she was a woman, as lovely as her mother had been. He never had more beautiful sitters; and in none of his pictures has he done more justice to beauty. Their bright faces are made to tell with wonderful force, by the white dresses and powdered têtes worn by all three. They are sitting round a work-table. Lady Laura, in the centre, winds silk on a card from a skein held by Lady Horatia; while Lady Maria, on the right, bends over her tambouring-frame. The action admits of a natural arrangement of the heads, in full-face, three-quarters, and profile; and it is impossible to conceive an easier, prettier way of grouping three graceful, high-bred young ladies. It is lucky that Sir Joshua's idea was allowed to prevail over Walpole's, who wanted to have them drawn "as the Graces adorning a bust of the Duchess as the Magna Mater,"[1] unless, indeed, this was a mere fetch to pay the Duchess a compliment. Writing while the picture was in its earliest stage, Walpole calls it "charming," and "very like;" but, speaking of it (three years after[2]), while dwelling on the slovenliness which Sir Joshua's generalising theories had engendered, he is less complimentary. The hands, he says, "are abominably bad; and though the effect of the whole is charming, the details are slovenly, the faces only red and white; while Sir Joshua's journeyman, as if to distinguish himself, has finished the lock and key of the table, like a Dutch flower-painter." There is some ground for this: the hands *are* slight, and the slightness of execution in the figures scarcely in keeping with the high finish of the accessories, probably from the hand of Powell or Score. But Walpole could hardly have selected a work of Reynolds's in which the slightness so little detracts from the exquisite charm of the whole picture. Indeed, it will be felt by many, in this case, to enhance the impression both of grace in the subject and power in the master. Walpole (if we may trust Pinkerton's recollection) complained of Sir Joshua's price; and he loved his money and a bargain enough to have allowed this to influence his criticism, had he really paid 800 guineas for the picture. But I think this quite improbable, if not demonstrably untrue.[3] Horace Walpole both admired his grand-nieces for their beauty, and loved them for their gentle and amiable qualities. Singularly enough, while Lady Maria had been "thrown over" by Lord Egremont, Lady Horatia, when she sat to Sir Joshua, was still drooping under the shock of the recent and sudden death of the young Duke of Ancaster, to whom she had been engaged;[1] and Lady Laura, too, was suffering under a disappointment at the hands of Lord Caermarthen, son of the Duke of Leeds. I think, however, one may detect more of the gentle sadness which Walpole attributes to Lady Horatia in Lady Maria's profile bending over the embroidery-frame, and more of the spirit of Maria[2] in Lady Horatia's three-quarter face turned round to the spectator.

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[1] Walpole to Mason, May 28, 1780.

[2] Walpole to Mason, February 10, 1783.

[3] Walpole to Lord Harcourt, Oct. 1779. He said to Pinkerton, "Sir Joshua gets avaricious in his old age.

It was not the fashion of Reynolds, as it is of so many painters, to rest from his labours while the Exhibition was open. On the contrary, May was usually his busiest month; and he was never more closely occupied than in

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My picture of the young Ladies Waldegrave is, doubtless, very fine and graceful, but it cost me 800 guineas." ('Walpoliana,' quoted by Cunningham, note on letter of May 28.) Now Sir Joshua's price for a *full-length* was at this time 150 guineas, and for a half-length 70 guineas. The Ladies Waldegrave are very full half-lengths. The only entry in the price-book on account of the picture is dated June 1782 (when the picture was *finished*): "The Lady Waldegraves, paid by H. Walpole, 315*l*.;" and this I believe to have been the full sum paid.

[1] "You will be charmed, I flatter myself, with poor Horatia, who is not at all well, but has behaved with a gentleness, sweetness, and modesty that are lovely. She has had no romantic conduct, concealed all she could, and discovered nothing she felt but by her looks. She is now more pleasing, though she looks ill, by her silent softness, than before, by her youthful vivacity. Maria, almost as much wounded, and to be pitied, carries off another kind of misfortune with a noble spirit."

[2] "These three charming girls," writes Walpole, "inherit more of their mother's beauty than her fortune. Each has missed one of the first matches in this country: Lady Laura, Lord Caermarthen; Lady Maria, Lord Egremont; and Lady Horatia, the Duke of Ancaster; after each had proposed and been accepted." Lady Maria married, in 1784, the Earl of Euston; Lady Laura married her cousin, Lord Chewton; and Lady Horatia, Lord Hugh Seymour.

the May of this year. Sir W. Molesworth; Sir W. James, the hero of Fort Goriah, the conqueror of Angria the great Indian pirate; Lady Laura Waldegrave; Miss Ingram; Lady Cornewall, the wife of Sir George Cornewall of Moccas Court; arch little Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick; the beautiful Mrs. Eckersal; Mrs. Harcourt; the stately Mrs. Musters; the young and brilliant Duchess of Rutland; the octogenarian General Oglethorpe; the accomplished Henry Dundas; Mr. W. Strahan, the printer and friend of Johnson, occupy his chair in uninterrupted succession. But his evening engagements follow each other as closely as his sitters: at his clubs, the Turk's Head, the Devonshire, the Dilettanti, and the British Coffeehouse; with the Blues, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Ord, Mrs. Walsingham, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Boscawen, and Miss Monckton; the beauties, as Lady Craven and the Duchesses of Devonshire and Rutland; at the Duke of Marlborough's, Lord Carlisle's, Lord Harcourt's, Lord Lucan's, and Lord Ossory's; at Mrs. Shipley's, Mrs. Hickey's, and Mrs. Horneck's; with Dunning and Burke, Colman and Malone, Metcalf and Johnson; entertaining parties in Leicester-Fields, or at Richmond; more rarely, running out of town for a day or two, as to Lord Darnley's, at Cobham (16th of June), and never missing an Academy lecture or council; the latter generally wound up with a social supper. But in the midst of work and visiting he found time, soon after the Exhibition opened, to write a long letter of advice to N. Pocock, a young painter who attained some distinction by his sea-pieces.] Pocock had submitted his first attempt in oil to the President, expressing his wish that, if he approved of it, it might be exhibited at the Academy.

"DEAR SIR,—Your picture came too late for exhibition. It is much beyond what I expected from a first essay in oil-colours: all the parts separately are extremely well painted, but there wants a harmony in the whole together; there is no union between the clouds, the sea, and the sails. Though the sea appears sometimes as green as you have painted it, yet it is a choice very unfavourable to the art: it seems to me absolutely necessary, in order to produce harmony, and that the picture should appear to be painted, as the phrase is, from one palette, that those three great objects of ship-painting should be much of the same colour, as was the practice of Vandervelt; and he seems to have been driven to this conduct by necessity.[1] Whatever colour predominates in a picture, that colour must be introduced in other parts; but no green colour, such as you have given to the sea, can make a part of the sky. I believe the truth is, that, however the sea may appear green when you are looking down upon it, and it is very near,—at such a distance as your ships are supposed to be, it assumes the colour of the sky.

"I would recommend to you, above all things, to paint from Nature, instead of drawing; to carry your palette and pencils to the water-side. This was the practice of Vernet, whom I knew at Rome: he there showed me his studies in colours, which struck me very much for that truth which those works only have which are produced while the impression is warm from Nature: at that time he was a perfect master of the character of water, if I may use the expression; he is now reduced to a mere mannerist, and no longer to be recommended for imitation, except you would imitate him by uniting landscape to ship-painting, which certainly makes a more pleasing composition than either alone."

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[1] Northcote questions, and surely with good reason, the propriety of ascribing Vandevelde's practice to "necessity." "Vandevelde was an exquisite imitator of nature, and therefore his pictures have harmony."—ED.

The greater the painter, the more valuable must always be his instruction; though a contrary notion very much prevails, because inferior artists often undertake to teach everything in art, which is nearly everything that cannot be taught. They abound in *infallible* rules, all of which put together are not worth the instruction that is often conveyed in a single word from a great artist. It has always appeared to me that the most valuable part of the constitution of the Royal Academy is that by which the members are made to be, in turn, the teachers. When I was a student I well remember how much I felt the advantage of being able to consult such men as Flaxman, Fuseli, Stothard, and Turner.

Reynolds (and the practice was continued by West) generally received students in the morning, before he began to paint. He criticized what they had to show him, and freely lent them his pictures to copy, though, when they asked such favours (which he never refused), he said, as Northcote told me, "You had better get a Vandyke to copy if you can." Stothard and Turner told me that they were both often in his rooms when students; and I have known painters of less note who enjoyed the same advantage; one of whom said that, on such occasions, his manners were exactly as Goldsmith described them, "gentle, complying, and bland."

Wolcott recommended other artists who had attained eminence, to—

> "Be pleased, like Reynolds, to direct the blind."

It is not, however, to be wondered at that he would sometimes speak roughly when provoked at his time being wasted on utterly worthless productions, by persons whom it was charity to deter from any further attempts in art.

[During the terrible week (between Friday the 2nd and Friday the 9th of June) when the capital was in possession of Lord George Gordon's "no Popery" mob, and the horrors of 1666 seemed again to impend over the London of 1780, Sir Joshua had more than the common reasons for anxiety and alarm. Not only was the vengeance of the mob specially vowed against his friends the leaders of the Opposition, more particularly Sir George Savile and Burke, the former the introducer, the latter the active supporter of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which, by leading to the establishment of Protestant Associations in England and Scotland, was the indirect cause of the Gordon riots. Lord Richard Cavendish was sitting to Sir Joshua on the morning of Saturday the 3rd of June. From him, or from Dunning, with whom he dined the same day, Sir Joshua must have heard how the mob the day before had beset Westminster Hall, smashed the coach-windows of the Peers, torn off an archbishop's wig, compelled a venerable prelate to make his escape over the tiles of the house where he had sought refuge, demolished the chariots of Sir Joshua's friends Sir George Savile and Charles Turner, and howled when Lord George Gordon from the staircase communicating with the lobby had denounced Burke to them by name as the chief opponent of their Protestant petitions. On Monday, from his own windows, he must have seen the gutting of Sir George Savile's house on the north side of Leicester-Fields, and the blaze of the bonfires fed by his furniture. The railings from the front of Savile-house were the chief weapons of the mob in their subsequent devastations.[1] Burke's house, in Charles-street, St. James's Square, was doomed to the same fate, and was only saved by a garrison of sixteen soldiers. Still larger garrisons were posted at Lord Rockingham's and Devonshire-house. On "Black Wednesday," the worst day in a week of terror, when the blaze of six-and-thirty great fires lit up the night, their crackling interspersed with the roar of the mob, and the sharp fire of the platoons dispersing the rioters in Southwark, guarding the bridges, or repelling the attacks on the Bank, Sir Joshua (I find from the pocket-book) was at the Academy by ten in the morning. Somerset-house was one of the buildings marked for attack that day, with the royal residences, public offices, and inns of court. Luckily the firmness of the King, in at once acting on Wedderburn's opinion of the lawfulness of employing soldiers to disperse such mobs as then held London, without previous reading of the Riot-Act, and the prompt execution of the royal order by Lord Amherst, had by this time checked the progress of outrage. Before the week was out fashionable London was buzzing about the ruins of Holborn-hill and the Fleet-market; prying among the charred beams of Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury-square, or the blackened remains of Newgate; visiting the cavalry-pickets in the squares, and the camp in St. James's-park, whose tents bordered the ornamental water from the Queen's House to the Horse-Guards.

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[1] Walpole to Cole, June 15, 1780.

During that week Sir Joshua had sittings fixed for Mr. Strahan, the publisher; for Lady Betty Delme (sister to Lord Carlisle), Lady Laura Waldegrave, and Mrs. Campbell. No wonder the appointments between Monday and Thursday have a pen drawn through them. However absorbed in his painting Sir Joshua might be, it is hard to suppose him at his easel during those three days; and yet it would hardly be safe to conclude as much with confidence. Was not Lady Aylesbury at the play in the Haymarket, and the Duke of Gloucester and his step-daughters, Sir Joshua's beautiful sitters, at Ranelagh on the night of Black Wednesday?[1] Did not Sir N. Wraxall and his friend, standing under the wall of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, while the premises of Mr. Langdale, a Roman Catholic distiller, were blazing, observe a watchman walk by at his usual pace, quietly calling the hour? It is hard to say what *will* break in on habit and routine. Carlyle is fond of referring to the country gentleman who was met by one of the armies on the morning of Edgehill fight, riding quietly with his hounds to cover.

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[1] Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, June 7, 1780.

Lady Laura's sittings are resumed on the Thursday, when the town was comparatively calm. She had much to tell Sir Joshua: how she had mounted to the top of Gloucester-house, with her mamma and sisters and uncle Horace, and seen the great fires blazing on Wednesday night over Lambeth; and how the same night the Duke, her stepfather, having gone out in a hackney-coach to see the fires, had been stopped by the mob in Fleet-market and obliged to give them his purse; and how Lady Albemarle had been robbed at aunt Keppel's very door by a horseman,[1] most likely one of the highwaymen let loose when Newgate was burnt.

In the course of June I find Sir Joshua recording more than one evening engagement to a very remarkable lady, the Princess Daschkaw,[2] the ex-confidant and favourite of Catherine II., and the master-spirit of the conspiracy which eighteen years before had made her sole occupant of the Imperial throne. The Princess was now a widow in her forty-sixth year, handsome though short, intelligent, of rare culture, and, as there seems every reason for believing, of noble character:[3] the popular opinion that she was privy to the assassination of Catherine's husband is now known to have been unfounded. Besides enjoying the intimacy of Diderot, and earning the compliments of Voltaire, she corresponded with Garrick, was the friend of Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, and Ferguson; and had resided in Edinburgh while her son was studying in that University, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. She was now returning from a protracted visit to Ireland, and was graciously received by the Royal Family. She had long been out of favour with the Czarina, and had spent the last twelve years in Germany, France, Italy, and England, to which country she professed a great attachment. The Princess was a lover of the arts; and on her return to Russia, two years after this visit to Sir Joshua, was appointed by Catherine, much to her own amazement, President of the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts and Sciences. Whether she was the bearer of any expression of Catherine's admiration for Sir Joshua's genius I am not aware, but that admiration was loudly professed; and we shall hereafter find it leading to a commission from the Czarina. The Princess had her own story to tell of the riots; for her half-brother Woronzow had been taken by the Guards who came to the rescue of M. Cordon, the Sardinian Minister, when the mob that had plundered and burnt his chapel were about to fire his house. Woronzow was reclaimed by the Russian Ambassador, and released, but probably learnt some of the designs of the mob while in their company; for the Princess herself, Walpole says, sent Lord Ashburnham word that his house was marked for destruction. "Merciful tigress!" he adds, in allusion to her supposed privity to the murder of Peter III.; "it is proof he is not an Emperor!"[1]

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[1] Walpole to the Earl of Harcourt, June, 1780.

[2] "Descau" Sir J. spells the name first, afterwards "Descaw," and at last "Daschkaw."

[3] See her interesting Memoirs by Mrs. Bradford, in two vols., Colburn, 1840. Miss Wilmot's letters in the 2nd vol. contain some of the cleverest descriptions of Russian life ever written.

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[1] Walpole to Mason, June 9, 1780. All Walpole's allusions to the Princess are coloured by this unfounded imputation. "That Thalestris," he

Lord Richard Cavendish was sitting to Reynolds in June. Walpole is right in calling it "one of the best, if not the best, of his works." Lord Richard was an Eastern traveller and virtuoso; a man of energetic and manly character. This is admirably expressed in the action, and in the face, which looks keenly out at the spectator, as if with a sudden turn of the head, from a twilight background of Egyptian desert, from which rises the dimly-seen head of the Sphinx. Few will agree, I think, with Walpole that the hand is "abominably bad." Though slightly marked, it is like the head, full of life and vigour.

When town emptied for the autumn, Sir Joshua, who had already paid brief country visits, in June to Lord Darnley at Cobham, and in July to the Duke of Rutland at Cheveley, started for a longer absence in his beloved Devonshire. He was Keppel's guest at Bagshot from the 24th to the 26th of August, and carried the news of his health to Dunning, with whom he spent the 2nd of September at his picturesque seat of Spitchwick, in one of the wildest valleys of Dartmoor, under the rocky tor of Buckland Beacon, and close to the finest scenery of the Dart and Webburn. They must have had much to talk over. It had been a great year for the Opposition. Burke's sweeping projects of economical reform, introduced at the beginning of the session, in speeches of such surpassing mastery, had been carried triumphantly through their early parliamentary stages, to be finally crippled by the dexterous management of the Minister. But in spite of the partial failure of his Esta-

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calls her, and declares he "will not leave his name at her lodgings in Bloodbowl Alley." To the Countess of Ossory, June 1, 1780.

blishments Bill, Burke had never stood on a higher pinnacle, both of fame and usefulness, than this year. Then there was Dunning's great speech of the 6th of April in support of Burke's bill, when he wound up his denunciation of the means by which its effects had been limited to the abolition of the Board of Trade, by the memorable resolution "That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished;" and Lord North, lately so secure in his overwhelming majority, had the mortification of seeing a proposition which, if abstract resolutions could hurt, bore in it the sentence of his own downfall, carried in a crowded house by a majority of thirteen. The very day Sir Joshua arrived at Spitchwick the Ministers, eager to profit by the momentary popularity they hoped from the news of the fall of Charleston to the armies of Clinton and Cornwallis, had suddenly and quite unexpectedly dissolved Parliament. During the remainder of Sir Joshua's visit[1] to the friends and scenes of his youth all must have been electioneering bustle. While he was enjoying the hospitalities of the Parkers at Saltram (where had been lately hung his picture of Mr. Parker's children, the boy's head in which he pronounced "the finest he had ever done"[2]), Burke was experiencing the ingratitude of a selfish constituency at Bristol, and Fox was turning to account in his first Westminster canvass, his popularity, as yet undimmed by his junction with Lord North. It was in this election that Sheridan passed from literary to political life by his return for Stafford. W. Jones,[1] another distinguished member of the Club, and lately tutor to Lord Althorp, was an unsuccessful candidate for Oxford.

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[1] The itinerary from the pocket-book: "Aug. 24th, start for Devonshire; Admiral Keppel, Bagshot; 28th, Wilton; 29th, Blandford; 30th, Exeter. Sept. 1st and 2nd, at Dunning's; 3rd, Tavistoke; dinner at Port Eliot; 4th, General Grey's dinner, Saltram; 5th to 10th, Saltram; 10th, Plympton; 11th and 12th, Mrs. Bastard's; 13th, General Haviland's; 14th, Mount Edgecumbe; 15th, Port Eliot; 18th, General Haviland and Saltram; 19th, General Haviland, Mr. Hale; 20th, Exeter; 21st, Salisbury; Sat. 22nd, London at five."

[2] Letter of the Hon. Anne Robinson to her brother Lord Grantham, quoted in Cotton's 'Reynolds and his Works,' p. 137.

Bearing in mind the close intimacy of Burke, Dunning, and Reynolds, it is pleasant to know that, while Dunning was receiving Reynolds at his beautiful Dartmoor home, Burke from the hustings at Bristol was speaking that noble eulogium on the illustrious lawyer who held in the Shelburne party as high a place as Burke among the Rockinghams.

After boldly declaring, in the teeth of his constituents' prejudices, his adherence to the principles of Roman Catholic relief, as embodied in Sir George Savile's Bill, and painting the character of the great Yorkshire patriot in glowing colours, Burke proceeds,—

"The seconder was worthy of the mover and the motion. I was not the seconder. It was Mr. Dunning, Recorder of this city. I am not afraid of offending a most learned body, and most jealous of its reputation for that learning, when I say he is the first of his profession. It is a point settled by those who settle everything else; and I must add—what I am enabled to say from my own long and close observation—that there is not a man of any profession, or in any situation, of a more erect and independent spirit; of a more proud honour, a more manly mind, a more firm and determined integrity."

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[1] His portrait by Sir Joshua is at Althorp.

Applying the principle *noscitur a sociis* to Reynolds, he never shows more nobly than now, as the friend and companion of Burke and Dunning, in the year in which the one had to make his way to the House, with his life in his hand, through the no-Popery mob, and sacrificed his seat for Bristol to his tolerance and independence, and the other struck his great blow at the corrupt influence of the Crown. It is odd enough that this should have been the year in which, for the first and only time, George III., the deadly enemy of Roman Catholic claims, and the tough assertor of the royal right to buy up the House of Commons, sat to Sir Joshua. We need not go into the question of the King's taste. The painter's associations and intimacies sufficiently explain the roya preference for West and Zoffany.

The public interest in painting had been quickened by the opening of the new and stately home given to the Academy in Somerset House. Walpole, alike as lover of the arts and malcontent Whig, was no doubt glad to pay a hearty tribute to Sir Joshua in the eulogium on English painting which closes the last volume of his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' published this year:—

> "How painting has rekindled from its embers, the works of many living artists demonstrate. The prints after the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds have spread his fame to Italy, where they have not at present a single painter that can pretend to rival an imagination so fertile that the attitudes of his portraits are as various as those of history. In what age were paternal despair and the horrors of death pronounced with more expressive accents than in his picture of Count Ugolino? When was infantine loveliness or embryo passion touched with sweeter truth than in his portraits of Miss Price and the baby Jupiter?"

There has been no better defence of Reynolds, against the often-repeated charge of plagiarism, than Walpole's, in a note to this passage.

"Sir J. Reynolds has been accused of plagiarism for having borrowed attitudes from ancient masters. Not only candour but criticism must deny the *force* of the charge. When a single posture is imitated from an historic picture, and applied to a portrait, in a different dress, and with new attributes, this is not plagiarism, but quotation; and a quotation from a great author, with a novel application of the sense, has always been allowed to be an instance of parts and taste, and may have more merit than the original. . . . Is not there humour and satire in Sir Joshua's reducing Holbein's swaggering and colossal haughtiness of Henry VIII. to the boyish jollity of Master Crewe? One prophecy I will venture to make: Sir Joshua is not a plagiary, but will beget a thousand. The exuberance of his invention will be the grammar of future painters of portraits."

On the 16th of October the winter session of the Academy schools opened for the first time in the new building. The President delivered a short address on the occasion, urging the painters and students to show themselves, by their works, worthy of the "noble habitation" of which the Arts had been permitted to take possession, and venturing the hope that the national glories might at length be enhanced by a School of British Artists. In his argument to show how and why art is essential to true national culture and dignity, Sir Joshua displays his usual fondness for generalisation. "To a mind properly cultivated," he maintains, "whatever is bounded is little." The mind must be carried on step by step, "to the idea of *general* beauty, and the contemplation of *general* truth."

"The art which we profess has beauty for its object; this it is our business to discover and to express; the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual: it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting, but which he is yet so far able to communicate as to raise the thoughts and extend the views of the spectator, and which, by a succession of art, may be so far diffused that its effects may extend themselves imperceptibly into public benefits, and be the means of bestowing on whole nations refinement of taste, which, if it does not lead directly to purity of manners, obviates, at least, their greatest depravation, by disentangling the mind from appetite, and conducting the thoughts through successive stages of excellence, till that contemplation of universal rectitude and harmony, which began by Taste, may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in Virtue."

At the general meeting of the 6th of November G. Stubbs, the distinguished animal-painter (who till now had been a member and principal upholder of the Society of Artists), and P. J. de Loutherbourg—a far more *popular* landscape-painter at this time than either Gainsborough or Wilson—were elected Associates.

On the 10th of December, at the distribution of prizes,[1] Sir Joshua delivered his Tenth Discourse—on Sculpture. It must, I think, be rated low among his Discourses, and shows a very inadequate conception of the subject. It opens with the assumption that sculpture has but one style, an assertion which will astonish students of the Gothic and Renaissance, from the works of the Pisans, and the French cathedral sculptors, down to the workers in terra-cotta and marble, who have flung their wealth of invention so lavishly into the chapels and cloisters of the Certosa. The lecture has its value, however, as showing, by its elaborate exposure of the faults of Bernini and the Flamboyant school, how much Reynolds feared the influence of Roubiliac, the cleverest representative of that style, on our few students of sculpture. The Discourse is not unsound in its criticism of this most vicious school. It insists, well and wisely, on correctness and perfection of form as the essential points of the sculptor's art; and pronounces the perfection of that art to be reached when to these are added grace, dignity, and appropriate expression. But between the Antique and Bernini there might, for all that appears in this Discourse, have been no sculpture whatever. Even the sight of casts from the Gates of Ghiberti, on the walls of the lecture-room, only suggests to Sir Joshua a remark on the deficiency of their light and shadow. Of the works of the Pisan school; of the profuse invention of those nameless men who in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries filled the porches and niches of the cathedrals of England, France, Germany, and Italy with their fair, or quaint, or sublime creations; of the abounding fancy and luxurious wantonings of Renaissance imagination; even of the power of Michael Angelo, there is not a word in this Discourse. It is scarcely necessary to add that the whole historical side of sculpture is ignored. The decisive condemnation of modern dress for statues is not to be wondered at. It was not many years since West's Death of Wolfe had been considered a daring innovation, if not quite below the dignity of history-painting; history-sculpture was even more dignified. Sir Joshua had probably in his mind the statue of the Duke of Cumberland in Berkeley Square when he solemnly says, "In this town may be seen an equestrian statue in a modern dress, which may be sufficient to deter future artists from any such attempt." It is odd that Charles I. at Charing-Cross did not occur to him, on the other side. Had he not seen, too, Verocchio's mighty Colleoni at Venice, on his great horse, "in his armour as he lived"? Time has decided dead against the President. No sculptor now would ever think of clothing a monumental statue in any but the dress of the wearer's time, country, and calling. In 1780 it was just as much the rule to drape English worthies in what passed for toga or paludamentum. But Sir Joshua's theory, if rigidly pressed, is fatal to all clothes whatever. Barry was its only consistent practiser; when he painted *his* Death of Wolfe, in opposition to West's, with the dying General, and all the figures about him, stark naked. I find no note of Reynolds's practice of this year. Judging by examples, Sir Joshua's method was never more judicious, and, on the whole, safer than now. The Ladies Waldegrave, and the Lord Richard Cavendish, are among his best preserved, as well as his most beautiful and vigorous, pictures.

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[1] The subjects and winners of the gold medals in painting and sculpture were—Macbeth (not less than three figures), G. Farington, and the Angels surprising Satan at the ear of Eve, from Paradise Lost (bas relief), T. Deare, a sculptor of rare promise, who died young in Rome. Smith has a notice of him in his 'Life of Nollekens,' vol. ii.

List of Sitters 1780.

January.

(At work on Admiral Keppel); General Sandford; (from 10th to 27th at Belvoir Castle).

February.

Lord Cholmondeley; Lady Temple; Nativity models.

March.

General Oglethorpe; Duchess of Rutland; Lady Cornwall; Mrs. Harcourt; Prince William (of Gloucester);[1] Lord Temple; Sir W. Molesworth; Miss Ingram; Lady Beaumont.

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[1] A child, in a Vandyke dress, now at Trinity College, Cambridge.

April.

Sir W. James.

May.

(Finished the studies for the Oxford window); Lady Laura Waldegrave; Mr. Strahan; Lord Harcourt;[1] Mr. and Mrs. Musters.

June.

Lord Richard Cavendish; (on a visit to Lord Darnley at Cobham).

July.

Burke; Duke of Dorset; Lord Aylesford; (on a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Cheveley).

August.

Lord Lucan; (absent on visit to Devonshire from 24th, to 22nd of September).

October.

Mr. and Master Barwell;[2] Lord Wandesford; Lord Granby and Lady Elizabeth Manners, children of the Duke of Rutland.

November.

Lady Salisbury.

December.

No new sitters.

1781.—As the year opened, Sir Joshua was the Thrales' guest at Streatham, whither the pictures he had painted for the library were now all transferred, except Mrs. Thrale's own portrait, which her "master" did not like. Sir Joshua occasionally worked on his Streatham pictures while a guest in the house—a rare practice with him, though we have seen him doing the same thing at Blenheim. Dr. Burney's portrait (exhibited this year) was now begun, while both painter and sitter were guests of the Thrales.[3] The picture was to be engraved by Bartolozzi, for the Doctor's History of Music; the kindly chatty musician wore his crimson robes as a Mus. Doc., and Sir Joshua began his work, delighting in it, and prophesying (as he so often did on sitting down to a new canvas), that the portrait would be the best of the series. It *is* an admirable portrait,[4] full of life and character;

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[1] In the beautiful picture of Lord, Lady, and General Harcourt, still at Nuneham.

[2] Painted for Warren Hastings.

[3] Miss Burney's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 3, 4.

[4] Now in the possession of Archdeacon Burney.

but this frequent conviction that the work the painter was setting about was to be the best of its kind, is worth remarking, because it shows, I think, with how fresh a spirit Reynolds set about each successive picture. If his practice was tentative and uncertain, its changes were prompted by the untiring pursuit of truth, and by the more fascinating chase of that dream of pictorial perfection which ever reappears, ever to elude the genuine artist. He rarely painted a picture twice in exactly the same way. There were moments when he fancied himself settled ("*stabilito*" is his own word) in his manner of work. There were certain attitudes, lights, arrangements of drapery, certain airs and occupations, which he liked, and has often repeated. At times, again, particular painters were uppermost in his admiration, as Rembrandt[1] at one time (but, as a rule, after 1770); at another, as while painting the Dilettanti groups, Paul Veronese; at another, as while at work on the Nativity, Correggio. But these fancies and models were constantly changing. During the whole course of his long and large practice, it may safely be said that neither the mind nor hand of Reynolds ever slept or stood still. He never fell into dead-alive routine, or mindless repetition. He always painted with keen relish; was ever alive to beauty and character; never unobservant—though often strangely ignorant—of the chemical and mechanical workings of his materials; and ready to record, on the instant, any fresh impression.

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[1] There was a Rembrandt at Althorp (a portrait, if I remember aright, of Vondel, the Dutch poet) which Sir Joshua borrowed (some time about 1770) and had for some years in his possession, and to which (Lord Spencer used to say) Sir Joshua attributed great influence on his practice at one time.

"Stop," he said to a lady,[1] as, turning from his easel on her entrance into his painting-room, he saw a striking effect of half-shadow on the face, from the flat Woffington hat intercepting the high light of the studio window. And as she stood just beyond the doorway, her face half light, half shadow, he had put a clean canvas on the easel, and was rapidly laying in the masses of the portrait. To this happy activity of mind and eye is due that lifelike quality, that "momentariness," individuality, and striking variety, which not only make the study of Reynolds's pictures a succession of fresh, sharp, and delightful impressions, but render them, I think, the pleasantest of all pictures to live with.[2]

With this quick sense of life, character, and effect, was combined a steadiness and placid good sense which must have made Reynolds an excellent point of intersection for a great many various circles. He carried harmonising and fusing elements into an acquaintance unequalled for range and variety, among whom his good sense qualified him admirably for an adviser, though his aversion to worry led him, I doubt not, generally to avoid the office. There is an example of his fitness to advise in a letter written at this time[3] to William Johnson, the eldest son of his sister Elizabeth, now beginning his career in Bengal, and afterwards Clerk to the Crown at Calcutta:—

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[1] Such is the family story—a true one, I doubt not, attached to the portrait of Mrs. Moore (the wife of the author of 'The Gamester'), now in the possession of Dr. Hamilton, of Grafton-street.

[2] Such was the feeling expressed to me by the late Lord Lansdowne: "I have lived with some of my Reynoldses for thirty years and more, and have liked them better and better every day."

[3] Dated January 17th, and first printed by Cotton, in his 'Reynolds and his Works,' p. 154.

"January 17th, 1781.

. . . . "I sincerely rejoice at your success, and whatever is in my power to promote it you may always command. I am now drawing a whole-length of Mr. Barwell[1] and his son, for Mr. Hastings. When the picture goes to India, I shall write at the same time in your favour. Mr. Macpherson,[2] who is appointed one of the Supreme Council, has promised me in a very emphatic manner to serve you in whatever you may want his assistance. I have given him your name in writing, and you will of course wait upon him as soon as he arrives. . . . . .

"Let me recommend you to make yourself master of the politics of India of every kind: *with superior knowledge, things fall into your hands, and but little interest is required.* I would advise you to learn, at your leisure hours, the Persian language, which would certainly facilitate your progress, and contribute to make you a useful man. *To make it people's interest to advance you* [by showing] *that their business will be better done by you*

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[1] Now in the possession of Captain H. E. Beauchamp, R.N. There is a small portrait of Hastings represented on the wall in the picture.

[2] Afterwards Sir John, on whom the Governor-Generalship devolved when Hastings left India in 1785. Born in the isle of Skye in 1744, and entering the East India Company's service, as purser, in 1768, he first showed the courage which was one of his chief characteristics as a volunteer in the storming of Bangalore. He stood high in the confidence of the Nawab of the Carnatic, and became his agent. In this character he became known to Lord North, and was now going out on the Supreme Council on his recommendation. He was a man of rare bodily graces and great powers of command. After his return from Bengal, where he had held the Governor-Generalship nineteen months (marked by bold and able financial and administrative reforms), till he was superseded by Lord Cornwallis, he became an intimate and trusted associate of the Prince of Wales.

than by any other person, is the only solid foundation of success; the rest is accident.

"I am your most affectionate Uncle,

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"My compliments to Sir Robert and Lady Chambers."

The house in Leicester Fields this year lost one of its greatest ornaments. Sir Joshua's sprightly favourite,[1] Offy, now in her twentieth year, was this January married to Richard Lovell Gwatkin, Esq., a Cornish gentleman of good fortune. The marriage took place from her mother's house in Torrington. Sir Joshua wrote to her on receipt of the news:—

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[1] That she held the first place in his affection, while both sisters were with him, seems certain. The preference peeps out in this very characteristic letter, which came too late for insertion in its chronological order:—

"Leicester Fields,
"August 12, 1777.

"My dear Offee,*

"I set out to-morrow for Blenheim. I had some thoughts of bringing you to town, as it coincided with a very pressing invitation which I had from Lord Granby to pass some days at Chiveley, but, receiving at the same time a letter that I was expected at Blenheim, that scheme is at an end, and how you will come to town the Lord knows. In regard to our separation, I feel exactly as you have expressed yourself. You say you are perfectly happy where you are from the kindness and civility of your hostess and Miss Horneck, and only wish to see us. We wish likewise to see you, at the same time that we are perfectly well contented with your absence, when it is in a family which will somewhat contribute to confirm, by habit, those principles in which you have been educated, which habits I have always thought are infinitely beyond all precepts, which go into one ear and out at the other. I never was a great friend to the efficacy of precept, nor a great professor of love and affection, and therefore I never told you how much I loved you, for fear you should grow saucy upon it.

"I have got a ring and a bracelet of my own picture; don't you tell your sister that I have given you your choice.

"My compliments to all the family, and remain,

"Dear Offee,
"Your affectionate Uncle.
"J. REYNOLDS.

"Address—Miss Palmer, at Mrs. Bunbury's, Barton, near Bury, Suffolk."

* Sir Joshua sometimes wrote Offee, at others Offy.

"MY DEAR OFFY,

"I intended to have answered your letter immediately, and to have wrote at the same time to Mr. Gwatkin, but was prevented, and have been prevented every evening since. However, I proposed doing so this evening, and disengaged myself from Mrs. Elliot's (where Polly is gone) on purpose. But this moment Mr. Edmund Burke has called on me, and proposes a party, but desires I would write while he waits at my elbow, for that he will add something himself. You must suppose, therefore, that I have wished and expressed everything that affection to you and friendship to Mr. Gwatkin would dictate.

"That you may be as happy as you both deserve is my wish, and you will be the happiest couple in England. So God bless you. I will leave the rest to Mr. Burke.

"Your most affectionate Uncle,

"J. REYNOLDS.

"January 30th, 1781."

(*Mr. Burke's Letter.*)

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have known so much of you, and esteemed you so much under one name, that I have the greatest desire of knowing you and esteeming you more and longer under another. At that time you had only to show your own natural disposition to be loved and valued. You have now an higher character and a larger and more important sphere of duty, and to give us an assurance of whatever we had reason before to hope. You must exert to the full all the understanding and all the virtues which we presumed to be in you, and which only wanted occasion to be called forth in order to show themselves, and that we, who hoped a great deal from Offy Palmer, should see a great deal performed by Mrs. Gwatkin. You have now an husband that is every way worthy of you, and, because he is so, is the worthiest man in the world. Love one another, and study each other's happiness, and in so doing you will add not a little to the happiness of those you both ought to wish to please, because they have the honour of highly valuing and loving you both. Gentle pair, adieu! Know the advantages to possess, and cultivate them as you ought. I have the honour to wish you joy with great sincerity, many happy years, and a long succession.

" Your friend,

" EDMD. BURKE.

" Mrs. Burke is out of town."

It is gratifying to know that Offy's happiness in marriage was as great as her uncle and her warmest friends could wish. She lived to be ninety, to see her children's children, and intelligent, cheerful, and affectionate to the last, vividly remembered her happy girlhood under her uncle's roof, and the brilliant society that found a centre there.

The Thrales were never fuller of "flash" than now. Mrs. Thrale had induced Thrale to take a fine new house in Grosvenor Square. The riots had perhaps deepened her objections against the house in dingy and unfashionable Southwark, where soldiers had been quartered to save Thrale's stock the year before. Her assemblies, for which I find Sir Joshua noting frequent engagements, already vied with those of any of the blues—Mrs. Montague's, Mrs. Ord's, Mrs. Vesey's, Mrs. Walsingham's, or Miss Monckton's not excepted.

"Yesterday[1] I had a conversazione" (that was then the new fashionable word). "Mrs. Montague was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy (Streatfield) smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind."

Miss Burney was a constant guest at these brilliant parties, and Sir Joshua's face was the one she always greeted most gladly: her spirits used to rise, she says, at the sight of him. She was now a frequent visitor in Leicester Fields. On Tuesday, March 13th, she records in her diary for her good friend Daddy Crisp, that she passed the whole day at Sir Joshua's with Miss Palmer, who in the morning takes her to see some beautiful fans painted on leather by Poggi, from designs by Sir Joshua, Angelica, West, and Cipriani. Their escort was Sir Joshua's pleasant friend (father of Pitt's bosom friend, and brother-in-law) Edward Eliot, Knight of the Shire for Cornwall, "a most agreeable, lively, and very clever man." Then they go to Mr. Webber's, to see his South Sea drawings, and Captain King (Cook's friend and companion) does the honours of the collection.

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[1] Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney, Feb. 7, 1781.

When they return to Leicester Fields they are heartily welcomed by Sir Joshua, whose day's work is over. Mr. Eliot stays to dinner, and the *partie carrée* is only enlarged by Mr. Webber, who comes in to tea. "Sir Joshua is fat and well. He is preparing for the Exhibition a new Death of Dido; portraits of the three beautiful Lady Waldegraves, Horatia, Laura, and Maria, all in one picture, and at work with the tambour; a Thais, for which a *Miss Emily*, a celebrated courtesan, sat at the desire of the Hon. Charles Greville; and what others I know not, but his room and gallery are both crowded."

There is a great controversy about the original of this Thais. The 'Earwig,' one of the critical pamphlets which the reawakened vogue of the Exhibition in its new quarters had called into existence, contains in its scurrilous introduction, what was probably the current scandal about the picture—that one of the Phrynes of the time (variously called Emily Bertie, Emily Pott, Emily Coventry) had commissioned Sir Joshua to paint her picture, and had paid the half-price at first sitting, but, being unable to complete her payment, had left the picture in the painter's hands, who had thereupon converted it into a Thais. Northcote denies the story with some superfluous indignation, and says the head was painted as long back as 1776, from a beautiful young Emily Coventry, who died soon after in the East Indies, whither she had accompanied a protector. Probably the story recorded at the time by Miss Burney is the most reliable, and we may reconcile her account and Northcote's if we suppose that the Hon. C. Greville, who bought the picture when finished, in 1781, had commissioned the portrait of the fair Emily in 1776. The various names given to the sitter are easily explained by the habit of the class to which the original of Thäis seems undoubtedly to have belonged. There is appropriateness in the choice of subject, whoever suggested it; and Alexander's mistress, torch in hand, though not one of the best or most agreeable works of the painter, holds her place well in the room at Peckforton, which is adorned besides by the three full-lengths of Mrs. Tollemache, Lady Louisa Manners, and Lady Jane Halliday.

While Sir Joshua was busy winding up his work for the Academy, he was spending his evenings in society, and receiving parties at his own house. I find him entertaining on Friday, March 30, the Earl of Charlemont, Sir Annesley Stuart, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Burke, Dean Marlay, Mr. Boswell, and Dr. Johnson. Boswell has recorded the conversation of the day, part of the fun of which was made by Lord Charlemont gravely asking Johnson if there was any truth in a newspaper paragraph, that he was taking lessons of the younger Vestris, who with his father was just now the idol of London fashion. The benches of the House of Commons were emptied on the night of his benefit. I find, if Dr. Johnson did not take lessons of him, that Sir Joshua was one of his admirers; the many engagements for the Opera which now for the first time appear in the pocket-book are due, I doubt not, to the attraction of the *Dieu de la Danse.* Sir Joshua had been at the Opera on the night of Tuesday, the 3rd of April. On Wednesday, the 4th, there was an extraordinary call of the Club, and afterwards, at eight, an engagement for one of Mrs. Thrale's gay assemblies in Grosvenor

Square. All the world was to be there to meet the latest lions,[1] "the Bramin and the two Parsees, disciples of the ancient Zoroaster, and worshippers of fire." When the party met round the brown table at the Turk's Head, Johnson, who was now an inmate of Thrale's house, and who had given notice of his intention to dine, in answer to the usual "call," was absent. A note explained the reason. Thrale had died suddenly in a fit of apoplexy that very morning. Sir Joshua had been intimate with the Thrales for fourteen years, and had lived in a constant interchange of hospitality with them. The Streatham gallery of portraits had been the thread on which to hang a long series of pleasant visits and kindly associations, and he must have been one of those who, after Johnson, most felt the gap left by the death of Thrale. But even Johnson was dining at his new club in St. Paul's Churchyard the day after his old friend's death,[2] so we have no right to be surprised to find Sir Joshua at the Opera again on Saturday in the same week. On the 10th he has an engagement to dine with the Bishop of St. Asaph's, to meet Andrew Stuart, Lord Sheffield, and Johnson, whom by his note "to send the coach for Dr. J.," he seems to have brought along with him. Hannah More, now in London with Mrs. Garrick, speaks of the party in the evening as "small and very choice,"—Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Althorp (married little more than a month), Sir

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[1] H. More's Correspondence. These Parsees were Hummond Rao and Mamcar Parsi (agents of Ragonaut Rao), to whom Burke showed great kindness. When they were hampered in their religious rites by social arrangements in London, he invited them to Beaconsfield, and placed a summer-house at their disposal for their devotions.—See Burke's Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 7.

[2] Boswell.

Joshua, Langton, Boswell, and Gibbon. It was the first time Mrs. Garrick and Johnson had met since Garrick's death. Boswell, for all he was at a Bishop's table, had taken more wine than was good for him, and drew on himself a sharp rebuke from Miss Hannah. It was *two*[1] days after this that Sir Joshua dined with Johnson at the Bishop of Chester's. Two episcopal dinner-parties in Passion-week! Even Boswell took upon him respectfully to lecture Johnson on such laxity, and the Doctor was fain to admit that a bishop's seeing company at such a season was hardly the thing.

Garrick had now been dead two years and three months, and Mrs. Garrick was beginning to reopen her doors to small parties. The first dinner in the Adelphi was on Friday, the 20th of April, and the party included Miss H. More, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Burney, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and Sir Joshua. Mrs. Garrick's old cheerfulness had come back. She talked of her husband with complacency, even while her eyes were fixed on his portrait. She said "death was now the most agreeable object to her." The very semblance of Garrick, says Boswell, was cheering, and all were in such high spirits, that Boswell records it as one of the happiest days he ever spent in his life. Sir Joshua, Dr. Burney, and Bozzy pledged Johnson in Lichfield ale; and Bozzy recalled to H. More old days of mirth and merriment round Garrick's hospitable table, when Hannah had sat as umpire, while Boswell and Garrick gave rival imitations of Johnson, and awarded Boswell the palm for his colloquial Johnsonese, Garrick for his recitations.

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[1] Not *one*, as Boswell says. The pocket-book enables me to fix this dinner at Bishop Porteus's — *Pace* Croker.

When the party broke up, Johnson and Boswell walked home together. They paused by the Adelphi rails, looking on the river; and Boswell—Mrs. Garrick's wine, perhaps, quickening his sensibilities a little—grew pathetic, talking of Garrick and Beauclerk: "Ay, Sir," said Johnson, tenderly, "two such friends as cannot be supplied." Reynolds had now reached the stage of life when the strokes of Death's scythe begin to tell heavily in a man's circle. Garrick, and Beauclerk, and Chamier had gone; now Harris had followed, and Thrale, and William Strahan the printer, who had been sitting to Sir Joshua only the year before, and whose picture he included in his list for the year's Exhibition, though it does not seem to have been sent.

On Friday, the 27th of April, Sir Joshua attended the King at the Academy. On Saturday, the 28th, at 4, took place the annual dinner, to which fifty-seven guests were invited, including the Lord Primate of Ireland and the Duke of Hamilton, Sir W. Robinson (the primate's brother), Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, Dr. Beattie, and Boswell.]

In 1781 [1] Sir Joshua exhibited fourteen pictures:—

Thais.[2]

Portrait of Dr. Burney. ("Excellent."—W.)

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[1] Walpole has a *head* note on the title-page of his Catalogue—"Loutherbourg, being employed on his Eidophusikon, had no pictures in this exhibition." This was the artistic raree-show which so bewitched Gainsborough, and in which, by combinations of mechanical and pictorial devices, storm, calm, sunrise, moonlight, &c., were represented with great success, though on a small scale. It was, in fact, a model stage, on which Loutherbourg exercised his great ingenuity in scenic inventions and rehearsed effects afterwards employed with success at the Opera House and Drury Lane.

[2] "Drawn from a woman of the town: too masculine." Another MS. note in a catalogue of the time says, "The face from the famous Emily Bertie."

Portrait of Mr. Thoroton (painted for the Duke of Rutland).[1]

The Duke of Rutland's Children. ("Boy and dog good, the girl raw."—W.)

Master Bunbury. ("A little boy, charming; he is the son of H. Bunbury, Esq."—W.)

The Death of Dido.[2] ("Her head very fine."—W.)

Lord Richard Cavendish. ("One of Sir Joshua's best and most highly coloured portraits."—W.)

The three Ladies Waldegrave. ("Daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester, a most beautiful composition, the pictures very like, and the attitudes natural and easy. He did another of them with variations, and I think still finer."[3]—W.)

Full-lengths of the Duchess of Rutland and the Countess of Salisbury. ("Good"—W.)

Temperance (one of the figures for the Oxford window). ("Not very expressive."—W.)

Fortitude (for the Oxford window). ("Very good expression."—W.)

A Child asleep.

A listening Boy; and

A Lady and Child.

Stothard was in Sir Joshua's room one day when he was painting the Death of Dido. He had built up the composition with billets of wood, over which the rich drapery under the queen was thrown, and on it a lay figure in her attitude and dress.

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[1] A near connection of the House of Rutland, and confidential agent of the Duke: celebrated for his frank, warm-hearted character and reckless daring. He once rode his hunter up the steep terraces of Belvoir to the castle-walls. He accompanied the Duke to Ireland, and figures in Sir Jonah Barrington's 'Memoirs.' He committed suicide after the Duke's death.

[2] Now in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.

[3] I have been unable to find any trace of this second picture.

[It is the finest ideal picture by Sir Joshua included in the Royal collection, and there is great beauty in the head of the Queen. But there is considerable truth in the severe verdict of the 'Earwig,'[1] which, apart from the scurrility of the introduction, shows some critical insight.] Splendid as this picture is, however, the triumph of Reynolds this year was the group of the Ladies Waldegrave.

In this charming composition the three lovely sisters are sitting at a table, one winding silk from the hands of another, and the third drawing. If, instead of painting ladies, as he too often did, sacrificing to the Graces, or adorning statues with flowers, or in ideal characters to which their own bore no resemblance, he had always adopted such simple domestic incidents as these, high as he stands, he would have stood still higher.

The pictures in the incidents of which he has shown this better taste are his choicest works, but not one that I have seen is so captivating as this. [Taking these pictures along with the Lord Richard Cavendish and Master Bunbury, it will not be easy to parallel the display of Sir Joshua's various power in this year in any year since the foundation of the Academy.

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[1] "The composition, the lights and shadows, are confused, and convey a French fluttering idea; the extended arms of the sister rant upon the canvas, and rob the picture of that solemnity which we find so well understood by Fuseli (an artist inferior to Reynolds in the executive part of his profession). The face of Dido is the beauty of an expiring saint, and does not convey the poet's idea of the character of Dido. The drawing is certainly defective; the neck of Dido is distorted, her back broken, and the body cannot be traced through the drapery. There is no centre light in the picture, the eye cannot rest on it, and the shadows are so thrown as to produce an appearance of hollows; but the face of Dido is beautiful, and in point of colouring Sir Joshua certainly exceeds all other painters."

Beattie, who was now in London, preparing his 'Essay on Beauty' for the press, and giving a reading of the MS. to Reynolds among other friends, speaks of the Exhibition as the best he has seen, and chooses the Thais, the Dido, and Sir Joshua's Listening (elsewhere called 'Laughing') Boy as the masterpieces. The Exhibition produced 2141*l.*, less than last year, but considerably above the average receipts at Pall Mall. I have little doubt that the following letter refers to a donation of Sir Joshua's to Johnson's unlucky godson, Mauritius Lowe, the painter. The Doctor was indefatigable in his efforts to help this improvident and helpless man. He used to get all the friends he could to sit to him at three guineas a-head. Mr. Crutchley, Miss Burney's fastidious friend, describes to her, at this very time, the scene of filth and squalor at Lowe's Hedge-lane lodgings. Reynolds could not sit to Lowe, but he could subscribe and speak for him, and an entry in the pocket-book for the 14th of June, "Academy and evening, M. Lowe," refers probably to some charitable effort on his behalf.]

"June 23, 1781.

"DEAR SIR,—It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.

"I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

In July Reynolds made a trip on the Continent with his friend Mr. Metcalf. They took shipping for Ostend, and visited Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp; and having seen all best worth seeing in Flanders, set off for Holland, where they visited Dort, the Hague, Leyden, and Amsterdam. From thence they made an excursion into Germany, visited Dusseldorf, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Liège, and returned through Brussels to Ostend, where they embarked for Margate, having been absent nearly two months.

[I give from the pocket-book the diary of this excursion (*verbatim*, errors of spelling and all) :—

"July.—Tues. 24.—Left London at 8 A.M. Called on Capt. Proby, Comm(issioner) at Chatham. Evening at the hotel, Margate.

"Wed. 25.—Margate.

"Thurs. 26.—Sailed from Margate at 4 P.M.

"Fri. 27.—Arrived at Ostend at 1 P.M., at the Hotel de Ville; dined there, and set off for Bruges; arrived at 12 P.M. at the Hotel de Commerce.

"Sat. 28.—Left Bruges, and got to Ghent at 8 P.M., at the St. Sebastien.

"Sun. 29.—Ghent. At 12 at night arrived at Brussels.

"Mon. 30.—Brusselles.

"Tues. 31.—Mr. Wells. Dined with Mr. Fitzherbert at 3; Duke of Richmond and Mr. Lennox there. Introduced to the Dutchess of Ursul. Saw Mad. Theodore, an excellent dancer.

"August.—Wed. 1.—Sup'd at Lady Torrington's.

"Thurs. 2.—Sat out for Mechlin; arrived at 5 at the Stork Inn, in the Great Square. No milk to our tea.

"Fri. 3.—10½ set out for Antwerp. Arrived at Antwerp at 2.

"4th and 5th.—Antwerp. Houses. Dirty finery. The Exchange. Fine streets. Mr. Pieters the polite banker, Mr. Stevens the painter. Burgomaster Vander Cruyse carried us to Mr. Peters. No beggars at Antwerp. The horses of Flanders like Rubens, horses nobler still than ours. Stinking streets, and all inns, probably" (*sub* stinking).

"Mon. 6.—Antwerp. The ordinary people very ordinary, without one exception.

"Tues. 7.—Madame Bosschaert's. Rape of the Sabines to be sold for 24,000 florins, which is about 2000*l.*; the St. Sebastian of Vandike, 500*l.*

"Wed. 8.—Revewed St. Augustin's,[1] Capuchins, Cathedral, Recollets,[2] the Annunciation, St. Walburge,[3] Carmes dechaussés,[4] after which we saw the portrait of Elena Forman,[5] by Rubens.

"Thurs. 9.—Sat out for HOLLAND, 7 o'clock in the morning. Arrived at Dort at 9 P.M.

"Fri. 10.—Dort. Sent to see Mineer Van Slingeland's collection, which was the cause of our going to Dort, but refused. Arrived at Rotirdam at 3¼ P.M. at the Marshal Turenne: everything artificial.

"Sat. 11.—10½ sat out for the Hague. Milk-pails.

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[1] It is the crowded altarpiece of this church by Rubens (a Virgin and Child with Saints) that he contrasts in his notes with Titian's famous Pesaro Family in the Frari at Venice.

[2] Where was the magnificent Christ on the Cross between the two Thieves, Rubens's masterpiece in Sir Joshua's opinion.

[3] Where Rubens's great Crucifixion then hung.

[4] Of which Rubens's beautiful Virgin and St. Anne was the principal ornament.

[5] The property of M. le Chanoine van Parys.

Boats through meadows. Trees, but not a trace of their value round houses.

"Sun. 12.—Saw the Prince of Orange, &c., at the review, and his gallery at Mr. Haag's, a landskip-painter to the Prince. Saw Fagel.[1]

"Mon. 13.—Dined with the Greffier. The House in the Wood of the Prince of Orange. Bentinck Gardens. Cat's house" (*i.e.* house of Jacob Cats, the Dutch poet).

"Tues. 14.—Went to Leyden. Saw the Physic Garden and Museum. No pictures.

"Wed. 15.—Saw the collection of the Prince a second time.

"Thurs. 16.—Dined with Prince Galatzin.

"Fri. 17.—7¼ A.M. set out for Amsterdam. Saw Harlem Church and the Town-house, where are three or four pictures by F. Hals. 3, arrived at Amsterdam.

"Sat. 18.—Saw Le Bruyn's collection; do. Galz.[2] Saw Mr. Hope's collection. Dutch Play. Breeches.

"Sun. 19.—Saw Locquet's cabinet. 3, to dine with Mr. Hope in the country.

"Mon. 20.—Cowdry. Exchange. Mr. Neeman. Mr. Fouquet. Stadhouse. 2, to dine with Mr. Hope in town. Mr. Champion at Mr. Martyn's. Mr. Neuville.[3]

"Tues. 21.—Dine at home. Mr. Docksheer's collection. Ten Kate. Drawings at Mr. Goll's (or Gall's)· Lord Granby.[1]

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[1] Greffier. He had a fine collection of pictures and drawings, many of the latter bought in England, from the Lely and Richardson collections.

[2] So in the pocket-book. Probably the M. Gart (Gartz?) whose cabinet is described in the printed notes of his journey.

[3] Of an unlucky *contretemps àpropos* of this gentleman, there is this statement in a note to the pocket-book:—"A state of the account between Mr. Neuville and us: 'We arrived at A. on Friday 3 o'clock. Mr. N., hearing we had a letter for him, invited us to dine with him (on Sunday). We told Mr. Champion (by whom we received this invitation) we were engaged to Mr. Hope. We left likewise this message when we left our letter on Sunday morning. Our cicerone, unknown to us, desired leave to show us

"Wed. 22.—9, Mr. Gildermaster; 10, Ploos Van Amstell; 11, Mr. Triquetti; 3, dine at Mr. Hope, Burgomaster Rendnyn; 4½, to see pictures for sale; 6, Mr. De Vos. Saw Mr. Smith's medals and pictures.

"Thurs. 23.—9, Mr. Dirk Versteegh; instead of him came Mr. Oats. Von Brusche, flower-painter of Amsterdam, lives upon the Overtoon. Saardam, N. Holland. Buyck Sloot.[2] Dined at Broek, neat village. Colours; vermilion.[3]

"Fri. 24.—Supped with Mr. Hope and Triquetti; Capt. Bentinck dyed.

"Sat. 25.—Set out for Dusseldorp. Dined at Utrick. Van Wassel's pictures. About 5, arrived and lay at La Grepe, the Tolhuys.

"Sun. 26.—Past thro' Nimeguen. Lay at Cleves. The fountain—Robers in the wood.

"Mon. 27.—Left Cleves at 6 A.M.; got to Dusseldorf at 8 P.M., at Simerman's. Col. Harold.

"Tues. 28.—Saw the gallery. Dined at the table-d'hôte. Drank coffee with the Baron Harold, Colonel in the Elector's service; spoke of Mr. Pye, a painter at Rome.

"Wed. 29.—Dined at table-d'hôte. Gallery morning and evening. Drank tea at the public Gardens. Even-

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his pictures: he answered he had expected us to dinner, he had left his name at our house, and that his pictures were not to be seen. N.B. He had left no name at our house.'"

[1] Probably a note referring to some drawing likely to please Lord Granby, or which Lord G. had commissioned him to buy. Sir J. bought for Lord G. often.

[2] A large village on the Waterland dyke, with inns for travellers from Amsterdam to Broek.

[3] Amsterdam was and is celebrated for its manufacture of vermilion and smalt.

ing, Lambert Krahe,[1] President of the Academy, called on us.

" Thurs. 30.—Mr. Krahe breakfasted and dined with us: repeated visit to the Gallery with him. Even. attended him to the Academy. Presented them with my Discourses. Offered me a diploma of their Academy. N.B. A Student may lodge and board for 15*l.* per ann., visit the Gallery gratis, copy the best pictures, and attend the Academy, and at leaving it present a book to the Library.

" Fri. 31.—Dined at the table-d'hôte. Saw the Gallery again. Evening, Public Gardens.

" September.—Sat. 1.—Left Dusseldorf at 6 A.M.; arrived at Cologne at 1 P.M., at the St. Esprit. Saw Rubens's St. Peter.[2]

" Sun. 2.—4 P.M. set out for Aix-la-Chapelle; arrived at two the next morning at the Widow Marneffe's.

" Mon. 3.—Aix-la-Chapelle: arrived at 2 o'clock A.M. Saw the Adoration of the Shepherds by Rubens.[3] Drank tea at Vauxhall. Saw the Town-hall. Lord Sandwich and the late Lord Grantham: in the large picture Lord Sandwich's picture is repeated, with an Order at his button-hole.

" Tues. 4.—6. A.M. sat out for Spa; arrived at 2. Dined at 3 at table-d'hôte. Evening, Play and Assembly.

" Wed. 5.—Saw the wells and Vauxhall. Dined at the English Club, by Lord Kelly's invitation. Went to the Assembly.

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[1] In the printed notes of his tour Sir Joshua bears testimony to the services of this enlightened artist in facilitating the access of students to the Dusseldorf Gallery.

[2] The shortness of his stay at Cologne is worth noting. It shows how little attraction Gothic art, and architecture above all, had for him.

[3] In the church of the Capuchins.

"Thurs. 6.—8, sat out for Liege; arrived at 2 P.M. Saw the well at the top of the hill; a fine prospect of the town, &c.

"Fri. 7.—Sat out for Brussels. Dined at Louvain. Arrived at Brussels at 7 P.M.

"Sat. 8.—Brussels. Play. Supped with L. Torrington.

"Sun. 9.—Prince de Line (Ligne)'s collection. Supped with Lady Torrington.

"Mon. 10.—Saw Orion's[1] collection. Dined with Danoot.[2]

"Tues. 11.—Sat out for Ghent. Arrived at Liége. Lay at Ghent.

"Wed. 12.—Ostend.

"Thurs. 13.—7½ A.M., embarked.

"Fri. 14.—8 P.M., arrived at Margate.

"Sat. 15.—Margate, Ramsgate, Kingsgate.

"Sun. 16.—6½, sat out for London; at 7 arrived in London."]

While on this excursion Sir Joshua wrote to Burke:—

"Hague, August 14, 1781.

"We have been here three days, and propose staying here three days longer, to enjoy ourselves after our fatigue. I promise you we have not been idle.

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[1] "My friend remarked that M. Orion was almost the only gentleman who showed his own pictures who did not pester us by prating about their merit."—*Printed Tour.* Sir Joshua bought of him Rubens's sketches for the ends of the Whitehall Banqueting-house ceiling.

[2] A banker, who had a fine, though small, collection of pictures; Rubens's sketch for the Rape of the Sabines among them.

Hitherto every minute of the day has been employed in travelling or staring. The Prince of Orange's gallery is the only magazine of pictures that we have seen here, and the only we are likely to see. The possessor of another collection, Mr. Van Uteren, is not in town, he is at Amsterdam. The greffier[1] has sent to him, but it is suspected it will be without effect, as he has the keys with him, and will never suffer his pictures to be seen but when he is present. The greffier has shown us every civility possible. He returned our visit immediately, and we dined with him the next day. He is a most amiable character, of the greatest simplicity of manners, and has not the least tincture of that insolence of office, or, I should say (thinking of a person at Brussels), that indolence of office, of those who think their whole business is to appear negligent and at their ease. By the attention which has been paid us by the greffier, his nephew, and the rest of his family, the attention of the town upon us has been much excited. This is but a small place, and in many respects like Bath, where the people have nothing to do but to talk of each other; and it may be compared to Bath likewise for its beauty. It abounds in squares, which you would be charmed with, as they are full of trees, not disposed in a meagre, scanty row, but are more like woods with walks in the middle.

"The Prince of Orange, whom we saw two or three times, is very like King George, but not so handsome. He has a heavy look, short person, with somewhat a round belly. The greffier frequently expressed his concern that he was not able to do for us all he wished, such as introducing us to the Prince, &c., on account of the situation of affairs. We have seen the collection I mentioned in the beginning, which was scarce worth the trouble of sending so far for the keys. Dutch pictures are a representation of nature, just as it is seen in a camera obscura. After having seen the best of each master one has no violent desire of seeing any more. They are certainly to be admired, but do not shine much in description. A figure asleep, with another figure tickling his or her nose, which is a common subject with the painters of this school, however admirable their effect, would have no effect in writing.

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[1] Fagel.

"Amsterdam, August 24.

"The above letter was written, as you will see, at the Hague; to-morrow we leave Amsterdam for Dusseldorp. The face of this country, from its being unlike everything else—the length and straightness of their artificial roads—often with double rows of trees, which in the perspective finish in a point; the perseverance of their industry and labour to form those dykes, and preserve them in such perfect repair, is an idea that must occur to every mind, and is truly sublime.

"This country is, I should imagine, the most artificial country in the world. This city is more like Venice than any other place I ever saw. In many places it is an exact likeness, where the water reaches to the houses;

but this is not common. In the middle of every street are canals; and on each side those canals quays and rows of trees. Another idea of their industry and perseverance, which amounts, I think, to the sublime, is, that the foundation of their buildings, which is piles, costs as much as what appears above ground, both in labour and expense. The Stadthouse is founded on 13,659 piles. I have often thought the habit they have acquired of fighting against Nature has given them a disposition never to leave Nature as they find her. But in order to see the Dutch taste in its highest degree, we spent a day in North Holland. We went to a village called Broek, which appeared so different from anything we had seen before, that it appeared rather like an enchanted village, such as we read of in the Arabian Tales;—not a person to be seen except a servant here and there. The houses are very low, with a door towards the street, which is not used, and never has been used, except when they go out of it to be married, after which it is again shut up. The streets, if they may be so called, for carriages cannot enter them, are sanded with fine ink-sand; the houses painted from top to bottom; green, red, and all sorts of colours. The little gardens, with little fountains and flower-knots, as neat as possible; and trees cut into all kinds of shapes: indeed, I much doubt if you can find a tree in its natural shape all over Holland, and we may add, nor water neither, which is everywhere kept within bounds. We have been extraordinarily well received by Mr. Hope; we are every day dining or supping with him, and one great dinner seemed to be made on purpose for us.

"Dusseldorp, August 30, 1781.

"On the 25th we set out from Amsterdam, and to-morrow we propose going from hence to Aix-la-Chapelle; and then, after staying a day or two there, turn our faces directly for England. If I do not send away this letter now, I shall bring it with me to England. I really did intend writing to you from the Hague and from Amsterdam, but the difficulty of finding time to finish my letter has been the reason of my carrying it about with me.

"We are very well contented with our visit to Dusseldorp. Rubens reigns here and revels. His pictures of the Fallen Angels and the Last Judgment give a higher idea of his genius than any other of his works. There is one picture of Raffaelle in his first manner, which is the only picture of consequence of the Roman school. The collection is made up of Flemish and Dutch pictures, but they are the best of those schools. The ease with which this gallery is seen, and the indulgence to young painters who wish to copy any of the pictures, is beyond anything I ever saw in any other place. We have had every attention possible from the keeper of the pictures, who, as soon as he knew who I was, sent into the country to his principal, who is likewise President of the Academy, who immediately came to town, and has been attending us ever since.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. REYNOLDS."

The notes on pictures made by Reynolds during this trip, and apparently copied out for publication under Sir Joshua's own superintendence,[1] were published with the first edition of his Discourses, and his other writings, by Malone; who found among his papers the following portion of a dedication to Mr. Metcalf.

"I send you, put together in as much order as the little time I can spare from my business will permit, the Notes I made abroad on the pictures we saw together. I present them to you as properly your due; for if I had been accompanied by a person of less taste and less politeness, they probably would not have been made. The pleasure that a mere *dilettanti* derives from seeing the works of art ceases when he has received the full effect of each performance; but the painter has the means of amusing himself much longer, by investigating the principle on which the artist wrought. To whichever of your good qualities I am to attribute your long and patient attendance while I was employed in examining the various works which we saw, it merits my warmest acknowledgments. Nor is it an inconsiderable advantage to see such works in company with one who has a general rectitude of taste, and is not a professor of the art. We are too apt to forget that the art is not intended solely for the pleasure of professors. The opinions of others are certainly not to be neglected; since by their means the received rules of art may be corrected; at least a species of benefit may be obtained which we are not likely to derive from the judgment of painters; who, being educated in the same manner, are likely to judge from the same principles, are liable to the same prejudices, and may sometimes be governed by the influence of an authority which, perhaps, has no foundation in nature."

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[1] I have been favoured with an inspection of the MS. by Mr. Price of Torrington, its present possessor. Malone has altered Sir Joshua's expressions here and there, always to make them more formal and buckramish.

It is extraordinary, as Reynolds tells us in his Notes of this journey, that he should have preferred the picture of the Trained Bands, by Vander Helst, at Amsterdam, to Rembrandt's Night Watch.[1] Possibly the Night Watch may not have been placed in so good a light in the Stadthouse, where he saw it, as it now is in the Museum; or it may have been obscured by dirt which has since been removed. I doubt whether any opinion of the two pictures as they are now seen will agree with his.

It may be inferred from Sir Joshua's account of the pictures he saw on this excursion that three of the greatest of the Dutch painters (after Rembrandt)—De Hooghe, Cuyp, and Maas—were at that time but little known or appreciated in their own country. In enumerating the principal painters of Holland, he does not name them; and in his notes of the collections he visited, but one picture of each of the two first is mentioned, and not one of the last; while much is said of Vanderwerf, on whom few critics of the present day would waste a word. It is true that nearly all he says of this most uninteresting painter is in the way of censure, and his opinions may have helped to reduce the reputation of Vanderwerf to its present insignificance.

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[1] Mr. Smith, in his Catalogue Raisonnée, says this subject "is illuminated by the vivid rays of the setting sun." But the shadow of the hand of the principal figure on the man next him shows that the light comes from a high source. There can be no doubt that it is a night scene.

[Sir Joshua's remarks on the genius of Rubens constitute one of the fairest criticisms extant of that great painter, and he does full justice to the great technical merits of the Dutch and Flemish schools. "Painters," he says, "should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar-school to learn languages. They must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge." That was the view of Sir Joshua's time. We have come to be distrustful of the need of visiting Italy at all, except for the pleasure of it.]

While at Antwerp, Reynolds took particular notice of a young man (the son of a tailor) named De Gree, who displayed considerable talents as a painter. On this young man's arrival in England, Reynolds received him with much kindness, and recommended him to pursue his profession in the metropolis. De Gree, however, declined to do so, as he had been previously engaged by Mr. Latouche to proceed to Ireland. But the friendship of Reynolds did not stop here; he made the poor artist a present of fifty guineas, the whole of which the young man sent to his aged parents in Antwerp.

It was now that Opie came to London, to astonish the fashionable world as a self-taught genius. He was immediately introduced to Sir Joshua, who was the first to tell Northcote of the "Cornish boy." Northcote had lately returned from Italy. He was now in London penniless and despondent, and one of his first visits was to his old master.

"Ah!" said Reynolds, "you may go back now,—you have no chance here. There is *such* a young man come out of Cornwall!"

"Good ——! Sir Joshua, what is he like?"

"Like!—like Caravaggio, but finer."

"I was ready to sink into the earth," said Northcote, when he told the story.

[Dr. Wolcott, afterwards better known as Peter Pindar, was Opie's great patron and puffer, and he looked askance at Northcote as another Western aspirant to fame and fashion among the portrait-painters.

Before the end of the year Offy and her husband were in London, and were both sitting to Sir Joshua in November for the portraits still in the possession of their descendant Mr. Reynolds Gwatkin. Sir Joshua had begun the portrait of Offy before her marriage, but repainted it almost entirely in these her first sittings as Mrs. Gwatkin. I add from the pocket-book the list of sitters for 1781.

List of Sitters for 1781.

January.	*February.*
Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Macpherson;[1] Mr. Barwell;[2] Lady Salisbury.	Mr. Thoroughton; Col. Fletcher Campbell; Lord F. Campbell.

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[1] John Macpherson was just appointed member of the Supreme Council, and this picture was a memento for his family.

[2] A full-length, with his son, painted for Warren Hastings.

March.

Lord Temple;[1] Lady Althorp;[2] Lady Maria Waldegrave; Miss Craven (for picture of Lady Craven and child); Mr. Eliot; Miss Wateridge.[3]

April.

Lord Cobham;[4] Mrs. Nisbett.[5]

May.

Colonel Stuart; Mrs. Armstead; Lady Eliz. Compton;[6] Lady Catherine Pelham; Lady Lincoln; Lord Hertford; Bishop of Rochester (Thomas); Lady Harcourt.

June.

Lady Eliz. Conway;[7] Lord Carysfort; Lady Charlotte Talbot;[8] Mrs. Abington; Mr. Davidson.

July, August, September.

From July 24th to September 18th, on tour in Flanders and Holland.

September.

Lady Beauchamp; Mr. Fooden.

October.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow; Miss Thynne; Lady F. Finch.[9] (From 14th to 18th at Blenheim.)

November.

Mr. Gwatkin; Mrs. Gwatkin (Offy); Sir John Henniker; Lady Taylor; Child, Girl, and Boy—models; Lamb.

December.

Dean of Raphoe (King); sons of Mr. Bromell.[10] (From 24th to 27th at Althorp.)

1782.[11]—The list of Sir Joshua's sitters during January and February includes some interesting and curiously contrasted personages—Mrs. Robinson, Master Brummell, Colonel Tarleton, and Mr. Beckford. It would be difficult to supply a better illustration of the variety of life and character with which Sir Joshua's art brought him into contact. This experience must have fostered his innate tolerance of temper and comprehensiveness of mind. Add to such marked physiognomies as those enumerated (and others might be added from the list of the year, as Wedgwood, the Bacelli, the Burkes, father and son) a large element of politicians, wits, men of literature and men of pleasure — of fashionable beauties, tenth transmitters of commonplace faces of both sexes, demireps, and actresses—throw in a sweet sprinkling of innocent children, and, for higher seasoning, a mixed mass of hired models, beggars, vagrants, ladies from the seraglios of New Place and Covent Garden, and honest poor girls, glad to make profit of a well-turned neck, shapely hands, or pretty face—and it is evident that, without going into society, Sir Joshua had the full panorama of contemporary life passing before him in his studio. But when we remember that he was not less courted as a guest than run after as a painter, and that his circle of acquaintance was as variously composed as his list of sitters, we shall see that no man commanded more opportunities for understanding his time and appreciating the relative proportions of its per-

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[1] George, second Earl; Marquis of Buckingham in 1784; Viceroy of Ireland in 1787-8.

[2] Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of Charles Lord Lucan, married to Lord Althorp on the 6th of March this year.

[3] A model, I have no doubt, for the Death of Dido. Her address, in a stiff hand—"Miss Eliz. Wateridge, King Street, Covent Garden."

[4] Earl Temple's eldest son, born 1776, afterwards first Marquis of Chandos and first Duke of Buckingham.

[5] As Circe, with a white cat on her knees and a leopard at her side. She was a famous demirep, and late mistress of the Earl of Bristol. The picture—a beautiful one, and in good condition—is now in possession of Lord Stanley of Alderley.

[6] Daughter of Charles, seventh Earl of Northampton; married in 1782 to Lord George Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Burlington.

[7] Fifth daughter of Francis, first Earl of Hertford.

[8] Daughter of Lord Hillsborough; married in 1776 to John, third Baron and first Earl Talbot.

[9] Daughter of Heneage, third Earl of Aylesford; married (1782) to George, third Earl of Dartmouth.

[10] Lord North's private secretary. One of these boys was the celebrated beau.

[11] At the beginning of the pocket-book for 1782 are the dimensions of

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Sir Joshua's canvases at this time, as follows:—

	ft.	in.		ft.	in.
Head	2	0	by	2	1
Half-length ..	4	2	by	3	4
Kit-cat	2	4	by	3	0
Whole-length ..	7	10	by	4	10

In the list of 1771 there is no entry of "head," but in its place stands "three-quarter, 2·6 by 2."

The difference is worth noting, as the size of a canvas may sometimes approximately determine the date of a picture.

sonages. To say that Reynolds stood one of the highest in the love and esteem of the best men of his day—that he is one of the most prominent as well as most welcome figures in the most refined and worthy society of his age—the least quarrelsome, "the most invulnerable" (to use Johnson's phrase), the simplest, gentlest, and most unaffected—is no exaggeration. Except Raffaele, to whose character, in its sweetness and freedom from all jealousy or meanness, that of Reynolds bears no small resemblance, no painter has ever combined such rank in his art with such a social position. Many may have lived as much in fashionable society; but Reynolds had his choice of *the ton*, and the entry besides of all the circles to which the passports were wit, worth, and distinction, and rank only when accompanied by these.

Mrs. Robinson, popularly known by her name of Perdita, from the part in which two years before[1] she had won the heart of the youthful Prince of Wales—whose amours had then some relish of romance in them—when she sat to Sir Joshua, had left the stage for a year, and had lost the affections of the Prince for some months. But she was still in the flower of her youth and loveliness, and it was said in society that Charles Fox had taken the place at her feet which the Prince had left. Sir Joshua painted at least two portraits of her, and probably used her as a model in some of his fancy pictures, for she sat to him very assiduously throughout this year. I do not know if the picture she was sitting for in January was the one in a black hat, with the hands crossed in the lap, or the profile, looking down and across an open sea. The latter has more of the character we should look for in an "*abandonnata.*" Poor Perdita had loved her Florizel with real fondness, if we may take her own word for it. At any rate she had revelled in the luxury and splendour of her brief reign. J. T. Smith,[1] then a lad of fifteen and pupil of Sherwin, the popular painter and engraver, had a glimpse of her in her butterfly time. Young Smith was attending on the visitors in Sherwin's handsome apartments in St. James's Street, when the beautiful actress, who had bewitched the lad the night before in Rosetta, came singing into the room with her mother and asked to see a drawing of herself which Sherwin had made. Sherwin was not at home, and the apprentice was despatched for the drawing with promise of a reward. He went up stairs humming Rosetta's song—

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[1] On the 3rd Dec. 1779.

"And I'll reward you with a kiss;"

and sure enough when he came down with the drawing the merry actress kissed him, with a "There, you little rogue!" She used to drive a light blue carriage, with a basket of flowers so artfully painted on the centre of each panel, that as she drove along it was mistaken for a coronet. Poor Perdita! Her mock-coronet was not of flowers, though it faded as fast. It is comforting to think that the year after she sat to Sir Joshua her friends *did* wring 500*l.* a year out of the Prince—no very brilliant compensation for the gains of the profession which she had left to live with him.

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[1] In his 'Book for a Rainy Day,' under the date 1781.

A stoutish little boy of between four and five, with chubby cheeks and a turn-over collar, was sitting to Sir Joshua at the same time as Mrs. Robinson. This was the second son of Mr. W. Brummell, a shrewd and prosperous gentleman, who, beginning as a Treasury clerk under the patronage of Mr. Jenkinson, had for several years held the lucrative situation of private secretary to Lord North, and had feathered his nest well out of several fat and permanent sinecures. He had commissioned Reynolds to paint a large picture of his two lads playing with their dogs.[1] The younger boy (George Bryan) was afterwards the celebrated "beau."

Colonel Tarleton, whose name is entered as a sitter for the first time on the 28th of January, was the most brilliant of our cavalry officers during the Southern campaigns, which had closed so disastrously to the British on the 19th of October last year, by the surrender of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown. The exploits of Tarleton and his legion are still remembered in the Carolinas and Virginia. He was the model of a light-horse captain, alert of mind, of immense bodily strength and agility, patient of fatigue, frank with his men, fearless of odds, fertile of resource. No march was too long for him, no ambuscade or adventure too desperate, no raid too hopeless. He has himself told the story of these campaigns, and showed he could use the pen[2] easily and vigorously as well as the sword. Adored by his men, dreaded by the enemy, and a name of fear on the Southern plantations, Tarleton brought away more personal distinction from that inglorious war than any other British officer. He was vain as he was brave, and fully enjoyed his reputation for personal prowess[1] and strength. He was having his picture painted for his mother.[2] It was his fortune to be opposed to American partisan officers of very much his own stamp; and Henry Lee—"Light-horse Harry," as he was fondly called in the army—Marion, and Sumpter, enjoyed just the same reputation in the States as Tarleton here.

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[1] Now in the possession of Mrs. White, a descendant of the family, at Brussels.

[2] In his 'Commentaries on the Campaign in the Carolinas.'

William Beckford, the only legitimate son of the "patriot Lord Mayor," had come of age at the end of September, to find himself master of a million in ready-money and a hundred thousand a year. The haughty spirit and fiery blood of the old Jamaica planters, transmitted through the proud Lord Mayor, who recognised a kindred spirit in Chatham and dared to beard a King to his face, had been stimulated in the young millionaire by the indulgence of a doting mother, and unchecked by the wholesome discipline of a public school. Young Beckford, educated at home for five years under his mother's eye, had been taught to think himself lord and master of all about him. His quick wit and sensitive organization had been stimulated by wide and desultory reading, and early familiarity with the works of art and *virtu* which crowded Fonthill even when his father left it. He had completed his education at Geneva, and spent the last three years of his minority in travelling through Switzerland, the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy. Travelling in splendour and luxury, even as a ward in Chancery, and indulging his fancies and fine tastes unchecked and uncontrolled, proud, refined, of febrile energy, full of passion for art, and with no respect for men, he delighted to let his imagination run riot in dreams of more than Eastern wildness. He came back from his travels and found the rank and fashion of London ready to receive the millionaire with open arms. But his sensitive intelligence saw and scorned the deference paid to the money, not the man; his refined feeling for art was shocked by the shallowness of English connoisseurship and the grossness of English taste; he was too proud for the truckling required of a King's Friend, too contemptuous to court popularity in opposition, too proud to follow a leader. Fashionable and public life alike repelled him, and it is probable that just before he sat to Reynolds he had shut himself up from both to plan an extensive scheme of foreign travel, to be divided between the enjoyment of nature and art, with aids and appliances of luxury and convenience fitting his colossal fortune. It was probably during this short interval between his two visits to the Continent that he had written the wonderful tale of 'Vathek.' It was composed in French, and dashed off at a white heat in three days and two nights of continuous labour. Never was a more homogeneous creation. It bears in every line an impress of audacious and weird imagination, which gives it a place as far apart from all the originals of Eastern romance as from the imitations of them. The wonder is the greater if we remember the time when it was written,[1] the mingled decorousness and flatulence, pomposity and poverty of invention in its many Eastern Tales and Apologues. Compare 'Vathek' with the best of these, 'Rasselas.' It is like comparing a glacier with a lava-stream as it comes out of the burning mountain.

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[1] "Mr. Tarleton, the Colonel who writes Commentaries, is to walk to-day for a wager. He is to walk five miles in an hour. Which way will you bet?"—Storer to W. Eden, July, 1788 (Auckland Correspondence).

[2] I find in the account-book (July 10, 1782): "Coll. Tarleton, sent to his mother, near Liverpool, 210*l.*" It is now in the collection of Wynn Ellis, Esq.

The life that the youthful Beckford not only dreamed but carried out was exactly that which Tennyson has pictured in his 'Palace of Art,'—a life of luxurious self-culture, apart from the cares, loves, and concerns of men. It is only fair to say that Beckford seems to have extracted more happiness from such a life than the poet has conceived possible. But we should remember that before he gave himself up to it he had loved purely and fondly; and probably the death of the wife he adored,[2] after three years of unclouded happiness, had much to do in determining the eccentric recluseness of his later life.

W. Beckford had his first sitting to Sir Joshua on February the 15th; Mrs. Robinson, Colonel Tarleton, and Lady Aylesford alternate sittings with him, with another brilliant and beautiful figure, a lioness of the time—"the Fair Greek," as she was called—Mrs. Baldwin, wife of the English Consul at Smyrna. This lady probably was no true Greek, but one of the old English colony, long established at Smyrna, and semi-orientalized by habits and intermixture of races. Mrs. Baldwin's beauty was striking, voluptuous, with the almond eye, peachy cheek, and rather full forms we associate with our ideas of Eastern loveliness, and it was enhanced by her wearing the graceful Smyrniote costume in which Sir Joshua painted her. Mrs. Thrale, who had returned to her lion-hunting, was one of Mrs. Baldwin's show-women, and Miss Burney must have gone into raptures over her charms for Daddy Crisp to write to her—

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[1] It was published in 1784 in Paris, and in 1787 at Lausanne.

[2] She was Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne. He married her in May, 1783, and lost her in May, 1786, after the birth of his second daughter.

"As to your lovely Greek, I most earnestly recommend to you, notwithstanding your five sheets of paper, to put her down (while she is strong and warm in your memory and imagination) in a finished drawing in black and white. I don't mean this merely to satisfy curiosity, but as a wonderful academy figure, which may be of powerful use to you hereafter to design from in some future historical composition. Such opportunities don't offer every day; perfect novelty united to such uncommon excellence is a prize indeed. Don't let her slip, but, like Lothario,

'Seize the golden glorious opportunity.'"

Happily Sir Joshua has done with his pencil what Mr. Crisp advises his Fannikin to do with her pen. "The Fair Greek" is one of his loveliest full-lengths, and fortunately it is in perfect preservation.

Dr. Adam Ferguson, who had lately resumed the work of his Edinburgh professorship of Moral Philosophy, after acting as Secretary of the abortive commission which in 1778 had failed so egregiously in the attempt to bring about an accommodation with the revolted colonies, was sitting to Sir Joshua, with Beckford and Mrs. Baldwin. The Professor had seen all his prophecies of the course and issue of the conflict fulfilled thus far. England had been ignominiously worsted, the country had at last opened its eyes to the folly of prolonging the struggle, and the surrender of Cornwallis brought matters to a crisis. Our naval as well as our military disgraces, the servility and venality of the Legislature, displayed more boldly during the temporary secession of the Opposition, had produced the County Associations, and they had stirred the country from end to end. The fall of Lord North's administration was approaching: it was heralded by the retirement of Lord George Germaine, and Fox's damaging onslaughts on Lord Sandwich. The Minister's once compact majority diminished, till on February the 22nd General Conway was in a minority of one only on his motion to address the King to take steps for peace with America, and five days later carried such an address by 234 to 213. During the ministerial dead-throes Sir Joshua was at work finishing[1] the Notes he had promised Mason for his translation of Du Fresnoy's cramped but thoughtful Latin poem on the 'Art of Painting.' Just as that work left his hands his noble friend Burke was about to receive the reward of his long labours in Opposition. Lord Thurlow—whom we have seen sitting to Sir Joshua as the last year ended—was in consultation with Lord Rockingham between the 11th and 20th of March. The Marquis was firm in imposing his conditions on the King. After one unsuccessful attempt at an arrangement, broken off on the 18th, the King gave way, and on the night of the 20th Lord North, who had transacted business at the Treasury that morning and attended the King's levee, came down to the House to announce his resignation.

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[1] "I have at length received a letter from Sir Joshua which tells me that his annotations are finished."—Mason to Walpole, March 10, 1782.

Attached to Burke and his principles as Reynolds had always been, this must have been a happy moment for Sir Joshua. He saw the realization of hopes which had sometimes all but expired even in Burke's sanguine spirit, and which Burke had done more than any man to keep alive in the dispirited ranks of the Opposition. He knew, none better, the nobleness of Burke's nature, the loftiness of his conception of public duty, his large administrative designs, and the perfect accord between him and Lord Rockingham. Placid as Reynolds may have been, he cared enough for politics to be a stanch Whig when that creed was both unpopular and unprofitable. He now saw Whiggism in power in the persons of its best and most capable chiefs. Neither Reynolds nor his great friend then foresaw how brief the second Rockingham administration was destined to be—that before the end of July its pure and disinterested chief would be in the grave, and his followers scattered and disunited. Burke was not in the Cabinet, where he had the fittest right to be, according to our notions; but he has nowhere expressed disappointment or sense of ill-usage, whatever he may have felt. The claims of family and fortune were then paramount in the distribution of Cabinet office, and Burke was a new man and poor. He was made Paymaster of the Forces, succeeding Rigby, who had appropriated, during the thirteen years he held the office, the annual interest of the vast sums which passed through his hands. But Burke was satisfied with a fixed salary of 4000*l.* a year, and had the interest of his official balances carried to the public account. His son Richard was to receive 500*l.* a year as his father's deputy, and his brother, light-hearted Dick, left a rising practice at the Bar to become Secretary of the Treasury. So much of Burke's life had been passed in the discouragement or conflict of Opposition, that one is fain to dwell on this brief gleam of prosperity and success. Standing as he did in the affections of the Burke family, our Knight must have especially enjoyed this pleasure.

Another intimate of Sir Joshua whose fortunes rose high with the Rockingham administration was Dunning. Thurlow stood between him and the Great Seal, but he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet, and a pension of 4000*l.* a year, and created a peer by the title of Lord Ashburton. Lord Shelburne, his patron, was less scrupulous, or more exacting, in pushing the fortunes of his friends, than the Marquis of Rockingham, and his followers were less delicate than those of the Marquis.[1]

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[1] The Cabinet included the Marquis of Rockingham, Thurlow (Lord Chancellor), Lord Shelburne and C. J. Fox (Secretaries of State), Lord John Cavendish (Chancellor of the Exchequer), the Duke of Richmond (Master-General of the Ordnance), General Conway (Commander-in-Chief), Admiral Keppel (created Viscount Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty), Lord Camden (President of the Council), the Duke of Grafton (Privy Seal), and Dunning Lord Ashburton (Duchy of Lancaster). Barré, the Shelburne pendant to Burke, was made Treasurer of the Navy; Orde and Sheridan, Under-Secretaries of State; Kenyon and Lee, Attorney and Solicitor-General; the Duke of Rutland, Viceroy of Ireland; and General Burgoyne, his Commander-in-Chief.

There was hardly one member of the Rockingham administration but had already sat to Reynolds, or was about to take a place in his painting-chair. We know all these men, from First Lord of the Treasury to Under-Secretaries, as Sir Joshua's pencil has handed them down to us, and they were all his friends, as well as his sitters. Keppel, Burke, and Dunning, indeed, were among his closest intimates; and, after tracking Sir Joshua through his work and his relaxation for so many years, it is impossible to think of the Rockingham administration apart from him, the Whig painter. This very decided political complexion of Sir Joshua's professional life and connexion will probably be new to my readers, as it was a surprise to me. But it is unmistakeable, and must be taken into account in completing our conception of the man. The popular notion of him is that he was *poco-curante* in politics, as in all but painting. I have no doubt he was measured and placid in his opinions on public matters, as on other points. I dare say "he shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff" when partisans waxed hot on politics, as he did when connoisseurs talked nonsense about pictures. But I cannot believe that Whiggism could have so preponderated in his society and his sitters had he not been a very decided Whig.

The Notes on Fresnoy were repaid by Mason with a very complimentary epistle to Sir Joshua, prefixed to his translation.[1] His dedication, he says,—

"Is but to thank thy genius for the ray
Which pours on Fresnoy's rules a fuller day;

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[1] The poem bears date October 10, 1782.

> Those candid strictures, those reflections new,
> Refined as taste, yet still as nature true,
> Which, blended here with his instructive strains,
> Shall bid thy Art inherit new domains,
> Give her in Albion as in Greece to rule,
> And guide (what thou hast form'd) a British school.
> And, oh! if aught thy poet can pretend
> Beyond his fav'rite wish to call thee friend,
> * * * * * * *
> Be it that here thy partial smile approved
> The pains he lavish'd on the Art he loved."

Besides being attracted to Sir Joshua by similarity of political opinion (except in an incapacity to appreciate Burke), Mason dabbled in painting, as he did in music. One of his *protégés*, Doughty, became a pupil of Sir Joshua, and a mezzotint engraver of great power. Mason himself, when in town, was a regular visitor to Sir Joshua's painting-room. A handsome mahogany easel, Mason's present to the painter, perhaps in acknowledgment of these Notes, is preserved at the Royal Academy. Mason pays a high compliment to Reynolds's Notes, but for those who know the Discourses they will not be found to have much novelty or interest. They are, however, to the purpose, and some characteristic and useful hints appear here for the first time, as:—" In a painter it is particularly dangerous to be too good a speaker: it lessens the necessary endeavours to make himself master of the language which properly belongs to his art, that of his pencil. . . . . Neither is it prudent to talk much of a work before he undertakes it, which will probably thus be prevented from ever being begun. Even showing a picture in an unfinished state, makes the finishing afterwards irksome. The artist has already had the gratification which he ought to have kept back and made to serve as a spur to hasten its completion." All this holds true of novels, plays, and poems, as well as pictures.

The cautions against too great reliance on the academic rules, which Du Fresnoy has put into cramped Latin, are well directed. Thus, on placing the hero in the centre, and in full light—"The principal figure may be too principal:" on contrast of figures and groups—"The artless uniformity of the compositions of the old Gothic painters is far preferable to this ostentatious display of academic art." Reynolds shows that uniformity may be used to produce as fine an effect as variety, by a comparison of Rubens's Virgin and Saints at Antwerp, with Titian's Pesaro Family in the church of the Frari at Venice. Here is a wise limitation of his favourite principle of generalisation:—"Nothing in the art requires more attention and judgment, or more of that power of discrimination which may not improperly be called genius, than the steering between general ideas and individuality. An individual model copied with scrupulous exactness makes a mean style, like the Dutch; and the neglect of an actual model, and the method of proceeding solely from idea, has a tendency to make the painter degenerate into a mannerist. In order to keep the mind in repair, it is necessary to replace and refresh those impressions of Nature which are continually wearing away." His notion that genius (which he identifies as usual with taste) may be acquired, and of the help to its acquisition derivable from the study of good pictures, appears again in these Notes:—"It is undoubtedly true, and perfectly obvious, that every part of the art has a grace belonging to it, which, to satisfy and captivate the mind, must be superadded to correctness. This excellence, however expressed, whether we call it genius, taste, or the gift of Heaven, I am confident may be acquired, or the artist may certainly be put into that train by which it shall be acquired, though he must, in a great measure, teach himself by a continual contemplation of the works of those painters who are acknowledged to excel in grace and majesty. This will teach him to look for it in Nature, and industry will give him the power of expressing it on canvas." Elsewhere he says the habitual study of pictures distinguished for harmony of colour will by degrees train an eye "to revolt at discordant colours, as a musician's ear revolts at discordant sounds." In his note on the relations of light and shadow occurs the description[1] of his method of studying the Venetians' management of gradations from highest light to deepest shade, by means of papers loosely shaded in pencil after the masses of the picture. In a note on backgrounds he has some good remarks on relief, and on the art of supplying the defect of scantiness of dress by means of the background, which he illustrates by a Vandyke of the Duke of Montague's, but might have enforced still better by his own Colonel Tarleton. His note on styles of colour is eminently catholic. Jan Steen and Watteau, Vandevelde and the younger Teniers, are thoroughly appreciated, as well as Rubens and Titian.

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[1] Quoted vol. i. p. 65.

He says, with great truth, that ease and facility are the grace or genius of execution. "There is something fascinating in seeing that done with careless ease, which others do with laborious difficulty. The spectator unavoidably, by a kind of natural instinct, feels that general animation with which the hand of the artist seems to be inspired." Here is the soundest sense, most necessary then, when the cant of connoisseurship was new, and imposed on people more than it does now. "There are few spectators of a painter's work, learned or unlearned, who, if they can be induced to speak their real sensations, would not be profitable to the artist. *The only opinions of which no use can be made are those of half-learned connoisseurs, who have quitted Nature, and have not acquired Art.*" All who knew Sir Joshua were struck by his anxiety to hear honest judgments, even from the humblest. Mr. Woodburn, the late shrewd picture-dealer, had an anecdote how, when a boy of thirteen or fourteen, having been sent by his father on a business-errand to Sir Joshua, he was shown into the painting-room, where the painter was at work on a portrait. Observing that the boy looked at the head keenly, and finding he knew the original, Reynolds asked him if he thought it like. "Yes, Sir; but you have not given the face colour enough." Sir Joshua examined the picture a moment, then said, "You are right, my boy;" and proceeded to scumble some dry vermilion into the "tacky" colour on the cheeks. "That's enough! Stop! stop!" cried young Woodburn, when he saw the carnation brought up to his notion of what it should be. Sir Joshua stopped, and turning to the lad, who was blushing at his own forwardness, repeated, smilingly, "Quite right, my boy; quite right."[1]

Here is a truth, very obvious one would think, yet constantly forgotten, both by painters and their critics. "However admirable his taste may be, he is but half a painter" ("no painter," he might have said) "who can only conceive his subject, and is without knowledge of the mechanical part of his art; as, on the other hand, his skill may be said to be thrown away who has employed his colours on subjects that create no interest from their beauty, their character, or expression." In his note on Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano, Sir Joshua descends, though cautiously, from his theoretic preference of these painters, to a recognition of the truth that they were wanting in many technical excellences of the Venetian, Flemish, and even Dutch schools, which would not have been incompatible with their styles. Comparing this admission with the doctrine of the Fourth Discourse, delivered in 1771, it is evident that time had brought its correction to one-sided views of the incompatibility of fine colour with great work. Of the study of Nature he says forcibly, "This is, in reality, the beginning and end of theory. . . . . . All the rules which this theory, or any other, teaches, can be no more than teaching the art of seeing Nature."

This, too (in Note 56, which is throughout good), is thoroughly sensible, and may account for something I have excepted to in Sir Joshua's own Discourses: "Rules are to be considered as fences, placed only where trespass is expected, and are particularly enforced in proportion as peculiar faults or defects are prevalent at the time or age in which they are delivered."

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[1] Woodburn told this story to my friend Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., from whom I received it.—T. T.

On Friday, the 25th of April, Sir Joshua attended the King to the Exhibition, and on Saturday the dinner[1] took place, at which Johnson, now fast failing, but still flying from his own gloomy self-questionings to society, as long as he could drag himself about, was present, with Lord Monboddo (who had lately proposed twice, without success, to Mrs. Garrick), Sir W. Wynne, John Pitt, Esq., Philip Metcalfe, Sir John Taylor, and the Bishop of Rochester, as the President's guests.

Sir Joshua was powerfully represented in the Exhibition by fifteen pictures:—

Heads of Mr. W. Beckford, Mrs. Robinson (Perdita), Lady Aylesford ("great simplicity"—W.), Lady Althorp, and another not identified.

Full-lengths of 'The Fair Greek,' Mrs. Baldwin, in the national Smyrniote dress;

Lady G. H. Cavendish (begun as Lady Betty Compton);

Lady Talbot (second daughter of Lord Hillsborough).

Portraits of Children ("indifferent; girl's head too large."—W.).

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Rochester ("as Dean of the Order of the Bath; well."—W.).

Col. Tarleton (" confusion of lights."—W.).

Col. Windham.

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[1] "That Mr. Fitz-Walter dress the dinner at the Academy, for 42*l*. The wines to be claret, Madeira, port, and Caracavalla (Calcavella)."—*Academy Archives.*

Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

The Angel sitting on a cloud, and contemplating a cross, for the Oxford window ("head very fine, body unfinished."—W.); and

A Girl ("pretty."—W.).]

The whole-length of Colonel Tarleton is among the painter's happiest conceptions. A more unbecoming dress than that of the Colonel's, for a soldier (and it is a bold assertion), has never been devised, not even in England, and in no picture has Reynolds ever triumphed more completely over materials that would have proved unmanageable in any other hands. He could not make the Colonel stand upright or sit on his horse, without looking supremely ridiculous; and he has therefore chosen for him a half-stooping attitude, in which he appears to be adjusting his sword. By the aid of flags, cannon, the heads of horses, hints at other figures, and smoke, he has not only compensated as well as could be done for the scanty postboy-like dress of the gallant officer, but he has placed him in the heat of action, which his animated expression would be sufficient to tell us, did not the start of a horse, behind him, make us hear the roar of artillery.

The entire originality of this picture, and of the portrait of Mrs. Baldwin, must have been very striking in the Exhibition. The lovely lady is seated on a sofa [in a dress of rich green-striped Broussa silk. Her headdress is a handkerchief twisted round a high fez. She sits with her legs doubled under her] in the Eastern fashion, and is looking at a miniature. It is a charming composition [lovely in colour, and in perfect preservation.[1]

The rivalry of Gainsborough and Reynolds seems sometimes to have determined their choice of pictures for exhibition. Thus, this year, Gainsborough sent, as if to challenge comparison with Sir Joshua, a full-length of Colonel Tarleton, with a horse. He had a full-length, too, of "La Bacelli" dancing; and while the Exhibition was still open, I find the same lady sitting to Sir Joshua. Other pictures by Gainsborough were mounted full-lengths of the Prince of Wales and Captain St. Leger; and a brilliant head of Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott, a famous beauty and demirep of the time, who, a few years after this, won the Duke of Orleans, on one of his visits to this country. She accompanied him to Paris. Her journal of her imprisonment and escape during the Reign of Terror has been published within the last few years. But Gainsborough's masterpiece of the year was his inimitable 'Girl and Pigs,' which Walpole in his Catalogue notes as "pretty good," yet he was a great admirer of the painter. Sir Joshua bought the picture for sixty guineas; but is said to have paid Gainsborough a hundred, the fruits probably of a resale of the picture to M. De Calonne. He had done the same thing in the case of Zoffany; but he was said by his detractors to be jealous of Gainsborough.] In this way did he behave to the most formidable of his rivals. It is as certain as it is unaccountable that he did not appreciate Wilson as he did Gainsborough; and if *he* did not feel the charm of Wilson's art, we cannot be surprised that it was lost on the public. In the early part of this year poor Wilson was released by death from "the apathy of *cognoscenti*, the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public." The quotation is from Fuseli; who yet (in my opinion) does not do Wilson full justice.[1]

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[1] The picture was in Sir Joshua's possession at his death. It was afterwards bought by H. Phillips, R.A., and from his hands passed into those of Lord Lansdown, and now hangs at Bowood, a worthy *pendant* to the St. Cecilia.

Cunningham accuses Reynolds of cold malignity towards Wilson.

"It is related," he says, "that at a meeting of the members of the Academy on a social occasion, Reynolds proposed the health of Gainsborough as '*the best landscape-painter*;' on which Wilson added aloud, '*and the best portrait-painter* too.' The President pretended not to have been aware of the presence of Wilson, and made a courtly explanation." The true story (given by Northcote) is, that at a meeting of the Artists' Club Sir Joshua came into the room, having just seen a very fine landscape by Gainsborough. He described its beauties to the members, and finished by saying, "Gainsborough is certainly the first landscape-painter now in Europe." Wilson, who was present, said, "Well, Sir Joshua, and it is my opinion that he is also the greatest portrait-painter at this time in Europe." Sir Joshua felt the rebuke, and apologised for making the observation in Wilson's company.

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[1] "His grandeur," he says, "is oftener allied to terror, bustle, and convulsion, than to calmness and tranquillity." The last-named qualities pervade most of Wilson's landscapes, and his noble breadth of effect gives grandeur to the most trifling subjects from his hand. Wolcott, who did more justice to Wilson, says, "This great artist was desired by Sir W. Chambers, his friend, to paint a picture for a great king; it was one of the finest he ever executed; the picture was shown to the great king, was laughed at, and with contempt returned. The picture is now in the author's possession."

Wolcott predicted that in a hundred years Wilson would be estimated. In a quarter of that time he was appreciated by the *few*, and the *many* then took him on trust.

[Fuseli's 'Nightmare,' exhibited this year, made a great "sensation." It was quite unlike anything the public had seen before; yet the fiery young Swiss was glad to sell this picture for twenty guineas, and all the profit of its popularity was reaped by J. R. Smith, who engraved it and realised many hundreds by the print. The days of artists' fortune—for all but the portrait-painter—were still far off. Prices were low, patrons few, and copyrights did not yet realise for the artist as much as, or more than, the price of his picture. Sir Joshua, with all his popularity, never made money by the publishers. He *gave* his pictures to the engravers, and was always beset by applicants. It is worth noting that engraving has never flourished in this country as at this time, and under this system, when the engraver reaped the chief gains of his work, and not the painter or publisher.

Walpole, who hated everything approaching bombast in art, dismisses the 'Nightmare' in his Catalogue, with a "shocking." Zoffany's group[1] of Wilkes and his daughter is "horridly like." Wilkes, by this time "purged and living cleanly," was now comfortably berthed in the City Chamberlainship. His patriotism had cooled down to healthy constitutional blood-heat, and he had just succeeded in getting expunged from the Journals of the House of Commons the Resolutions of February, 1769, in relation to the Middlesex election.

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[1] Miss Wilkes left this picture in her will to her cousin Lady Baker, wife of Sir Robert Baker, of Richmond.

West's 'Ascension of our Saviour,' painted for Windsor, is summarily dismissed by Walpole—"no harmony, heads like masks." But the wonder of the year was young Opie, who exhibited 'A Country Boy and Girl,' 'An Old Woman,' and 'A Beggar in an Armenian dress.' The self-taught Cornish boy was in the full tide of town-talk. I find in Walpole's Catalogue this note about him, evidently written after the year:—

"A lad of 19, from Cornwall, who had taught himself to paint by having poor people and children to sit to him. He painted with a strong body of colour something like Rembrandt, but his colour dirty. He succeeded best in old heads." Sir Joshua, always kind to young painters, and the arbiter whose judgment was sought on the essays of every aspirant in the arts, had been one of the first to appreciate Opie's vigorous ability. But he had a more active patron, who was also a puffer, in Dr. Wolcott, a loose, jovial, quick-witted clergyman without a cure, and physician without patients, who had returned from unsuccessful fortune-hunting in Jamaica to his native Cornwall. Wolcott had indeed discovered the talent of the boy, who used to do odd jobs about his house, and in 1780 had brought him up to London under a very original agreement. The doctor was to put his pen to profit, while young Opie used his pencil, and the profits of both adventures were to be equally divided. The Doctor had the best of the bargain, as Opie soon discovered, and brought the arrangement to a close at the end of the first year. Wolcott had tried his hand at rhymed lampooning as early as 1778, in his 'Epistle to the Reviewers,' a fair skit on literary puffery and the popularity of such poetasters as Hannah More. But he now came out with the first of that series of audacious rhymes which made his name notorious and filled his pockets for the rest of the reign of George III. The removal of the Exhibition to Somerset House had given a fillip to the public curiosity about pictures; newspaper critics and pamphleteers had found, for the first time, that there was matter for their pens in the art of the day. So Wolcott now broke on the town in his 'Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians,' under the name of Peter Pindar. Wolcott had sound judgment both in music and painting. After a few stanzas given to the building and Sir W. Chambers, he goes on to Sir Joshua :—

"Oh Muse! Sir Joshua's master-hand
Shall first our lyric laud command—
Lo Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight!
His horses feel a godlike rage,
And yearn with Yankees to engage—
I think I see them snorting for the fight!"

Then, after a fling at the woodenness of the horses (not altogether undeserved), and a hit, *en passant*, at the "trotting angel" of the Nativity, he concludes—

"Yet, Reynolds, let me fairly say,
With pride I pour the lyric lay
To most things by thy able hand exprest—
Compared to other painting men,
Thou art an angel to a wren!—
Now, Mistress Muse, pray wait on Mister West."

And the Muse sings hard things of Mr. West, which, rank heresy then, are common forms of faith now. Wolcott's hatred of Northcote breaks out (in his advice to young painters not to be proud) in this picture :—

"I know
A Jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black man,
More like a cobbler than a gentleman,
Working on canvas like a dog in dough.

* * * * * *

He earns a guinea every day with ease,
  Attempteth heads of princes, dogs, cats, 'squires,
Now on a monkey ventureth, now a saint;
  Talks of himself, and much himself admires,
And struts the veriest bantam-cock of paint.

* * * * * * *

Whose soul, moreover, of such sort is,
  With so much acrimony overflows,
  As makes him, wheresoe'er he goes,
A walking thumb-bottle of *aquafortis*."

He is just to Gainsborough:—

"And now, oh Muse, with song so big,
  Turn round to Gainsborough's Girl and Pig;
Or Pig and Girl, I rather should have said:
  The pig in white, I must allow,
  Is really a well-painted sow:
I wish to say the same thing of the maid."

Then the portraits of the Prince of Wales and his favourite Captain St. Leger are gibbeted, and the Fourth Ode winds up with sounder appreciation both of the painter's strength and weakness than was common among the public of that day:—

"Yet Gainsborough has merit too,
  Would he his charming *fort* pursue,
To mind his landscape have the modest grace;
  Yet there sometimes are nature's tints despised,
  I wish them more attended to, and prized,
Instead of trumpery that usurps their place."

He classes Loutherbourg and Wilson rightly, and in defiance of the taste of the time:—

"And Loutherbourg, when Heaven so wills
  To make brass skies and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing,
  Thy reputation, too, will rise,
  And people, gaping with surprise,
Cry, 'Master Loutherbourg is most amazing!'

  But thou must wait for that event:
  Perhaps the change is never meant:
Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine;
  Till then, old red-nosed Wilson's art
  Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

> But, honest Wilson, never mind;
> Immortal praises thou shalt find,
> And for a dinner have no cause to fear.
> Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes;
> Don't be impatient for those times,
> Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year."

When these lines were penned, Wilson was dead or dying in the quiet retreat near Llanberris which the death of a brother had given him for the last few months of his life. One is thankful to know that the poor old landscape-painter died in comfort, among the grand scenery of the region he was born in and loved all his life, and not in the squalor and privation of his Tottenham Court Road one-room lodging. He had left London the year before, worn out with infirmities and disappointment. He was at that time dependent for bread on his small salary as Academy librarian, the rare sale of a picture, or of the sketches which the dealers would hardly look at for half-a-crown apiece, and which Paul Sandby used to buy of him, in kindness, for a few shillings beyond his trade-price. His last windfall was due to the kindness of Reynolds, who, just before Wilson left London, got him a commission from a nobleman for two landscapes at a fair price. Cunningham, mentioning this in his sketch of Wilson's life, with his usual bias against Sir Joshua, speaks of Reynolds "relaxing his hostility at last, and becoming generous when it was too late." To those who have read thus far it would be hardly necessary to say that there is no more trace of hostility or lack of generosity in Sir Joshua's dealings with Wilson, than in his relations to any other artist of his time. In every authentic anecdote bearing on this point he appears as a wise adviser of the young, a friend and forwarder of the fortunes of the more advanced. Above all, there is not one trace of hostility or jealousy even towards painters who were his rivals for public favour, as Romney and Gainsborough. How then should he have been hostile to Wilson, from whose competition he had nothing to fear? How rather, being the kindly man we see him to have been, and knowing Wilson's genius and the blindness of the connoisseurs to it, should he not have sympathised with and sincerely desired to help him?

Wolcott's squib brings to light the imitation which Sir Joshua's success had already engendered in our school:—

"Sir Joshua's happy pencil hath produced
A host of copyists much of the same feature,
By which the art hath greatly been abused;
I own Sir Joshua great, but Nature greater."

He likens the imitators to a row of pointers backing the one dog that scents the covey, or a line of Ensigns in the Park, of whom the first only is transfixed by the charms of a

"Fresh-imported, active, blooming lass."

"E'en so the President, to Nature true,
Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue;
Whilst half the silly brushmen of the land,
Contented, take the nymph at second-hand,—
Imps, who just boast the merit of translators,
Horace's *serpum pecus*,—imitators!"

No one was more sensible than Reynolds both of his own shortcomings, and of the mischievousness of imitation which was sure to exaggerate these very defects. Northcote had a story of his being very angry with a young painter, who brought him a copy of one of his own pictures, in which he had exaggerated Sir Joshua's use of red in the reflected lights of the shadows under the eyebrows and nose. "I had made it bad enough, and you have made it worse." He used to lament the exaggeration of the worst points of his own manner, which he saw in the work of such men as Hoppner and Beechey, to say nothing of his own pupils, Northcote and Beech, Berridge, Barron, and Parry. The taint of this imitation of Reynolds, sometimes in the right but oftener in the wrong thing, has left its traces down to our own day. Even Lawrence imitated Reynolds in his earlier works. Yet these works are his best. The simplicity, life, and richness of Reynolds acted as a useful counterpoise to Lawrence's besetting sins of affectation, flattery, and flimsiness. It was worse when Lawrence, in his turn, became the cynosure of our young portrait-painters. It is, I fear, largely owing to imitations of his vices of style and practice, that English portraiture fell from the height of Reynolds and Gainsborough to the low level from which it is now only slowly struggling upwards. So true it is in art, as in all else,

> "That God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Serres and Zoffany, Barrett and Catton, Stubbs and the Cosways, Peters and Angelica Kauffmann, pass in turn under Wolcott's hand; and he lays on his cat-o'-nine-tails, it must be owned, with a discrimination as well as impartiality which was then quite new in criticism. Peter Pindar's are still the soundest contemporary judgments in print on the painters of that day. He lashes not less justly the pretensions of connoisseurship and the emptiness of tonnish Exhibition-prattlers:—

"Whilst unobserved, the glory of our nation,
Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces,—
Works that a Titian's hand could form alone,
Works that Correggio had been proud to own!"

Early in May Sir Joshua received Thomas Warton's pompous verses on the New College window. Warton's praise is as misdirected as Wolcott's blame is well-aimed. Warton's great point is that the perfection of Sir Joshua's art, as shown in his designs (now set up in Jervais's[1] stained glass), has converted him from his love of the "storied windows" of earlier times:—

"Thy powerful hand hath broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again."

He ridicules the subjects of the old windows, their style, their colour! Then, after condemning the true art of painted glass in favour of the false, with an elaboration of perverseness which is almost amusing, he winds up his climax of blunders with the least-deserved compliment ever paid to Sir Joshua:—

"Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light;
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before to reconcile
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile."

Sir Joshua wrote in acknowledgment of Warton's compliment:—

"London, May 13, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,—This is the first minute I have had to thank you for the verses which I had the honour and pleasure of receiving a week ago. It is a bijoux (*sic*), it is a beautiful little thing; and I think I should have equally admired it, if I had not been so much interested in it as I certainly am. I owe you great obligations for the sacrifice which you have made, or pretend to have made, to modern art. I say pretend; for though it is allowed that you have, like a true poet, feigned marvellously well, and have opposed the two different styles with the skill of a connoisseur, yet I may be allowed to entertain some doubts of the sincerity of your conversion. I have no great confidence in the recantation of such an old offender.

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[1] I find the name spelt in all ways, Jervas, Jervais, Gervais, Jervis, Jarvis.

"It is short, but it is a complete composition; it is a whole. The struggle is, I think, eminently beautiful—

'From bliss long felt, unwillingly we part;
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart.'

"It is not much to say that your verses are by far the best that ever my name was concerned in. I am sorry, therefore, my name[1] was not hitched in, in the body of the poem. If the title-page should be lost, it will appear to be addressed to Mr. Jervais.

"I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect,
"Your most humble and obedient servant,
"J. REYNOLDS."

It may have been, partly, in return for the compliment thus paid him that Sir Joshua soon after this proposed Thomas Warton as a member of the Literary Club.

While the Exhibition continued open, Sir Joshua was as busy with sitters as ever. Wedgwood, now the flourishing head of the great potteries at Etruria,—a respected member of the Society of Arts, the patron and employer of Flaxman, one whom Sir Joshua must have respected for his integrity, his fine taste, his far-sighted shrewdness in business, and his liberal treatment of the artists whose abilities he had the wit to appreciate, while they were still unrecognised by the crowd, —was sitting to Sir Joshua this month, with his wife. The beautiful but unhappy Mrs. Musters,[1] most interesting to us now as the mother of the John Musters who married Byron's first love, Mary Chaworth, was another sitter in May. The fine full-length of her as Hebe, with the eagle, still hangs at Colwick Hall. Another full-length, with a spaniel at her feet, painted in 1777, the year of her marriage, is at Petworth. It is interesting to compare the two, and note the wear and tear of five years in the reign of a queen of fashion. Edmund Burke and his son both found time to sit to their friend that May—in spite of the overwhelming parliamentary labours of Burke, who at last saw the time arrived, to which he had so long and often so despairingly looked forward—the time for putting into execution his schemes of economy and administrative Reform, for purging Parliament of contractors, for improving our electoral system by depriving Revenue-officers of their votes—then systematically coerced to the service of the Minister—and for punish-

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[1] In the first edition "Artist" stood, instead of "Reynolds," in the passage quoted above.

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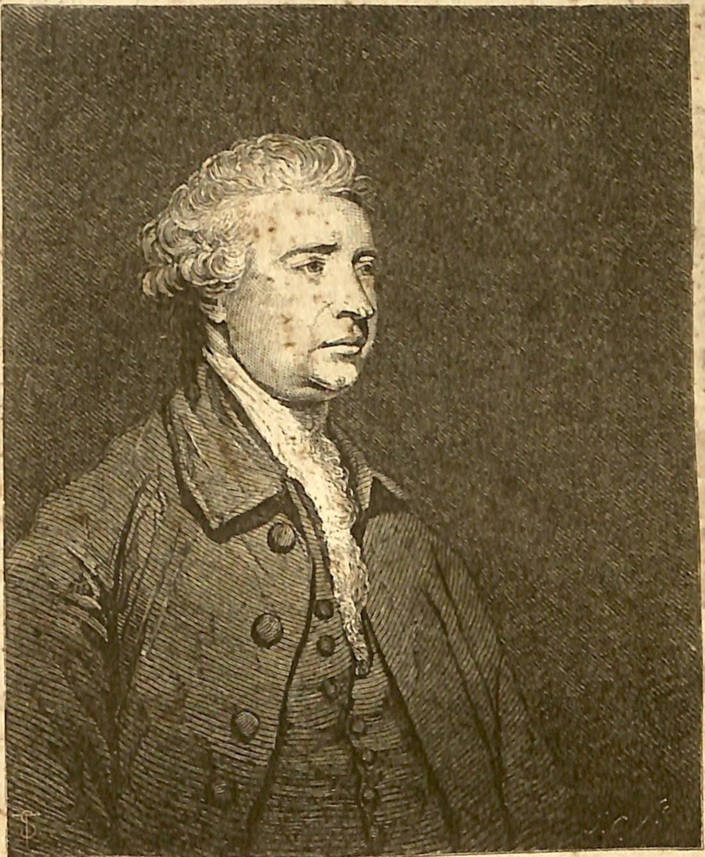
[1] "The present beauty, whose remains our children (*i.e.* nieces) may talk of, is a Mrs. Musters, an exceeding pretty woman, who is the reigning toast of the season."—*Miss Burney's Diary*, 1779.

There is an anecdote of her in the notes to the 1st vol. of the Diary, contributed by the gentleman who handed her a glass of chalky water at a ball, with an apology, when she drank it, saying, "Chalk is thought to be a cure for the heart-burn; I wonder whether it will cure the heart-ache?"



EDMUND BURKE.

ing the Indian Governors who had abused their powers for their own enrichment or the aggrandisement of the Company. The pictures for which Sir Joshua had his last sittings that May[1] both hang at Milton, among other treasures of art inherited by the Fitzwilliams from the Marquis of Rockingham. It is pleasant—before the curtain falls on that too brief second Rockingham administration, the one episode in the political history of that half-century on which the mind can rest with satisfaction—to have one glimpse, through Miss Burney's bright eyes, of Edmund Burke happy in Sir Joshua's company and the lovely scenery of Richmond. It was late in May or early in June that Miss Burney had invited herself to accompany her father, whom Sir Joshua had asked to meet the Bishop of St. Asaph at his villa.

As was his frequent practice in the case of his guests who kept no carriage, Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer, accompanied by Lord Cork, call to pick up the Doctor and Miss Burney. After a mighty pleasant ride (five in the coach notwithstanding), they walk on the Terrace, where Dick Burke (now Secretary of the Treasury) meets them, bound for the Star and Garter. He has come alone, he says. "What, on horseback?" "Ay, sure," is his answer, laughing, "*up and ride*! now's the time!" And he passes on with a flourish of his hand. We recognise Whimsical Dick in the words and gesture. After Miss Burney has returned to the house, while Sir Joshua is desiring her opinion of the prospect from his window, and comparing it with that from Beaconsfield, the Bishop of St. Asaph and Miss Shipley are announced—the Bishop, the most sociable easy-going prelate of that easy-going time; and his daughter, tall, handsome, and self-sufficient, a scholar, and a painter; she has even exhibited with applause at the Academy. Then enter a lady and three gentlemen—Miss Burney recognises Mr. Gibbon and young Mr. Burke, and concludes the lady to be Mrs. Burke, his mother. She had been told *the* Burke was not expected, yet this unknown has just the air, manner, appearance, she has prepared herself to look for in him. Dinner is announced. The party file out. Sir Joshua and the unknown stop to speak to each other on the stairs, and follow. Sir Joshua invites Evelina—nay, Cecilia now, for her second novel has lately appeared—to his side, "and then," he adds, "Mr. Burke shall sit on the other side of you." Miss Burney was right then after all. But Miss Shipley orders Mr. Burke to sit next her; he smiles and obeys. Sir Joshua explains that he only meant to make his peace by giving Mr. Burke the seat near Miss B., because he has been scolding him for not introducing him to her, and forthwith introduces them. She describes him rapturously:—

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[1] Mr. E. Burke generally sits at 9 in the morning.

"Mr. Burke is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language copious, various, and eloquent. His manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful. Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting.

"I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than the manner; all, therefore, that is related *from* him loses half its effect in not being related *by* him."

In her Memoirs of her father, Madame d'Arblay tells us, further, how, on Miss Shipley's mentioning that she had received a letter from Doctor Franklin, Burke burst forth into an eulogy of the Doctor's abilities and character, giving a history the most striking, yet simple, of his life, and expressing veneration for his eminence in science, and his liberal sentiments and skill in politics.

Thence he digressed to the beauty, but rarity, of great minds sustaining great powers to great old age; and wound up his illustrations of that text by a magnificent panegyric on Cardinal Ximenes.

Miss Burney sits rapt, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but Mr. Burke, till, "as if fearing he had become too serious, he rose to help himself to some distant fruit—for all this had passed at the dessert; and then, while still standing in the noblest attitude, and with a sudden smile full of radiant ideas, he vivaciously exclaimed, 'No imagination—not even the imagination of Miss Burney—could describe a character so extraordinary as that of Cardinal Ximenes; no pen—not even the pen of Miss Burney—could have described it adequately.' "

The window of the drawing-room commanded a view of a pretty white house of Lady Di Beauclerk's. Burke and Gibbon and Sir Joshua go off in reminiscences of her husband, his character, his ill-treatment of his wife, and poor Goldsmith's blunders at one of his dinners.

Within a month of this joyous party Lord Rockingham was dying. On the 1st of July he died. His last act was to cancel all the bonds for money due to him from Burke.

It is, to my mind, an additional motive for honouring Reynolds, that in his political opinions, and in his intimacies with public men, he should have belonged to the party headed by the most stainless of English statesmen—Charles Marquis of Rockingham.

The tide of our naval fortunes, which had never run so dead against us as during the later years of Lord North's administration, turned in our favour during the brief rule of Lord Rockingham. Besides the success of Admiral Barrington's Channel fleet, in the capture of the 'Pégase,' and part of her convoy, by Captain Jervis in the 'Foudroyant' on the 20th of April, on the 18th of May came the news of Rodney's complete victory over the Count de Grasse, off Guadaloupe, crowned by the capture of the 'Ville de Paris,' the largest ship in the French service, with the French Admiral on board, and four line-of-battle ships, besides one sunk in action. That victory cowed the formidable fleets of France and Spain, and saved Jamaica. As usual, Sir Joshua's skill was laid under contribution in connexion with these victories. I find an appointment with Captain Jervis at Admiral Barrington's, 42, Welbeck Street, on the 28th of May. He had already painted Rodney; and he was now commissioned by the

Duke of Rutland to paint a posthumous portrait[1] of his gallant brother, Lord Robert Manners, who had commanded the 'Resolution' in Rodney's action, and died of his wounds on his way home. His friend Dunning, under his new title of Lord Ashburton, was sitting to him when the Rockingham administration collapsed with the death of its chief; and while at work on the successful lawyer and warm partisan of Lord Shelburne, he was also painting Fox, Lord Shelburne's bitter rival, at the time the former threw up office with Burke and Lord John Cavendish. Dundas, too, the sagacious Lord Advocate, who had retained his place after the fall of Lord North, was another political sitter in June. And in the same month his old stage-pet, Mrs. Abington, who for some years past had not sat to him, reappears in the familiar chair. But of all his lady-sitters this year the most brilliant was the Duchess of Rutland, who successfully contested the palm of beauty and fashion with the Duchess of Devonshire. He was again the Duke's guest at Cheveley from the 22nd to the 27th of August, and there, probably, the commission for Lord Robert's picture was finally settled. Sir Joshua was alone at this time, his niece having set out on a visit to Devonshire on the 14th of August.

On Sunday the 3rd of November, and again on Sunday the 10th, he has appointments with Mr. Gainsborough at ten. This was the nearest *rapprochement* recorded of these illustrious rivals till Sir Joshua was called by the dying Gainsborough to his bedside. The progress of the picture was interrupted by Sir Joshua's illness,—a paralytic attack, of sufficient severity to alarm his friends seriously. Probably this attack prevented even the second sitting to Gainsborough; for Johnson writes to him from Brighton on the 14th:—

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[1] To this picture refer the pocket-book memoranda (Oct. 14):—

"Lord Robert: Frock-uniform, under three years (*i.e.* made in the fashion of less than three years ago); button-holes embroidered two and two; leaning on a cane. A sea-view: the hair more dishevelt; little powder; large half-length; the belt."

"DEAR SIR,—I heard yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends: but I hope you will still live long, for the honour of the nation; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is still reserved for

"Dear Sir,
"Your most affectionate, &c.
"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Brighthelmstone, November 14, 1782."

Sir Joshua was sent to Bath by his physician; and from the 15th of November to the 6th of December there is no entry of a sitter, though he seems to have returned home and resumed his usual habits at the end of November. On Wednesday, December 4, Miss Burney, calling on Miss Palmer, who had hurried back from Devonshire on the news of her uncle's illness, finds that though he has been very dangerously ill he is now quite recovered.

On the 8th she meets him at Miss Monckton's, at one of that eccentric lady's Sunday gatherings. Miss Monckton, at whose parties Sir Joshua was one of the most constant guests, lived with her mother the old Dowager Lady Galway, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Miss Burney has given a queer picture of the ways of the house. The servants opened the door to you, and left you to find your way upstairs. There, by the fire, sat the old Dowager, with her little round white cap flat on her forehead; which must have contrasted oddly with the then fashionable têtes—hair strained over cushions a foot high, and with feathers and furbelows above that. This little old lady said nothing to anybody: her particular acquaintance might make their compliments, but the bulk of the guests belonged to her daughter. Even she never rose to receive her visitors, but nodded them a "How d'ye do," and left them to accommodate themselves. Such free and easy fashions, in contrast to the formal politeness of that time, must have been very racy, and prove Miss Monckton a really original person. Sir Joshua soon appears, draws his chair to Miss Burney, and tells her all the agreeable things people have been saying of her 'Cecilia'—Mrs. Montague and the old Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Delany—who has read it three times.

Miss Burney adds, "Sir Joshua is extremely kind; he is always picking up some anecdote of this sort for me; yet most delicately, never lets me hear his own praises but through others. He looks vastly well, and as if he had never been ill. . . .

"Sir Joshua desired he might convey me home; I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying, 'Why, I am old enough, a'n't I?' and turning to Dr. Johnson he said, 'Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home? She says I a'n't old enough.'—'Ay, Sir,' said the Doctor, 'did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?' "

Then comes Burke with even a hotter fire of compliment: he, too, can confirm Sir Joshua's report of the praise of the "old wits." Sir Joshua, coming up, declares they would talk of nothing else for three hours. "And we," he adds, laughing, "joined in from time to time. Gibbon says he read the whole five volumes in a day." Burke declares that it is impossible. It took him three days, and he never parted with the book. Well may the diarist burst out to her sister, "Here are laurels, Sissy!"

Dr. Johnson was there, and sulky to hear the room ringing with no name but Siddons.

The great actress had made her second and successful appearance in London, on the 10th of October, in Isabella, and had taken the town by storm. She had already been painted by Sherwin in the 'Grecian Daughter,' the second part played by her in London. Her only other characters up to this time had been Jane Shore, and Calista in the 'Fair Penitent.' Her triumphs in Shakspeare were yet to come. At present she even shrunk from such parts as Medea and Lady Macbeth, declaring "she did not look on them as female characters."[1] "Mrs. Siddons continues to be the mode," writes Walpole, "and to be modest and sensible. She declines great dinners, and says her business and the cares of her family take up her whole time." The members of the bar and the wits and gamblers at Brookes's sent her purses as tributes of their admiration. Society was at her feet; Gainsborough and Sir Joshua were both eager to paint her; yet all this adulation and attention left her unspoiled. She was then in her twenty-eighth year; but hers was one of the faces that improve after early womanhood. The features which had seemed too marked in the girl of nineteen now looked grand and imposing, harmonious in repose, full of expression when impassioned. Her figure had acquired roundness and fullness. The stately self-possession of her manner in society completed the impression which the dignity and passion of her acting had begun. Miss Burney meets her on the 15th December at Miss Monckton's, whither Sir Joshua accompanies her and her father from a dinner at Mrs. Walsingham's. "She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am glad she is thus patronised, since Mrs. Abington and so many frail fair ones have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety,—very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance; and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said, 'Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! However, we shall soon gild it.'"

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[1] Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, Christmas night, 1782.

Sir Joshua was soon in intimate relations with Mrs. Siddons. She had recourse to his advice as to costume.

The dress worn by Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, in particular, was of his devising; and I find frequent engagements at her house, to dinners and evening parties. But it is not the President's Tragic Muse that is called up by Miss Burney's description. I see rather the calm and graceful original of Gainsborough's picture, now in the South Kensington collection.

At Lady Gideon's grand assembly (on the 20th of December) Miss Burney again meets Sir Joshua. He agrees to join her in a visit to Mrs. Walsingham, to see that lady's paintings, in which Sir Joshua takes a great interest, lending her his works to copy, as he does to Lady Lucan, the Countess of Buckinghamshire,[1] Mrs. Weddell, Miss Shipley, and other fashionable amateurs. "He kept me with him," says Miss Burney, "to my great satisfaction, the principal part of the evening. He is so pleasant, unaffected, and agreeable that there is no one among those who are of celebrity I can converse with half so easily and comfortably." Always the same testimony! Everything recorded of Sir Joshua by Miss Burney bears out her impression of him. He sends her to speak to Soame Jenyns, because "he was now of an age to be entitled to such an attention." Another time he strolls back to her to tell her he has found the original of one of her characters in 'Cecilia.' On the 28th she and her father dine with Sir Joshua, and meet West the painter, Jackson of Exeter, and Miss Reynolds. Sir Joshua takes Miss Burney's hand, wishes her a merry Christmas, with a kiss, according to the old form, and presents her to Mr. West, "a very pleasing man; simple, soft mannered, cheerful, and serene." Jackson, the famous composer, is a contrast, full of originality—very handsome—at one moment all ardour and passion, the next absent and silent. But "dear Sir Joshua" is so pleasant, so easy, so comfortable, that even shy Miss Burney never felt so little constrained with people who she saw came to meet her. They are very merry after dinner; Mr. Jackson sets to teaching all to write with their left hands. Fanny tries to write "Sir Joshua;" Mr. Jackson struggles for the paper, but Fanny tears it. She examines Sir Joshua's two famous snuffboxes, the one of gold, the other of tin, and wonders why he should use the vile and shabby tin one. "Why," he tells her, laughing, "because I naturally love a little of the blackguard. Ay, and so do you, too, little as you look as if you did; and all the people all day long are saying, 'Where *can* you have seen such company as you treat us with?'" But she adds, though Sir Joshua likes a passing speech or two on Fanny's books, the moment he sees her look uncomfortable he is good-naturedly ready to give it up. Her friends, her sister even, have dreams about him and Fanny.

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[1] A palette set by him for this lady is still preserved at the Royal Academy.

"How, my dearest Sissy, can you wish any wishes about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy! What misery should I suffer if I were only his niece, from terror of a fatal repetition of such a shock! I would not run voluntarily into such a state of perpetual apprehension for all the wealth of the East."

At this time, Miss Burney tells us, Sir Joshua had a plan in consideration for a jubilee in honour of Raffaele, who would have been dead 300 years the next Easter. He had not yet determined what ceremonies were to be performed, but charged Fanny to set her little brain to work in thinking for him.

On the 10th of December this year the Eleventh Discourse was delivered on the distribution of the prizes. It is an attempt, certainly not successful, to define pictorial genius; and the general upshot of the argument is, that this consists "in the power of expressing what employs the pencil, as a whole." "A nice discrimination of minute circumstances and a punctilious delineation of them, whatever excellences it may have"—and Sir Joshua does not detract from them—"can never confer upon the artist the character of genius." This is, in effect, the presentation from another point of view of the theory more fully elaborated in the Third and Fourth Discourses, that "the grand style" consists in the avoidance of detail; and I must refer my readers to the reasons given in my analysis of those Discourses against the lecturer's conclusions. Walpole[1] (writing to Mason) mentions this Discourse "as, *entre nous*, rather an apology for, or an avowal of, the object of his own style, that is, effect or impression on all sorts of spectators. This lesson will rather do hurt than good to his disciples, and make them neglect all kind of finishing. Nor is he judicious in quoting Vandyke, who at least specified silks, satins, velvets. Sir Joshua's draperies represent clothes, never their materials. Yet more: Vandyke and Sir Godfrey Kneller excelled all painters in hands; Sir Joshua's are seldom even tolerably drawn." He further exemplifies his objections by reference to the pictures of Lord Richard Cavendish and the three Ladies Waldegrave.

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[1] 10th of February, 1783.

There is good ground for this criticism. But it is unfair, I think, to charge Sir Joshua with accommodating his theory to his practice. He rather squared his practice to his theory. The slightness of his work in his portraits might plausibly be attributed to haste and eagerness to get money; but when we find the same exaggerated breadth degenerating into emptiness in the works on which he wished to found his reputation as a historical painter, as, for example, the Ugolino, it must be admitted that he was working on a principle in this respect. It seems to me that the practical result in his pictures is as damaging to the theory as the arguments in its support are unsound. We ought, however, carefully to distinguish the masterly facility often seen in Sir Joshua's pictures from the calculated emptiness visible in so much of the Ugolino.

List of Sitters for 1782.

January.

Lady Taylor; Master Brummel; Mrs. Robinson; Col. Tarleton; Mr. Eliot; Lady Clermont.[1]

February.

Mrs. Baldwin (the fair Smyrniote); Mr. Coussmaker; Mr. Beckford; Dr. A. Ferguson; Lady Aylesford; Mrs. and Master Courtenay.

March.

Bishop of Rochester; Duke of Rutland's children; Lady Finch; Mrs. Cleveland; Lady Althorp; Lady Lincoln; Lord Temple; Mr. Courtenay; Mr. Coussmaker's horse; Mr. Davidson.

April.

Mrs. Beckford; Mr. Hamilton.

May.

Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood; Duke of Devonshire; Mrs. Musters; Mr. Burke; Mr. R. Burke; Miss Keppel.

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[1] A very sweet picture of a sweet and amiable woman, now in the possession of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, at Mentmore.

June.

The Lord Advocate (H. Dundas); Miss Falkner[1] (or Falconer); Lady C. Talbot; Lord Harrington; La Bacelli;[2] Mrs. Abington.

July.

Lord Ashburton; Mrs. and Miss Angerstein; Lord Cobham; Mr. Fox.

August.

Duchess of Rutland; Mrs. Gosling.

September.

(No new sitters.)

October.

Mr. *Goddard; at* work on a posthumous picture of Lord Robert Manners; Lady Harrington; Miss Hoare; Lord Cornwallis.

November.

No new sitters. Sir Joshua was dangerously ill this month. Before his attack, on Sunday, the 3rd, he sat to Gainsborough, and had another appointment with him on Sunday, the 10th. He visited Bath during his convalescence.

December.

Lord Northington; Mr. Leveson Gower; Lord Albemarle.

1783.—The pocket-book for this year is missing. In Sir Joshua's art-life the year is principally associated with his great portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, most of the sittings for which must have been given in 1783, as the lady's name does not occur as a sitter either in 1782 or in 1784, when the picture was dated and exhibited:—

Just as he was beginning the work of the year Sir Joshua had a mournful duty of friendship to discharge. Good old Michael Moser, the Swiss chaser and enameller, and the first Keeper[3] of the Academy, died on the 23rd of January. Sir Joshua, the day after his death, wrote his obituary notice:—

"His private character deserves a more ample testimony than this transient memorial. Few have passed a more inoffensive, or, perhaps, a more happy life: if happiness, or the enjoyment of life, consists in having the mind always occupied, always intent upon some useful art, by which fame and distinction may be acquired. Mr. Moser's whole attention was absorbed, either in practice, or something that related to the advancement of art. . . . Long before the Royal Academy was established, he presided over the little societies which met, first in Salisbury Court, and afterwards in St. Martin's-lane, where they drew from living models. Perhaps nothing that can be said will more strongly imply his amiable disposition, than that all the different societies with which he was connected have always turned their eyes upon him for their treasurer and chief manager; when, perhaps, they would not have contentedly submitted to any other authority. His early society was composed of men whose names are well known in the world—such as Hogarth, Rysbrach, Roubiliac, Wills, Ellis, Vanderbank, &c.

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[1] A fashionable beauty, who spoke the epilogue at Lady Craven's private play. She married the Hon. Mr. Stanhope.

[2] The famous *danseuse*, now openly installed at Knole, as mistress of the Duke of Dorset. She danced at Paris wearing the Duke's garter as a bandeau. Was its "Honi soit qui mal y pense" ever so appropriate since the Order was founded?

[3] He was succeeded in the keepership by Carlini, the sculptor.

"Though he had outlived all the companions of his youth, he might to the last have boasted of a succession equally numerous, for all who knew him were his friends.

"When he was appointed Keeper of the Royal Academy, his conduct was exemplary, and worthy to be imitated by whoever shall succeed him in that office. As he loved the employment of teaching, he could not fail of discharging that duty with diligence. By the propriety of his conduct he united the love and respect of the students; he kept order in the

Academy, and made himself respected without the austerity or importance of office; all noise and tumult immediately ceased on his appearance;[1] at the same time there was nothing forbidding in his manner, which might restrain the pupils from freely applying to him for advice or assistance.

"All this excellence had a firm foundation: he was a man of sincere and ardent piety, and has left an illustrious example of the exactness with which the subordinate duties may be discharged by him whose first care is to please God."

Sir Joshua had sent a copy of the Eleventh Discourse to Erskine, for whom he was now painting a portrait of Lord Keppel. Erskine replied—

"MY DEAR SIR,—You have conferred a great favour upon me by sending me your Discourse to the Academy of Painters, which conveys instruction equally important to the professors of all other arts. So close is the analogy between all the operations of genius, that it is the best dissertation upon the art of public eloquence that ever was or that ever will be written.

"I have often been surprised to find men, with fine voices and with proper management of them, going over every argument belonging to a subject in their natural order, with great precision and elegant decoration, fall short of the great object of eloquence, which is to persuade, and even to compel men to follow your counsels. But it is now plain to me from your Discourse that these men had not that genius to embrace the whole design, which enables the orator who looks up to nature, and studies the great outline of the human character, to execute with a few words what the painter does with a few strokes, and what no other man in either art can perform by the labour of a life.

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[1] It was not expected that the Keeper should remain constantly in the school.

"Such is my opinion of your Discourse, which, if I did not know your general wish for the success of all men of talents, I might however charge upon you as a selfish performance, since it certainly unfolds the secrets of true taste and genius, and the more they are unfolded the more your own paintings must be admired.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Your faithful humble Servant,
"T. ERSKINE.

"Serjeants' Inn, January 26, 1783.

"P.S. I hope you will let me have Lord Keppel's picture soon."

[Dr. Johnson was now visibly failing fast. He was seventy-four. Dropsy was gaining on him; he breathed with difficulty,[1] his nights were sleepless, his solitary moments tormented with morbid melancholy and horrors of death. His growing alienation from Mrs. Thrale increased his gloom. Streatham was henceforth closed to him, and he missed sadly the cheerful society and womanly attentions of his sprightly friend, in his regard for whom a glimmer of love seems all along discernible. But all the latest records of intercourse between Johnson and Reynolds are pleasing, as they relate to efforts on behalf of others, or acts of kindliness given or received. Remembering how Sir Joshua had lost the Epitaph on Goldsmith, or perhaps having found it difficult, on some visit at Leicester Fields, to lay his hand on a volume of his 'Lives of the Poets,' Johnson sends Reynolds a copy, with a note,[1] in which the fling at Mason's Epistle Dedicatory to his translation of Du Fresnoy is characteristic. Johnson equally hated the clerical poet's Whiggism and his "buckram."]

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[1] "'*Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus artus.*' This line might have been written on purpose for me."—Johnson to J. Fowke, April 19, 1783.

"SIR,—Mr. Mason's address to you deserves no great praise; it is lax without easiness, and familiar without gaiety. Of his translation I think much more favourably, so far as I have read, which is not a great part. I find him better than exact; he has his author's distinctness and clearness, without his dryness and sterility.

"As I suppose you to have lost your 'Lives,' I desire you to accept of these volumes, and to keep them somewhere out of harm's way, that you may sometimes remember the writer.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON.

"February 19, 1783."

The seal of this letter is a large one, bearing a head of Homer. Sir Joshua's seal was equally characteristic, a head of Michael Angelo.

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[1] In the possession of Mrs. St. John ("Offy's" sole surviving daughter), as well as the copy of 'The Lives' referred to in it.

[But Sir Joshua had to ask Johnson's judgment on better verses than Mason's. The poet Crabbe now intrusted to his hands, for the criticism of the great Dictator, his second poem, 'The Village,'—for we may dismiss from the account his still-born 'Candidate.' His real début had been with 'The Library,' published anonymously in June, 1781, while the timid author, just rescued from the horrors of a hopeless struggle with starvation, was a guest at Beaconsfield. Of all Burke's acts of beneficent aid to genius—and his life was full of them—none is more striking than his prompt recognition and help of Crabbe. When the poor young surgeon of Aldborough, after making his desperate venture on London and a livelihood by literature with three pounds in his pocket, found himself (as he has recorded in his journal) penniless, friendless, and hopeless, when he had tried the booksellers in vain, and knocked without effect at the door of every reputed Mæcenas—when Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Rochford met his verses and appeals with silence, and Lord Thurlow with a rebuff as hard to bear—his good angel at last took the despairing adventurer to Burke in the spring of 1781. Though then in the very heat of the concluding struggle with Lord North's administration, Burke read the simple and touching letter (still preserved at Barton, the seat of the Bunburys) in which Crabbe described his position and asked for an interview. Burke received him at once with the same winning warmth that he had shown to Emin the friendless Armenian, to Barry, and to Hickey (the rising young Irish sculptor, on whose behalf Burke was interesting himself at the time he was befriending

Crabbe), received his poems, selected 'The Library' and 'The Village,' took and read the first to Dodsley and arranged for the immediate publication, introduced Crabbe to his friends, invited him to Beaconsfield, busied himself in making plans for his future fortunes—in a word, lifted him out of the depths of despond into the heaven of happiness and hope. And all this was done with an eager yet refined sympathy; and a cordiality as full of delicacy as warmth, which never wounded nor presumed on service, nor lowered the object of it in his own eyes, but cheered and raised him by the evidence it bore, in every word and act, that the benefactor respected the object of his beneficence, and only obeyed a law of his own noble nature in holding out a friendly hand to struggling genius.

Reynolds was the one of Burke's intimates to whom Crabbe was earliest introduced. Sir Joshua told Crabbe, in after years, some of the very terms of Burke's recommendation of him: "He has the mind and feelings of a gentleman; he appears to know something of everything." Of all Burke's circle, Crabbe felt drawn to none so much as to Sir Joshua.[1] He was a frequent guest in Leicester Fields. The painter's enlarged mind, simplicity, and freedom from pretension, and his serene cheerfulness, attracted the modest poet and put his sensitive spirit at ease. He used to spend many mornings by Sir Joshua's easel, and used to recall with particular pleasure one dinner in Leicester Fields with the Duke of Rutland and a select company. The union of complete and even homely comfort and ease with perfect polish and the highest manners, made it a white day in his calendar. It was at a dinner at Sir Joshua's that he first met Dr. Johnson, and drew down the bear's paw on himself by some unlucky remark or ill-timed question. But though Johnson had bark, he had no bite for modest and struggling genius, and when the poet soon afterwards, on Burke's suggestion, called in Bolt Court, he was graciously received. Sir Joshua had now ventured to send 'The Village' for Dr. Johnson's considered judgment. It was returned to Sir Joshua (March 4) with some suggestions and much warm approbation. The Doctor had read the poem with great delight: "It is original, vigorous, and elegant." The suggested alterations Crabbe is at liberty to adopt or reject; or he may take his own lines and the Doctor's together, and perhaps between them produce something better than either. Johnson does not doubt of Mr. Crabbe's success. Sir Joshua sent the criticism down to Belvoir, where Crabbe was now established as domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, thanks to Burke's recommendation, backed I doubt not by Sir Joshua's—telling Crabbe that if he knew how cautious Dr. Johnson was in giving commendation, he would be well satisfied with the portion dealt to him in the letter. Crabbe's powerful but gloomy 'Village' must have recalled to Sir Joshua, by the association of contrast, that 'Deserted Village' which Goldsmith had dedicated to him. It says much for his sweet nature that it could commend itself to the warm regard of characters as antipodean as Goldsmith and Crabbe.

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[1] See his Life, by his son, prefixed to his works.

Before the Academy opened, that ill-starred painter

Maurice Lowe[1]—in whom Johnson took such an untiring interest, mainly, it would seem, because of his constant difficulties, for he seems to have had neither conduct nor ability—had a large picture, on which he built great hopes, refused by the Academy. The subject was an episode from the Deluge. The last surviving antediluvian was swimming, with his child held aloft, to the last uncovered mountain-top, where a hungry lion crouched ready to devour the child. "Sir," said Johnson to the vain painter (after hearing his description), "your picture is both noble and probable." "A compliment, indeed," said Lowe, repeating the words to Boswell, "from a man who cannot lie, and cannot be mistaken." Unluckily Johnson knew nothing of pictures, even had he seen Lowe's; but he says himself in his letter to Barry that he had not seen it. Northcote tells us Lowe's work was "execrable beyond belief." But Johnson exerted himself to the utmost for the unhappy painter. He wrote to Reynolds a formal letter, intended to be read to the council (and read and recorded accordingly), and to Barry, then on the council, praying a reconsideration of the sentence of expulsion. The efforts of Johnson prevailed. The picture was exhibited by itself in the Antique-Academy room, and visited (says Northcote) with "universal condemnation."

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[1] He had been Cipriani's pupil, and by cabal among the foreign members of the Academy (instigated by Baretti) had had the first gold medal awarded to him; but quarrelled about the terms of his pension, and the sending home of the specimen works required from travelling students. He was always in difficulties after his return from Rome to England, and died as he had lived in 1793.

Ill as he was, Johnson attended the opening dinner of the Academy (on Saturday, the 28th of April), as usual. "Our company," he writes to Mrs. Thrale—for whom he still kept up his diary—"was splendid; whether more numerous than at any former time I know not.[1] Our tables seem always full. On Monday, if I am told truth, were received at the door one hundred and twenty pounds for the admission of three thousand eight hundred spectators. Supposing the door open ten hours, and the spectators staying, one with another, each an hour, the rooms never had fewer than three hundred and eighty jostling against each other. Poor Lowe met with some discouragement; but I interposed for him and prevailed."

The exhibition of Barry's picture-decoration of the great room of the Adelphi was opened the same day as the Academy Exhibition. "A book is published to recommend it," writes Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "which, if you read it, you will find decorated with some satirical strictures on Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. I have not escaped. You must, however, think with some estimation of Barry for the comprehension of his design." This is briefly described in Barry's own summary: "In this series I have endeavoured to illustrate one great maxim of moral truth, viz. that the obtaining of happiness, as well individual as public, depends upon cultivating the human faculties. We begin with man in a savage state, full of inconvenience, imperfection, and misery, and we follow him through several gradations of culture and happiness, which after our probationary state here are finally attended with beatitude or misery. The first is the story of Orpheus; a second a Harvest-home, or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third the Victors at Olympia; the fourth Navigation, or the Triumphs of the Thames; the fifth the Distribution of Premiums in the Society of Arts, &c.; and the sixth Elysium, or the state of Final Retribution." "In July, 1777," he says, "I began the work here exhibited; and although I was without patron, fortune, or encouragement, without wages to subsist on, and with no other assistance to carry it on than I was to derive from other occasional works that might fall in my way; with only these to rely on, and with a clear foresight of the many vexatious delays and difficulties that would naturally happen, *as well as of the underhand malevolent attentions from a certain quarter, which had continually followed me, and which I well knew would not be wanting industriously to embroil and embitter matters on this occasion*, yet I have to thank God for it that in the main the work went on pleasantly enough, and would have been long since finished could I have given my whole time to it; however, another year will complete all I mean to do. But as it is now happily brought so near its conclusion, and that the subject and scope of the whole may be seen and considered, I wished much in a work of such extent to adopt the old Greek practice, and, whilst it was yet in a state of being improved and amended, to avail myself of the opinion of the candid and well-informed part of the public before it received the last hand. A genuine unbiassed opinion is always worth something; even the cobbler may be of use in what appertains to his last."

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[1] It *was* more numerous; 80 (at 8s.) against 57 in 1781. The Chevalier del Campo and Marchese Mozzi (an Italian noble) were invited.—*Acad. Records.*

Sir Joshua admitted to Northcote, long after this, that he "feared he hated Barry." It was so contrary to his nature to hate, that we may be sure no mere difference of opinion on the relative value of different styles of art, and no systematic depreciation of portraiture, however unjust, would have accounted for this feeling. Nor was it chiefly because Barry was continually imputing to Sir Joshua the exercise of a secret influence against himself. However harsh Barry's language, Sir Joshua must have felt this charge was in the nature of a delusion, and, after in vain attempting to dispel it, might easily have closed his ear and temper against it. But it was Barry's gross libels on Sir Joshua's character and motives that made Reynolds feel for Barry something as like hate as he was capable of feeling. Northcote, and no doubt other artists of the day, referred to Reynolds the passage in which, after lamenting the predominance of portrait-painting, and accusing certain portrait-painters of "what is not merely mercenary and sordid, but also vicious," Barry goes on to say that in such cases "everything that is mean in art and meaner in morals may then naturally be expected; their houses (shame upon them!) will become convenient, and for other purposes to which those of painting portraits serve but as a blind"[1]—in other words, purposes of assignation! The grossness of such a charge would prevent our referring it to Reynolds, did we not know from Northcote that other calumniators besides Barry had dared to insinuate the same thing against him. By the side of such an imputation, allusions to inordinate love of money lose their sting. Yet even a man as placid as Reynolds, and as conscious as he must have been, of genuine love of his art, humility, kindliness, and good-will to others, might have winced to read such a passage as this:—"From our too eager attention to the trade of portraits, the public taste for the arts has been much depraved and the mind of the artist often shamefully debased; and yet the sole painting of these portraits, comparatively contemptible as it has appeared to people of elevated minds, to foreigners, and indeed to all who are not acquainted with and interested in the originals, is, notwithstanding, the means amongst us by which is obtained a fashion, a fortune, and upon true commercial ideas a rank and consequence, as the business and resort of the shop, and the annual profits of it, are the only estimates which generally come under consideration. Here there is a situation strongly tempting a showy man to proceed a step farther at obtaining a more universal admiration, if it can be obtained by mean hypocrisy, and all the disingenuous resources and quackeries which must necessarily, and as he may think will probably, support an artificial consequence thus founded on the unstable basis of folly and vanity. After all, this affluence which may arise from the vogue for making portraits is the whole of what it will naturally produce; this, as was before hinted, may, by little necessary arts and industrious puffing, be made to fill up for the moment the little minds of the thoughtless rabble, whether of the polite or vulgar sort, or both, and will even help to confound matters still further, and give our names a consequence with some of those dispensers of fame, the bookmakers; who, however knowing in what they may have really studied, can, with a very few exceptions, hardly be considered for their knowledge of the arts as in anything differing from the mere herd; but with those who are really intelligent in the arts all this exterior and *éclat* of appearance will be laughed at, and can avail no more as to the matter of reputation than the succeeding in any other fashionable manufacture, where genius and high ability can have had no concern." Here the allusion is throughout to Reynolds and his literary friends, though Romney, with Hayley and Cumberland, may also be included in the attack. "Such work," Barry goes on to say, "is done with paint and on wood or canvas, and so far we can account for the mistake of our shortsighted literati" (a personal allusion perhaps to Johnson); "but it stands to true high art as occasional versifiers to Homer and Milton, or dentists and corncutters to Hippocrates and Harvey. In such work the natural passion for glory is meanly sacrificed to thirst of lucre and vanity. The man becomes actuated by envy and all the baser passions. His only resource is in the artifices devised by his cunning to crush his rivals." The success of Reynolds, I fear, is the chief object of allusion in all these bitter passages. Not satisfied with girding at his portrait-painting, Barry attacks his later and most ambitious efforts at historical and sacred art. The "commonplace matter" of such art, Barry says, truly enough, "has been exhausted for a century. Artists of no compass or genius, however, are compelled to fall into this beaten track, pouring water from one vessel to another, and thinking they are creating when they are only altering. If Carlo Vanloo,

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[1] Barry's Works, vol. ii. p. 307.

Carlo Maratti, Cignani, Cigoli, &c., had done nothing more original than the painting of *Nativities*, with the light coming from the child, the affection of the mother, simplicity of the shepherds, the angels, Joseph, the stable, the ox, the lamb, &c., we should have given the praise to Antonio Correggio, to whom all this belongs, without much regard to the paltry alterations or additions of his barren imitators."

In all this there is truth enough to heighten the smart of it. But it is odd that Barry would not see that good portraiture, whenever great creative power is wanting, or the opportunity for employing it denied, will do more than anything to keep Art alive. He was blinded at the moment by his bitterness; and this was stimulated chiefly by the contrast he was always making between his own poverty and friendlessness and Reynolds's affluence and social honour. In spite of one's respect for Barry's power, both as thinker and painter,—and the pictures of the Adelphi, considering the time, and comparing them with contemporary works of the same class, are entitled to high respect even as paintings,—the spirit which prompts almost every line of this introduction to his account of his designs must be called detestable. The account itself is coloured, every now and then, with the same rampant injustice to Reynolds. When he refers to the abortive attempt made for the decoration of St. Paul's, it will scarcely be believed that while mentioning by name "the knowing and elegant Cipriani," "the able and manly artist Dance," Barry omits all reference to Reynolds, except as included in "the other great painters whom the Academy selected for that work." Yet he takes care to add compliments to that "ingenious Proteus Gainsborough, who is so becoming and so excellent in every shape he assumes," the "ever-to-be-admired Zoffany," and the "masterly Wright of Derby." Nay, even Peters comes in for a glowing panegyric.

In the Appendix to this account Barry tells the story of the project for the decoration of Somerset House Chapel, as originally proposed by himself, on which Sir Joshua founded the larger proposal for the decoration of St. Paul's, the failure of which led to a supplemental scheme of the Society of Arts (broached in March, 1774) for decorating their room by the hands of the artists excluded from Wren's Basilica. A meeting was summoned at the Turk's Head to consider this last project. "Sir Joshua Reynolds," says Barry, "did not attend the meeting, but commissioned some one of the company (Cipriani, I believe) to signify his refusal; other members also disliked the proposal; and a letter of refusa was sent to the Society, which I signed along with the rest, though I was extremely sorry to lose such an opportunity of showing the little I could do, and perhaps getting some friends, &c., which (however it might be with the others) I stood in great need of."

Three years after this Barry offered to undertake the entire work. His powers had then wider scope, but he continued to gird at Sir Joshua, as if his refusal of 1774 had somehow been prompted by fear of Barry, and a desire to keep him back.

All who can honour the enthusiasm and high aims of Barry, and the contempt of worldly goods and gains with which he held to the work he believed greatest, not, like Haydon, content to beg and borrow the means of support on all sides, but always earning the crust on which he lived, will be glad to know that Barry survived his injustice and enmity to Reynolds. He supported the President in all his later struggles with his opponents in the Academy. Few heartier tributes have been paid to Sir Joshua than the passage added to Barry's sixth Lecture immediately after the death of Reynolds. I introduce portions of it here as the antidote of the jaundiced extracts from his account of the Adelphi pictures :—

> "A just attention to the admirable principles of chiaroscuro and colouring discoverable in the fine works of Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyck must, more than anything, lead us to reflect upon the great loss this Academy has sustained by the death of its illustrious President. In this very important part of the art Sir Joshua Reynolds was singularly excellent; and we might call to our recollection many of his works which have been exhibited on these walls, and which may be ranked with the finest examples of colouring and chiaroscuro. For a great part of his life he was continually employed in painting of portraits, undoubtedly because there was no demand in the country for anything else, as the public taste had been formed to this by the long line of the Hudsons, Highmores, Jervases, and Knellers who had preceded him, and whose works sufficiently testify from what a wretched state Sir Joshua raised this branch of the art, and how vigorous, graceful, and interesting it became by the masterly way in which he treated it. In many of Titian's portraits the head and hands are mere staring, lightish, spots, unconnected with either the drapery or background, which are sometimes too dark, and mere obscure nothings; and in Lely, and even in Vandyck, we sometimes meet with the other extreme, of too little solidity, too much flickering and washiness. Sir Joshua's object appears to have been to obtain the vigour and solidity of the one, and the bustle and spirit of the other, without the excesses of either; and in by far the greatest part of his portraits he has admirably succeeded. His portrait

of Mrs. Siddons is, both for the ideal and executive, the finest picture of the kind, perhaps, in the world—indeed, it is something more than a portrait; and may serve to give an excellent idea of what an enthusiastic mind is apt to conceive of those pictures of confined history for which Apelles was so celebrated by the ancient writers. But this picture of Mrs. Siddons, or the Tragic Muse, was painted not long since, when much of his attention had been turned to history; and it is highly probable that the picture of Lord Heathfield, the glorious defender of Gibraltar, would have been of equal importance had it been a whole length; but even as it is, only a bust, there is great animation, and spirit happily adapted to the indications of the tremendous scene around him, and to the admirable circumstance of the key of the fortress firmly grasped in his hands, than which imagination cannot conceive anything more ingenious and heroically characteristic.

"It is, perhaps, owing to the Academy, and to his situation in it—to the Discourses which he biennially made to the pupils upon the great principles of historical art, and the generous ardour of his own mind to realise what he advised, that we are indebted for a few expansive efforts of colouring and chiaroscuro, which would do honour to the first names in the records of art. Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of light, the force, and vigorous effect of his picture of the Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents. It possesses all that we look for, and are accustomed to admire, in Rembrandt, united to beautiful forms, and an elevation of mind to which Rembrandt had no pretensions. The prophetical agitation of Tiresias, and Juno enveloped with clouds hanging over the scene like a black pestilence, can never be too much admired, and are, indeed, truly sublime. It is very much to be regretted that this picture is in the hands of strangers, at a great distance from the lesser works of Sir Joshua, as it would communicate great value and *éclat* to them."

And, again:—

"These general reflections, which led us from Sir Joshua, have brought us to him again: the lustre of his character cannot but be profitable to you in whatever way it be considered.

His efforts of the historical kind were all made within the compass of a few years before his death. No student in the Academy could have been more eager for improvement than he was for the last twelve years; and the accumulated vigour and value which characterise what he has done within that period, to the very last, could never have been foreseen or expected from what he had done even at the outset of the Academy, and for some years after: it is to be regretted so much of this earnestness should have been suffered to evaporate without securing something more for the public. His mind was full of the idea of advancement and pursuit of the extraordinary and grand of the art; he even, in his last Discourse, seems to speak slightingly of his own pursuits in art; and said, that were he to begin the world again, he would leave all, and imitate the manner of Michelangelo. But nothing would be more unjust than to take this passage too literally; it is the natural language of a mind full of generous heat, making but little account of what it had attained to, and rapidly in progress to something further. But surely, without either alteration or further advancement, had it been Sir Joshua's fortune to have lived a little longer, and, whether commissioned or not, had he contrived to have left in this great city some work, of the same majesty of effect, vigour, harmony, and beauty of colour, the same classical, happy propriety of character and intellectual arrangement, as is conspicuous in his Infant Hercules, the business of his reputation had been completed, and his country would have the satisfaction of showing a work that, upon a fair balance of excellence and deficiency on both sides, would not shrink from a comparison with the most esteemed works.

"We shall long have occasion to remember the literary—I might say classical—talents which form another part of the character of this great man; gracefully, highly ornamental, and most becoming his situation in this Academy. From the congeniality of mind which associated him in friendly habits with all the great literary characters of his time, they followed him into this Institution; and we have the honour of showing their names, set like brilliants of the first water, in the ornamental appendages of professors of ancient literature, and other such similar accomplishments associated with the Academy. As to those admirable Discourses which he biennially read here, you will, I am sure, have reason to participate with me in the satisfaction of knowing that, together with the edition of them which is now printing, there will be published 'Observations on the Pictures in Flanders,' which Sir Joshua had made during a summer's excursion to that country: how fitted to each other, such a man and such a work!"

He even proposes a monument to him :—

"Although the time, at present, will not allow us any further recognition of the many singular merits of this great man, which do so much honour to our Institution and to the nation, yet, as above all things we are most interested in the becoming, generous feelings of the heart, it is impossible to withhold myself here from anticipating the exultation with which I shall see the young artists and students coming forward in a body, and, with honest ardour, petitioning that a contribution from them be accepted of, as part of a fund for defraying the expense of a monument for this father and ornament of the Academy."

This entire change in Barry's feelings has been too often forgotten in comments on his relations with Reynolds.

To the Exhibition of 1783 Sir Joshua contributed ten pictures :—

Portrait of Mrs. Gosling (wife of the banker); "a Lady" (whose name I have not discovered); a Young Lady, Miss Faulkner (one of Lady Craven's amateur *corps dramatique*), ("by moonlight, good"—W.); a Young Nobleman (Lord Albemarle[1]); two groups of Children, the Duke of Buccleuch's (?) and Mr. Brummell's ("Sir Joshua seems to decline since his illness"—

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[1] So says Walpole in his catalogue. Lord A. was now 13. There is no picture of him at this age among the Albemarle family pictures at Quiddenham. Another noted catalogue gives "Lord Cobham."

W.); Portraits of Mr. Albany Wallis (Garrick's lawyer, friend, and executor); Mr. Strahan (the printer, Dr. Johnson's friend); Mr. Egerton;[1] and Lord Harrington.

Walpole describes this as "an indifferent Exhibition." It contained no masterpiece of Sir Joshua's. Still, an Exhibition was not all barren which included such pictures as Copley's Lord Mansfield, Gainsborough's 'Shepherd Boys fighting their Dogs,' his full-lengths of Mrs. Sheridan[2] and the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Sandwich, Lord Cornwallis, and Sir Harbord Harbord, with his heads of Captain C. Gould, and the King's favourite page 'Billy Ramus.' Besides these, Gainsborough, as if to set the royal favour he enjoyed in a stronger light than ever, after Sir Joshua's solitary sittings of the King and Queen two years before, exhibited in one frame heads of the King and thirteen of the royal children, Prince Frederick only being omitted. ("The King most unfavourable likeness; Prince of Wales very like, and the best of the set; the Princess Elizabeth the next best; most of the rest weak and inanimate."—W.) Add a sea-piece and a landscape, and we may see how Gainsborough overbalanced Sir Joshua in the number as well as variety of his pictures this year.

Opie's head of Jackson the composer does not find favour in Walpole's eyes: "poor," he calls it. Of West's 'Cromwell ordering away the Mace,' he says, not too harshly, "wanting spirit: Oliver not like, and too trim." His criticism on the same painter's 'Monk receiving Charles II. at Dover' is as unfavourable and not less just: "tawdry, and total want of harmony." West was still the royal favourite. He exhibits this year a portrait of the King ("too red and too hard"—W.); besides his design for the east window of St. George's Chapel, 'the Resurrection.' This unlucky design, so long an eyesore and disfigurement, has been removed, thanks to the good taste of the Prince Consort. ("Wants harmony, but less faulty than usual"—W.)

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[1] Another account calls this "Sir Abraham Hume."

[2] A beautiful picture, now at Delapré Abbey; the Duchess is at Althorp. It is interesting to compare both with Sir Joshua's portraits of them: we see how differently the same features were reflected in the mirrors of the two minds. Yet both were faithful painters.

To Fuseli's 'Weird Sisters' Walpole is more merciful than he is to most of that painter's works: "not bad, but more like old men than old women." But he adds a note at the end of his catalogue: "N.B. Of late, Barry, Romney, Fuseli, Mrs. Cosway, and others, have attempted to paint deities, visions, witchcrafts, &c., but have only been bombast and extravagant, without true dignity."

Zoffany went to the East Indies this year, leaving behind no pencil equal to his own for small conversation pieces and theatrical portraiture. Walpole selects Nollekens's Mercury as "the best piece in the whole Exhibition—arch—flesh most soft." It is worth noting, as marking the time, that both Pocock, who had profited by Sir Joshua's advice, and Holman, send pictures of Rodney executing his famous manœuvre of breaking the French line under Count de Grasse.

Peter Pindar's 'Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians' had been so well received that he repeated them this year. He comes down heavily on West; then turns to Gainsborough,—

"Who mounted on thy painting throne,
On other brushmen look'st contemptuous down
Like our great admirals on a gang of swabbers;"

laughs at his "dear nest of royal heads," calling it "Golgotha, the place of skulls;" sings of his fighting dogs:[1]—

"Thy dogs are good, but yet to make them stare
The piece has gained a number of deriders,
They tell thee genius in it had no share,
But that thou foully stol'st the curs from Snyders.
I do not blame thee borrowing a hint;

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An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
Were modesty one might suppose,
But z——ds! thou must not smuggle the whole dog.

Oh Gainsborough, Nature 'plaineth sore
That thou hast kicked her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius in art for thee!
Lo, all thy efforts without *her* are vain,
So find her, kiss her, and be friends again."[2]

Wolcott's opinion of Opie's portrait of Jackson is very different from Walpole's:—

"Speak, Muse, who formed that matchless head?
The Cornish boy in tin-mines bred,
Whose native genius like their diamonds shone,
In secret till chance gave him to the sun."

But his brief mention of Reynolds shows that he shared Walpole's impression that the President had declined since his illness:—

"We've lost Sir Joshua—ah! that charming elf,
We grieve to say, hath this year lost himself."

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[1] At Peckforton. A fine picture, and not fairly open to the charge of plagiarism. The dogs are honest, crop-tailed, South-country "collies."

[2] It looks as if Gainsborough felt there was wisdom in Wolcott's hint, for after the Exhibition he started for Cumberland and Westmoreland, purposing "to mount all the lakes in the next Exhibition, in the great style—and you know, if the people don't like them, 'tis only jumping into one of the deepest of them from off a wooded island, and my reputation will be fixed for ever."

While the Exhibition was open Barry's pictures at the Adelphi were attracting crowds. No fewer than 6541 persons visited the Great Room; and Barry has recorded how the eccentric Jonas Hanway—the first Englishman who carried an umbrella, and had the satisfaction, after twenty years' perseverance, of seeing them generally adopted—on coming out insisted on taking back the shilling he had paid for his admittance, and leaving a guinea instead of it. Walpole, who had laughed by anticipation at the chaos of personages and periods in the 'Triumphs of the Thames' and the 'Elysium,' found more to admire in the pictures than he had expected.[1] Of the 'Olympic Victors,' in spite of the coldness of the colouring, he praises the fine drawing and grace of the figures, and the classic simplicity of the composition. The 'Orpheus' he pronounces bad; and the 'Grecian Harvest-home,' if not a mere beginning, poor enough. This picture was probably improved after Barry's first exhibition, for it is now the most satisfactory of the series. Of Barry's account of his work Walpole says truly, that "it does not want sense, though full of passion, and self, and vulgarisms, and vanity." "It is an essay," he says characteristically, "to recommend himself to an establishment." Jarvis at the same time opened an exhibition in Pall-Mall, of his window, after Sir Joshua's designs. Walpole tells Mason "it is glorious. The room being darkened, and the sun shining through the transparencies, realises the illumination that is supposed to be from the glory, and has a magic effect." Unluckily the magic effect was entirely due to the darkening of the room, and required an exact reversal of the condition under which glass windows are meant to be seen. And so Walpole found, when in September he went over to Oxford to see the window in its place. "Alas!" he writes to the Countess of Ossory, "it is just the reverse of the glorious appearance it made in the dark chamber in Pall-Mall! It is too high; the ante-chapel where it is placed is too narrow but to see it foreshortened; and the washy Virtues round it are so faint and light that the dark shepherds and *chiaroscuro*, that are meant to relieve the glory, child, and angels, obscure the whole." Sir Joshua felt the same disappointment as Walpole, and confessed his mistake with his usual simplicity and frankness.

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[1] To Mason, May 7, 1783.

The blow which the friends of Johnson had been for some time anticipating fell soon after the closing of the Exhibition. Though he had dined as usual at the Academy dinner, his weakness even then was apparent. Still he bore up stoutly. When the Professorship of Anatomy at the Academy became vacant by the death of W. Hunter, Johnson (May 2) writes a vigorously expressed letter to Sir Joshua, to recommend Cruickshank to the vacant chair. At this time, however, he was very ill. Hannah More, after meeting him at dinner at Mrs. Garrick's on the 4th of May, writes, "He looked so dreadfully that it quite grieved me. His sickness seems to have softened his mind, without having at all weakened it. I was struck by the mild radiance of this setting sun." Johnson had been soliciting the President's kind offices on behalf of his godson Patterson (who had now been admitted a student of the Academy), sending specimens of his drawings[1] on the 2nd of June. He was at this time having his picture painted by Miss Reynolds, and on the morning of the 16th had given her a sitting, and walked a considerable way after it with little inconvenience. His afternoon and evening were light and easy, and "I began (he says in his diary) to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked, and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God that, however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good. I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties. Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me." On reading this collected account of Johnson's sensations on the very brink of the grave, one is struck with the grand composure of that mind which in health shrunk with nervous horror from the very thought of death. Was Sir Joshua as calm when the year before he had encountered—and for the second time—a similar awful visitation? Happily the stroke which paralysed Johnson's tongue, spared his hand and mind. Even speech came back, though imperfectly, in two days, and the earliest use he made of it was to repeat the Lord's Prayer. On the 23rd he writes, "My friends tell me that my powers of utterance improve daily, and Dr. Heberden declares he will find me well to-morrow. Palsies are more common than I thought. I have been visited by four friends who have had each a stroke, and one of them two." This last was Sir Joshua,[1] who was among the friends that had "found their way in" when Johnson closed his door, in spite of "the black dog," whose attacks he describes so touchingly to Mrs. Thrale: "When I rise, my breakfast is solitary; the black dog waits to share it. From breakfast to dinner he continues barking, except that Dr. Brocklesby for a little keeps him at a distance. Dinner with a sick woman (Miss Williams) you may venture to suppose not much better than solitary. After dinner what remains but to count the clock, and hope for the sleep that I can scarce expect? Night comes at last, and some hours of restlessness and confusion bring me again to a day of solitude." Thus shrinking from solitude, no wonder he ventured as soon as possible into the world again. On Tuesday, July 1, he dined at the club with Sir Joshua, and records triumphantly that he was thought to have performed as well as usual. "I dined on fish, with the wing of a small turkey-chick, and left roast beef, goose, and venison-pie untouched." At that same dinner Sir Joshua's friend Lord Palmerston was proposed as a member, but rejected, against Johnson's opinion. Miss Burney, being at Mrs. Vesey's the day after, meets, among others, Horace Walpole, the Burkes, and

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[1] See the letter in Boswell.

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[1] "But how, my dearest Sissy, can you wish any wishes about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy!"—Miss Burney's Diary, Dec. 28, 1782.

Sir Joshua. She notes that Burke, though extremely kind to her, was not at all in spirits. "He is tormented by the political state of affairs, and loses, I really believe, all the comfort of his life at the very time he is risen to the station his ambition has long pointed out to him." He was now once more in office, in the lucrative post of Paymaster, but he had causes enough for vexation. During May Parliament had been occupied with the painful case of two subordinates in his own office, Powell and Bembridge, who had been discharged for peculation by Barré, but imprudently reinstated and protected by Burke. Bembridge was tried in the King's Bench, and found guilty; Powell committed suicide.

But, independently of this purely personal source of dissatisfaction, Burke may well have been ill at ease with himself all this year. The Coalition Ministry of Fox and North had been established at the end of March, on the nominal ground of dissatisfaction with the terms of the peace concluded by Lord Shelburne's administration, but really from the impatience of Fox, and some others of the leading Rockinghams, including Burke, at Lord Shelburne's accession to power on the death of the Marquis. Burke's acceptance of office (as Paymaster) under the Coalition Ministry, and much of his Parliamentary conduct while it lasted, are the blots in a political career which, but for them, would be without stain. Sir Joshua had close friends in both camps, and their temporary alienation must have painfully divided his society about this time. With Dunning, now Lord Ashburton—Lord Shelburne's most trusted counsellor—he was only less intimate than with

Burke and Keppel (now one of the Coalition Cabinet, under the nominal headship of the Duke of Portland); Sheridan, now one of the joint Secretaries of the Treasury, with Richard Burke; and Lee, the Coalition Solicitor-General. But Dunning, at the early age of fifty-two, was now a dying man; Wallace, too, his rival, the Coalition Attorney-General, was on the brink of the grave. Wraxall tells a striking story how these two great lawyers met at Bagshot by accident on the same day this June, Dunning on his way down to Devonshire, Wallace on his return from a vain quest of health in the same county. Both knew they were dying, and expressed a wish to see each other once more. They were carried into the same room, placed on opposite sofas, and there had their last conference on this side the grave.

In a letter[1] of Sir Joshua's niece, Miss Palmer, to her cousin William Johnson, at Calcutta (on the 15th of June), she tells him:—

"I am going very soon with my uncle to visit the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, and from thence we go to Lord Harcourt's, in the neighbourhood of Oxford. . . . . You inquire after Dr. Johnson—I wish I could give a good account of him; but his health seems very much impaired lately, and the world will, I fear, soon be deprived of one of the greatest men in it. He dines with us now and then, and is tolerably cheerful, yet it is easy to see that his constitution is breaking up. If I have time I will copy out some verses he gave me, which he wrote on the death of Mr. Levet, a poor apothecary, who lived in the house with him, and for whom Dr. Johnson had the greatest regard, and so high an opinion of his skill, that he never took any prescription without first consulting Levet.

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[1] First published by Mr. Cotton.

"The verses are, in my opinion, the finest that can be, and I believe they made more impression on me as I heard him repeat them himself, with the tears falling over his cheek at the time."

In a postscript Miss Palmer adds:—

"I forgot to tell you that my uncle has in a manner introduced you to Sir William Jones, who is gone out a judge, and with whom you may possibly be well acquainted before you receive this letter. He and his lady left England about six weeks since; she is a daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph."

Nuneham was a favourite visiting-place of Sir Joshua's. Not only was he intimate with Lord Harcourt,[1] who had a fine and cultivated taste in the arts, was an excellent etcher, a clever draughtsman, and a most accomplished landscape-gardener; but Mrs. Harcourt, the wife of the Earl's brother and successor, was an enthusiastic amateur painter. In September this year—perhaps while Sir Joshua was at Nuneham—Mason was giving her lessons in a new method of painting, of his own invention, uniting water-colour and oil.[1] He seems to have communicated his discovery to Sir Joshua, who tried the method on some prints from his own pictures, colouring them first in water-colour, and then glazing them with transparent colours in varnish.[2]

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[1] There is still at Nuneham a clever portrait, in black and white chalk on blue paper, of Sir Joshua, done by himself at the age of 14 or 16, which he gave to Lord Harcourt; as well as a few of Sir Joshua's pen-and-ink sketches. The picture of Lord and Lady Harcourt (in their robes), with General Harcourt (in uniform), is one of his finest state pictures, and especially noticeable for the pearliness of the flesh-tones in the Countess. It has been happily freed by Mr. Antony from a mask of villanous daubing laid on by an arch-destroyer of pictures some years ago.

After his visits to Belvoir and Nuneham Sir Joshua, in company with the Burkes, was at Port Elliot and Saltram, whence he writes to "Offy:"—

"Saltram, Sept. 1783.

"MY DEAR OFFY,—I am very much mortified that I could not stay at Port Elliot till your arrival, which I hear will be on Saturday, but it would disarrange all our schemes. Mr. Burke wishes to get to town as soon as possible. I have full as great a desire to be there.

"If I was to quit Mr. Burke I should have no excuse left for not visiting all my friends, which would take up at least a fortnight longer. However, I hope to see Mr. Gwatkin and yourself in London this next winter, with your daughter, whom I long much to see.

"Mr. and Mrs. Burke and Mr. R. Burke desire their compliments. They are more than contented with Port Elliot, and the kind and polite attention they met with from that family. I intended writing to you from London, and have still a frank for that porpose; but you know what a bad correspondent I am, therefore I hope you will never interpret my neglect to want of that affection which I shall ever have for my dearest Offy.

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[1] Walpole to the Earl of Strafford, Sept. 12, 1783.

[2] Mr. Boger, of Antony, has a print of the Duchess of Rutland, coloured in this way, given to his family by the Duke, with the information that the colouring was by Sir Joshua.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. REYNOLDS.

"My love to Mr. Gwatkin, and, if he will not come to see me next year, I will come to see him in Cornwall."

Joseph II. was now entering upon those changes in the ecclesiastical establishment of the Empire which ultimately cost him the Low Countries. He was about to remodel the conventual bodies, suppressing many, and putting up for sale their lands, books, and treasures of art. In the hope of securing some of the prizes likely to be thus thrown on the market, Sir Joshua this autumn[1] paid a second visit to the Low Countries, visiting Bruges and Ghent, Brussels and Antwerp, and making some valuable purchases. He remarked to Sir George Beaumont that on viewing the pictures of Rubens a second time they appeared to have lost brilliancy. He could not account for this for some time till he recollected that when he first saw them he was diligent in entering notes in his note-book, and supposed that the passage of the eye from the white paper to the pictures had given richness and warmth to their colouring. Perhaps, also, the improvement in his own practice during the two years which had elapsed since his first visit to the Low Countries, had lessened his sense of the distance between Rubens and himself. It is certain that a notable advance in power is apparent in the best of his pictures painted after 1781, and this is to be attributed, I believe, to the influence of the Flemish and Dutch masters, of whom till that time he had known less than of the Italians, though Rembrandt had (as I have mentioned already) influenced him for nearly ten years before his Low-Country tour.

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[1] So says Malone, and Northcote after him; but I confess to some doubt whether the alleged tour of this year be not a mistake for the visit which Sir Joshua paid the Low Countries in 1785.—T. T.

It was probably after his return from this tour that Mrs. Siddons, now in the very flush of her popularity, sat to him. She had not yet acted in Shakspeare, unless her first appearances as Isabella[1] ('Measure for Measure'), and as Constance[2] ('King John'), with her brother John Kemble (for whom her success had procured a leading engagement at Drury Lane), preceded her first sittings, which is possible, though not probable. Her fame had been won in such parts as Isabella (in the 'Mourning Bride'), Euphrasia (in the 'Grecian Daughter'), Jane Shore, Calista, Belvedera, Zara, and Mrs. Beverley. The Royal Family, little as they loved tragedy, had already distinguished her by every mark of favour. Her house was besieged by the noble and fashionable. The managers of Drury Lane had gladly supplemented her modest salary of ten pounds a week by a double benefit; and in June she had left London—after a series of successes which almost eclipsed the still recent fame of Garrick—for Ireland, and a short round of provincial performances. Mr. Russell, author of the 'History of Modern Europe,' had sung her praises, under the title of 'The Tragic Muse,' before she left

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[1] Nov. 3.

[2] Dec. 10.

London. His verses are forgotten, but they may have suggested to Reynolds the subject of his picture. It could not have been prompted, as Boaden imagines, by an allusion in the epilogue to 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' as her first appearance in that tragedy was on the 24th of April, 1784, when the picture was already in its place on the walls of the Exhibition-room. As Mrs. Siddons was kept from the stage by her confinement during part of April and May, and left London directly after the close of the season, her first sittings must have been given, in all probability, before April, or after September. But I do not think she had sat before her visit to Ireland, for in a letter to Dr. Whalley, written from Dublin in July, she says, "I have sat to a young man of this place, who has made a small full-length of me as Isabella, upon the first entrance of Biron. You will think this an arduous undertaking, but he has succeeded to admiration. I think it more like than any I have ever yet seen." Had she before this time sat to either Reynolds or Gainsborough, she could hardly have written in these terms. I have little doubt that her sittings began during the autumn of this year, and continued into the spring of 1784, in the Exhibition of which year appeared this, the finest example, probably, of truly idealised portraiture, in which we have at once an epitome of the sitter's distinction, calling, or achievement, and the loftiest expression of which the real form and features are capable. In the quality of colour, as far as the head, bust, and arms are concerned, the picture ranks with the very finest of the master, and is in perfect preservation. The drapery has a rich sobriety of colour, and even a Rembrandtesque quality in its browns, but most eyes really trained to fine appreciation would desiderate, I think, a low-toned Venetian splendour for the sweeping pall of sceptred Tragedy. On the stateliness of the action, the loftiness of the expression—"the rapt soul sitting in the eyes"—it is unnecessary for me to dilate. Everybody knows the picture, and all who know must admire it.] The conception of this noble work was no doubt suggested by Michael Angelo's Isaiah. Mrs. Siddons told Mr. Phillips "that it was the production of pure accident. Sir Joshua had begun the head and figure in a different view; but while he was occupied in the preparation of some colour she changed her position to look at a picture hanging on the wall of the room. When he again looked at her, and saw the action she had assumed, he requested her not to move; and thus arose the beautiful and expressive figure we now see in the picture."

This may be strictly true of the position of the head, but the upraised arm is that of the Prophet; and the two attendant figures[1] prove also that Reynolds thought of the Sistine Chapel. [The story as told is very characteristic of the painter, but another anecdote is extant on the subject.[2] According to Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Siddons used to describe Sir Joshua as taking her by the hand, and leading her up to his platform with the words "Ascend your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse." "On which," she said, "I walked up the steps and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears." Perhaps the two stories may be reconciled, if we suppose that the attitude was the same as regards the arms, the turn of the head and body being afterwards changed as described to Mr. Phillips. But if this were so, the upraised arm would be due to the sitter, and not the painter, and the conscious imitation of Michael Angelo would be by so much the less.] Mrs. Siddons told Sir Martin Shee that "Sir Joshua would have tricked her out in all the colours of the rainbow," had she not prevented him.[1]

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[1] Called by some Pity and Terror, by others Pity and Remorse, but more like Crime and Remorse. One bears the bowl, the other the dagger, of tragedy, and there is nothing of pity in the expression or action of either. Sir Joshua painted the head of one of these figures from his own, and the study is in the possession of Mr. W. Mayor.

[2] See extract from Miss C. Fanshawe's Journal (Appendix).

Sir Joshua certainly did not consider it necessary that the Tragic Muse should wear mourning, for, in his picture of Garrick, she is habited in pale blue, and the colours he has left in the Mrs. Siddons are deep purple and a dark brownish yellow. The mistake of the great actress, for such I suppose it to be, must have arisen from seeing the portrait in its early state; the dress laid in with the most brilliant tints, which Sir Joshua intended to glaze down to their present rich depth. He inscribed his name on the border of her drapery (as he had done on that of Lady Cockburn), saying, "I could not lose the honour this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment." [Once, when looking at the picture at Grosvenor House, Mrs. Siddons told the Rev. John Sandford that Sir Joshua intended to work considerably more on the face. When he told her this, on her rising from her last sitting, she answered that she thought it could not be improved. On his showing her the finished picture, he said he had taken her advice, and had not touched on the face since she last sat for it.[1]]

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[1] See, in corroboration both of this and Mrs. Jameson's anecdote, Mrs. S.'s own account to Miss Fanshawe in note at the end of the volume.

Johnson looked upon Reynolds as the most invulnerable man he knew; the man whom he should least know how to abuse in case of a quarrel. But Valentine Green discovered that even the philosophic Reynolds could be made angry, and succeeded in abusing him to his heart's content.

Green, who had engraved several of his pictures, applied to him for permission to engrave the *Tragic Muse.* Sir Joshua wrote to him, that, if the choice of the engraver depended on him, Green's application, being the first, "*should certainly be remembered.*" In the mean time, Mrs. Siddons, in a note to Sir Joshua, expressed a wish that Howard should engrave the picture;[2] and Howard applied to Reynolds for the right of doing so, which Sir Joshua immediately granted to him, and told Green that he could not have the picture, as "Mrs. Siddons had recommended another artist." On the 31st of May Green wrote a long and indignant letter to Reynolds, telling him that he had investigated the whole matter; and inferring from his investigation that Mrs. Siddons had never written or even spoken to Reynolds on the subject.

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[1] Communicated to me by the Marchioness of Westminster.

[2] The original picture was bought by M. de Calonne, for 800 guineas. At the sale of his pictures in 1795 the Tragic Muse passed into the hands of W. Smith, Esq., M.P. for Norwich, for 700*l.* From him Mr. Watson Taylor purchased it for 900*l.*, and at his sale in 1822 it was bought by the first Marquis of Westminster for 1760 guineas. There is an excellent *replica* of the picture at Langley Park, Stowe, the seat of Mr. Harvey, M.P., given by Sir Joshua to Mr. Harvey's grandfather, in exchange for a large Boarhunt by Snyders, which Sir Joshua admired, and which used to hang in the place now filled by the Tragic Muse. This is certainly the finest example of the picture after the original in the Grosvenor Gallery. The Dulwich *replica* (which is the one marked in Sir Joshua's account as sold to Mr. Desenfans in June, 1789, for 735*l.*) is inferior, and, according to Northcote, was painted by Score, then one of Sir Joshua's journeymen. There is a *replica* (including only the upper part of the figure) in the possession of Mrs. Combe, of Edinburgh, and another, a full-length, in Lord Normanton's gallery, of the history of which, however, I am not informed.

The following is the rough draught of Sir Joshua's reply:—

"London, June 1st, 1783.

"SIR,—You have the pleasure, if it is any pleasure to you, of reducing me to the most mortifying situation. I must either treat your accusation with the contempt of silence (which you and your friends may think pleading guilty), or I must submit to vindicate myself like a criminal from a charge given in the most imperious manner; and this charge no less than that of being a liar. I mentioned, in conversation, the last time I had the honour of seeing you at my house, that Mrs. Siddons had wrote a note to me respecting the print. That note, as I expected to be believed, I never dreamt of showing; and I now blush at being forced to send it in my own vindication. This I am forced to do, as you are pleased to say in your letter that Mrs. Siddons never did *write or even speak to me in favour of any artist.*

"But, supposing Mrs. Siddons out of the question, my words (on which you ground your demand of doing the print as *a right, not as a favour*), I do not see, can be interpreted as such an absolute promise; they mean only, in the common acceptation, that, you being the person who first applied, that circumstance should not be forgot,—that it should turn the scale in your favour supposing an equality in other respects.

"You say you wait the result of my determination. What sort of determination can you expect after such a letter? You have been so good as to give me a piece of advice,—*for the future to give unequivocal answers*; I shall immediately follow it, and do now, in the most unequivocal manner, inform you, that you shall not do the print."

[While Sir Joshua had the Mrs. Siddons in hand, her sister, Miss Kemble (afterwards Mrs. Twiss), sat to him. She was a lovely girl, refined alike in character and manners off and on the stage. The immense popularity of Mrs. Siddons enabled her to place both her sisters, and her brothers John and Stephen, in good positions in the London theatres; her sisters and John at Drury Lane, Stephen at Covent Garden. The portrait of Miss Kemble is a beautiful picture of a very sweet and gentle woman, and is in excellent preservation.[1]

The following list of pictures paid for in 1783 *is from Sir Joshua's account-book.*

The frame paid.		£	s.
Nov.	Lord Albemarle	52	10
June.	Mr. Angerstein, for his two children	200	0
Oct.	Lord Advocate, Mr. Dundas	52	10
Jan.	Mr. Boothby, for a lady	105	0
July.	Mr. Bromel,[2] for his children	150	0

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[1] It is now in the possession of Lady Anne Beckett. Colonel Clifford has a replica.

[2] "Mr. Bromel paid at the same time

		£		£.	s.
August.	Duke of Buccleuch, for his son and daughter			147	0
July.	Lord Carlisle, for Lady Caroline Howard			73	10
Feb.	Duke of Dorset, for the Bacelli			52	10
Nov. 28.	Lord Errol	100	Paid £163 5s. Copy of the bill delivered. Paid.	163	5
	For Lady Errol	25			
	For a copy	25			
	For mending a picture				
	Packing-case	5			
	Lord Eglintoun, a bill delivered, paid			188	19
August.	Mr. Elliot, jun.			52	10
April.	Mrs. Goslin			36	15
April 10.	Sir Abraham Hume (half payment)			26	5
Jan. 4.	Miss Hoare, paid by Mr. Grimpstone			78	15
June 13.	Sir James Hall			52	10
Frame paid for 4 gns.					
July 22.	Lord Hood			105	0
Sept. 8.	Mrs. Hanbury			73	10
Dec. 31.	Lord Hardwick, for a copy of Lord Rockingham			52	10
Jan.	Capt. Levison Gower			50	0
Jan.	Lord Northington (half payment)			26	5
June.	Lord Pembroke paid for a miniature 6 gns.				
April.	Lord Sidney, for his brother			21	0
June.	Mr. Strahan			38	15
Dec. 8.	Dowager Lady Spencer, paid for Ld. Spencer and the Duchess of Devonshire			315	0
Jan.	Mr. Wallace			52	10

1784.—The year opened very busily with Sir Joshua. It was long since his pocket-book had been so crowded with engagements, or his chair so unintermittingly filled. And his visiting-list is as full as his sitters'. All

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150*l.* for—Benedetti Lutti, a saint taking the vow; Poussin, a landskip, Polyphemus; Carlo Cignani, Shepherd; Canaletti, Venice; Borgognone, Robber; Carlo Maratti, a copy; Guido, a copy.

	£	s.
Due, still remaining payment	52	10
Shillings in guineas	7	10
	60	0"

through January the evening parties at the Blues' follow in close succession, broken by dinners with Metcalf and the Bishop of Rochester, Soame Jenyns and Dr. Warton, Mr. Burke and Mr. W. Locke (of Norbury Park), Lord Aylesford and the Duke of Rutland. On the 15th I find a note—"Mr. Beckford, proposal of picture for the Exhibition;" from which I infer that Sir Joshua had been anxious to exhibit Beckford's portrait this year, but that the fastidious young millionaire had objected, for the portrait was not exhibited.]

For a letter by Sir Joshua, not before published, I am indebted to Robert Hills, Esq., of Colne Park. It is addressed to Mr. Astle, and relates to a work, by him, 'On the Origin and Progress of Writing.'

"London, March 8th, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much flattered by your kind communication of that part of your work which relates to Paintings and Illuminations, which I have read with great pleasure and improvement. I can easily perceive that it will be a learned and accurate work. My studies have been little in that line; consequently I cannot throw in even a mite of assistance.

"I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"J. REYNOLDS.

"I don't know whether it is generally known that the word *Limner* is a corruption of Illuminator. Painters in water-colours are still called Limners with propriety. The vulgar as improperly call us, painters in oil, Limners."

[Fox had been sitting to Sir Joshua just before the last struggle of the Coalition. When the picture was begun, all looked fair for the administration. It commanded a large and compact majority in the House of Commons. It had been forced upon the King, had for some time acted in defiance of him, and seemed, for the moment, inevitable. The India Bill was to be its crowning achievement, and Burke had thrown his heart into the work of planning that great measure, which Pigott drafted from his sketch, and in the support of which Fox exerted to the utmost all his marvellous powers as orator and statesman. In his portrait he had asked Sir Joshua to introduce the India Bill on the table, with his finger pointing to the title. But before the picture was exhibited the Coalition ministry was at an end, and the India Bill, the immediate occasion of its defeat, had been thrown out by the direct influence of the King, exerted, as the Royal influence has never since been exerted, in the House of Lords. Sir Joshua had omitted the title of the Bill in his picture, in submission to the altered state of things. But Fox would not have it so. He writes in April :—

"Monday night, St. James's Street.

"DEAR SIR,—If it is not too late to have one of the papers upon the table in my picture docketed 'A Bill for the better regulating the Affairs of the E. I. Company, &c.,' I should be very much obliged to you if you would get it done immediately. If my object in this were only a little vanity, I should not be so anxious about it; but as I have told many persons that it would be so, and as I intend it shall be so whenever the picture goes home, the omission of the docket at the Exhibition, at this particular time, might be misconstrued into a desire of avoiding the public discussion upon a measure which will always be the pride of my life. This is the point upon which I am most anxious; but if another paper could be docketed 'Representation of the Commons to the King, March 15, 1784,' it would be so much the better. I beg your pardon for troubling you upon these things, which may appear trifles, but which are not so, from the misconstructions that may be made.

"I am very truly, dear Sir,

"Yours ever,

"C. J. Fox."

Sir Joshua obeyed. Both inscriptions may still be read in the original portrait, now at Holkham, and on its numerous repetitions or copies at Milton, Holland House, Crewe Hall, and elsewhere.]

Sir Joshua could seldom have felt more thankful than at this time that he had in his painting-room a quiet retreat from the party passions and political heats of the day. The sudden downfall of the Coalition ministry (on the 18th of December), under the most mortifying circumstances, and while still commanding a large majority in the House of Commons, and the stubborn spirit of Pitt (Prime Minister at twenty-four), resisting a dissolution in the teeth of that majority, had inflamed political feeling to a height hardly reached even in the struggle round Bute and Wilkes, or the envenomed conflicts of Lord North's administration. During the three months between Mr. Pitt's accession to office and the dissolution of Parliament (on the 24th of March), politics (Walpole complained) were all in all. "I question," he writes[1] to Sir Horace Mann, "whether any woman intrigues with a man of a different party. Little girls say, 'Pray, Miss, of which side are you?'" Sir Joshua was in intimate relations both with the "ins" and the "outs." If on most alternate Fridays he met at the Club dinners Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and still counted Burke in particular as his most trusted and honoured friend, among the members of the new administration he had several old acquaintances and present intimates, the Dukes of Rutland and Dorset, Lord Sydney, the Marquis of Caermarthen, the Duke of Richmond, Sir George Yonge, and General Howard. Though I can trace no evidence of acquaintanceship with Pitt himself, one of Sir Joshua's most familiar and valued friends was Edward Eliot, who on January the 30th of this year became, by one of Pitt's earliest creations, Earl of St. Germans. This intimacy extended to his eldest son, the brother-in-law and closest personal intimate of the young minister. Sir Joshua must have needed all his constitutional equanimity to steer clear of the heats of that passionate strife, and was happy in having his hands full in the painting-room.

When the general election came which made such havoc among "Fox's Martyrs," as the hundred and sixty ousted supporters of the Coalition government were wittily nicknamed, Sir Joshua was even exceptionally busy. He had in hand at the same time his three important groups of the Countess of Harrington, Lady Dashwood, and Lady Honywood, with their children.

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[1] March 26, 1784.

The Duchess of Rutland [still reigning beauty of the day, but in fierce political opposition to her rival queen, the Duchess of Devonshire, now canvassing Westminster for Fox [1]] was sitting to him, along with Lord Rodney (as much the popular hero then as Nelson was twenty years later), and Lord Eglinton, for whose full-length, in Highland dress, he went to the trouble of making a large chalk drawing;[2] Mr. Grote, the banker, and his wife; Sir W. Hamilton, his brother dilettante and virtuoso; and Mr. Pott, the eminent surgeon.

The opening of the Exhibition was clouded by a quarrel between the Council and Gainsborough. He had sent with other pictures a full-length group of the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth. It was hung on what was then called the full-length line; but Gainsborough wished it lower. So he writes a stiff note to the gentlemen of the Committee, and "begs pardon for giving them so much trouble; but he has painted the picture of the Princesses in so tender a light, that, notwithstanding he approves very much of the established line for strong effects, he cannot possibly consent to have it placed higher than 8½ feet, because the likenesses and work of the picture will not be seen any higher; therefore, at a word, he will not trouble the gentlemen against their inclination, but will beg the rest of his pictures back again." The Council, as he asked them, ordered his pictures to be taken down and delivered to his order, and he never afterwards sent a picture to the Exhibition. His relations with the Academy had never been cordial. He seemed to think he had been included in it without leave asked, and, while he accepted the title and exhibited, he never took part in Academic work, or held any Academic office. Indeed, the honours of the Academy were not yet universally courted among painters. This year the vacancies left by the death of Moser, and the superseding of Stubbs (in consequence of his not having sent his diploma picture), were filled up by the election of Rigaud and Joseph Wright (of Derby); but the latter declined the honour, and was erased from the list of Associates at his own request.

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[1] I find Sir Joshua was present at the famous entertainment given to the Opposition by Mrs. Crewe on May the 18th, in honour of Fox's triumph at Westminster.

[2] Now in the possession of Lord Delamere.

On the 22nd of April I find Sir Joshua attending at Covent Garden, no doubt to record his vote for Fox in that famous election which was now filling the neighbourhood of the hustings with fighting mobs, through whose greasy ranks the brilliant Whig ladies, headed by the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Crewe, moved like beings of another sphere, courting, cajoling, and canvassing. Leicester Fields was in the very centre of the Westminster election rows; and but that Sir Joshua's sitters were most of them on the popular side, it must at this time have been often a matter of difficulty and danger for them to make their way to his painting-room. Two days after his attendance at Covent Garden he has entered "*Academy dinner* (*Johnson*)." No doubt Sir Joshua sent his carriage for the Doctor. It was Johnson's last Academy dinner. He was now sinking, though rallying at intervals, under asthma and dropsy, very lonely, and looking fearfully forward to death. Few things in biography are more pathetic than his letters and diary of this his last year. He had lost his inmates Levett and Mrs. Williams; there was a cloud between him and Mrs. Thrale, though he still corresponded with her. We see him stretching out his hands on all sides, cravingly, almost passionately, for sympathy and companionship. In December he had tried to revive the old Club which thirty years before had met at Horsman's in Ivy Lane. The old landlord was gone, the house shut up; but at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard, Johnson, Mr. Ryland, Mr. Payne, of the Bank, and Sir John Hawkins, the only survivors of the old Club, met and talked tenderly of the by-gone time. When the quartette broke up at ten, Johnson was for staying; but "finding us inclined to separate," says Hawkins, "he left us with a sigh that seemed to come from his heart, remembering that he was retiring to solitude and cheerless meditation." This resurrection of the dry bones of the old Ivy Lane company was only once repeated. Johnson then joined Dr. Brocklesby in starting a club at a house kept by Sam, an old servant of Thrale's, in Essex Street, Strand, and wrote to Sir Joshua asking him to become a member, "the terms lax and the expenses light." It was *àpropos* of Boswell's admission to this society that he invented the word "clubable," as he had created "unclubable" for Hawkins. But Sir Joshua declined, for Barry was one of the original members, and it would not have been pleasant to meet the man who had lately aspersed him so vilely. Johnson had kept the house for more than four months, when on the 21st of April he returned thanks for his recovery in St. Clement's church, and, to his tailor's surprise, ordered new clothes for the Academy dinner on the 24th. "I cannot publish my return to the world more effectually," he writes Mrs. Thrale, "for, as the Frenchman says, '*tout le monde s'y trouvera.*'" It was an especially brilliant dinner. Eighty-one guests were invited instead of sixty-five, "in consequence," says the Academy record, "of the dissolution of Parliament." "Several foreign noblemen" are mentioned among the guests invited; but no names are given. And this year, for the first time, the rule was made that all the members and associates of the Academy should be invited to attend the dinner without paying for their tickets, the price of which had gradually risen to eight shillings.

"On Saturday" (Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale on the 26th of April) "I showed myself again to the living world at the Exhibition: much and splendid was the company, but, like the Doge of Genoa at Paris, I admired nothing but myself. I went up all the stairs to the pictures, without stopping to rest or to breathe,—

'In all the madness of superfluous health.'

The Prince of Wales had promised to be there, but, when we had waited an hour and a half, sent us word that he could not come."

[As if to give a brilliant confutation to those who whispered, with Walpole, that Sir Joshua declined since his illness,] Reynolds this year exhibited sixteen[1] pictures:—

Portraits of Dr. Chauncy.

Mr. Pott, surgeon.

Dr. Bourke, Archbishop of Tuam.

Lady Honywood and Child. ["Bad, in style of Rubens."—W.]

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[1] From a list at the end of the pocket-book, I find Sir Joshua had intended to send two more: 'The Half-Consenting' (exhibited afterwards as the 'Snake in the Grass') and the 'Arch Girl' (engraved as 'La Rieuse,' and now the property of Lord Proby).

The Prince of Wales. [" With horse, free; landscape tawdry. This picture for Lord Melbourne, Brockett Hall."[1]—W.]

Charles Fox.

Lady Dashwood and Child.

Master Braddyll.

Sir John Honywood.

Lord Leveson. [" Lights too broke."—W.]

A Nymph (Miss Wilson) and Cupid. [" Bad and gross."—W.]

Miss Kemble, afterwards Mrs. Twiss.

Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. [" Head very fine, left arm too large."—W.]

Mrs. Abington as Roxalana.[2] [" Very arch."—W.]

Mr. Warton.[3]

A Boy reading.[4] [" Grand expression."—W.]

[This is a list of splendid and various power, showing his mastery at once in literal and idealized portraiture of both sexes and of all ages. His Mrs. Siddons outshone all the other pictures of the day as completely as its original surpassed all her compeers of the stage. His groups of Lady Honywood and Lady Dashwood, with their children, illustrated his unrivalled power of expressing all that is most tender in maternity and loveable in infancy. He has painted no robuster male portraits than the Charles Fox and Warton;[3] no sweeter woman's face than the Miss Kemble; none archer and saucier than Mrs. Abington's in Roxalana—that imperious captive who turns the harem topsyturvy, and brings the father of the faithful to her feet, in the amusing farce of 'The Sultan.' Sir Joshua represents her as she draws the curtain and bursts in on the astonished Osmyn and his august master. We see the little nose cocked in the air, the laughing eyes, and the play of feature, which the dramatist gives Roxalana; for the piece was taken from the French expressly for Mrs. Abington, and Roxalana was the character that fitted her best of the many she was measured for.

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[1] Where it still hangs; a work decidedly of the Flamboyant order. Sir Joshua's equestrian portraits are, as a rule, not happy, and this is one of the least satisfactory.

[2] At Herringfleet Hall.

[3] The portraits of both the Wartons are at Oxford: that of Thomas at Trinity College, that of Joseph in the University Gallery. There is a most vigorous half-length of the latter in possession of Mr. Hogarth of the Haymarket, which Sir Thomas Lawrence bought from Sir Joshua.

[4] It was bought by Lord de Tabley, but was sold with his pictures.

Walpole notes in his catalogue of the Exhibition of this year (*àpropos* of Loutherbourg's 'Gobarrow'), that the painter "is much improved; in the style of Wouvermans." To Fuseli's 'Œdipus' he appends the pithy criticism "Very mad." Of Opie's 'School' he says "Great nature, the best of his works yet." Flaxman's monument of Lady Milton has the note "Ridiculous. She lies dead in her robes, he in his robes lamenting her." His admiration was reserved for Mrs. Damer's 'Two Dogs,' or her 'Cupid catching a Butterfly.' He has summed up his opinion of Bankes's group of 'Achilles complaining to Thetis' in a short but emphatic "Fine."

Even the newspaper criticism of the Exhibition was now assuming some importance, and the 'Morning Post' notices "at the request of many of our readers," were reprinted in a continuous form. It may be worth mentioning—considering how such things pass away and how they reflect the features of the time—that these notices generally aim at epigrammatic point, and while rarely insensible to real merit, are anything but respectful, particularly in their references to the Academy. The great "We" was as oracular and could be quite as flippant eighty years ago as he ever is now. Thus, of a portrait of a gentleman by Zoffany, the critic sneers, "This artist is gone to the East Indies, and we should have had no additional cause for regret had he taken his picture along with him." One of Chamberlin's portraits is dismissed as "a specimen of Mason Chamberlin's masonry." Of Cosway's 'Angel delivering St. Peter,' he pronounces, "Mr. Cosway's chief aim in this picture seems to have been the bringing in a great deal into a little compass: to accomplish this he has broke legs, arms, ribs, &c., and as for the poor angel, he has broke his neck!"

But this smart critic is markedly respectful to Sir Joshua, and writes like a man who felt the great gulf between his works and the rest of the Exhibition, where this year Gainsborough was not represented. The only other painter for whom the critic can be called enthusiastic is Loutherbourg. Like Walpole, he pronounces him wonderfully improved in colouring and execution. Of Opie he says, "Mr. Opie's works have almost completely furnished the top of the room this year. Could people in vulgar life afford to pay for pictures, Opie would be their man." He discovers the merit of Hoppner's portraits, then a very young man; but he reserves his raptures for the Tragic Muse: "Thank Heaven! we have at last arrived at something to admire and wonder at. It is wonderful what ignorance has been betrayed in criticism on this picture. Its greatest beauties have been selected and condemned with all the assurance of coxcombic pertness. Sir Joshua's works are a feast for the mind, which is what very few possess. The correspondence of parts, both in form and colour, in this picture, make it evident that the whole proceeded from the most poetic mind and the most elegant hand that now wields the pencil. The dignity of character, the sublime effect, the richness and harmony of colouring, are all wrought up to the highest degree of excellence. We do not find that this elevated genius has failed in any single instance. The same refined understanding, hand, and eye, have been mutually employed and kept equal pace with each other in this most distinguished of all modern works. The more we attempt to praise, the more we feel our inability to do it any degree of justice: we therefore leave it to the admiring spectator to feel from the view what we are unable to write."

Peter Pindar spared the painters this year, though the year after he deals backhanded blows at West's 'Moses' and 'Prophets,' and Cosway's 'Samson,' and alludes to Gainsborough's quarrel[1] with the Academy and Rigaud's election.

> "Of cuts on Samson don't be sparing,
> Between two garden-rollers staring,
> Shorn by the lovely Dalilah's foul-play;
> To atoms tear that Frenchman's trash,
> Then bountifully deal the lash
> On such as dared to dub him an R.A."

Popular opinion outside of the Academy at this time generally ascribed the discreditable elections to Sir William Chambers, who was thought to override the

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[1] "Deal Gainsborough a lash for pride so stiff,
Who robs us of such pleasure for a miff;
Whose pencil when he chooses can be chaste,
Give nature's form, and please the eye of taste."

President; and Sir Joshua used, half jocularly, to admit that in the Academy Sir William was his master. Miss Kemble's portrait[1] called forth a warm "poetic tribute," which Northcote has reprinted at length.[2] Her sister's popularity had won for Miss Kemble what would now be called the leading juvenile business at Drury Lane. She was an amiable, gentle, and lovely young woman, but with none of her sister's power. She was naturally made the object of attack by actresses who envied her sister, and their organs in the newspapers, and these attacks provoked a defence of corresponding fervour.

Before the Exhibition closed, Mr. Parker, Sir Joshua's lifelong associate—the man whose name occurs oftenest in his list of engagements, his entertainer often two or three times a week in town, and his frequent host in his visits to Devonshire—was raised to the peerage, and henceforth stands Lord Boringdon in the pocket-book.

To this year Northcote refers an acquisition of Sir Joshua's, which delighted him and gave much occupation to the dilettanti. In one of his voyages of discovery among the picture-shops and auction-rooms—he was an inveterate sale-haunter—Sir Joshua discovered a miniature of Milton by Cooper, with the date 1653, and the painter's initials—its authenticity vouched by a written memorandum on the back, describing it as whilome the property of the poet's daughter Deborah, and sold at her death[3] to one of the Davenant family.

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[1] It is hard to say which of the duplicates of it—that in Lady Anne Beckett's or that in Col. Clifford's possession—is best.

[2] 'Life of Reynolds,' vol. ii. p. 183,

[3] This was a mistake of the writer of the mem., as she did not die till 1727, and the mem. seems to have been made before 1693, as it speaks of John Somers, Esq., who was knighted in that year.

Sir Joshua left the miniature to Mason by his will. He was driven to defend its authenticity in a letter (of June, 1791) to the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' He was perfectly able to appreciate the internal evidence in favour of the miniature, for Cooper's hand is unmistakable, even by a less experienced eye than Sir Joshua's, and in this letter[1] he shows that the difficulties of external evidence may easily be got over. Sir Joshua (as Northcote tells us) said of the miniature, "The picture is admirably painted, and with such a character of nature that I am perfectly sure it was a striking likeness. I have now got a distant idea of the countenance of Milton, which cannot be got from any other (picture) than the one I have seen. It is perfectly preserved, which shows that it has been shut up in some drawer. If it had been exposed to the light the colours would, long before this, have vanished." Here he underestimates the durability of Cooper's work.

I find an entry on June the 8th of an appointment "to see the King at the Palace," probably on business connected with the Exhibition, at which 2444*l.* 12*s.* had been taken for admissions. Among the Academy's charities of the year I find a gift of 6*l.* 6*s.* to Mauritius Lowe, on Sir Joshua's recommendation;[2] Wale, one of the original Academicians, receives 20*l.*; while Barrett, the landscape-painter, also of the Academy, was modestly pensioned with 21*l.*

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[1] See 'Northcote's Life,' vol. ii. p. 200.

[2] Probably this was a consequence of Johnson's appeal (on the 1st of June): "I am ashamed to ask for some relief for a poor man, to whom I hope I have given what I can be expected to spare. This man importunes me, and the blow goes round. I am going to try another air on Thursday." This was on the eve of Johnson's last visit to Oxford.

The Academy had this year been recognised for the first time beyond its own walls as the holder of a public trust in connection with art. Barry, always the most forward in pressing the national claims of art, in his account of the Adelphi pictures, had urged that "the judgment of the Academy should be referred to on all public occasions." He must have been rejoiced when at the Council meeting this year[1] two letters were read from the Jamaica House of Assembly to their agent Stephen Fuller, enclosing a resolution, and order on the Receivers-General, for the sum of 1000*l.* for a statue, with appropriate pedestal, bas-reliefs, and inscription, in honour of Lord Rodney, to be erected on the Parade of Spanish Town, commemorative of the victory over Count de Grasse, which two years before had saved the English West India possessions. According to the resolution, premiums for designs, to be approved by the Academy, were to be offered, and the most eminent statuary employed to carry them out. Instead of an anonymous competition for premiums, open to all English sculptors, the Academy directed Bacon, Carlini, Nollekens, Tyler, and Wilton, to prepare designs; but only Bacon and Tyler sent models, and the work was adjudged to the former. Sir Joshua, according to Barry,[2] was much disappointed at this poor result, complaining that it in some measure defeated the object of those who had intrusted the commission to the Academy; and that, if hereafter any similar commission should be received, it would be better to invite a general competition by public advertisement, and make an academical public exposure of the work.

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[1] On February 27.

[2] Letter to the Dilettanti, 1798. Barry's Works, vol. ii. p. 503 *et seq.* This letter bears testimony to Sir Joshua's character and genuine love of the arts in their highest form, as honourable to him as Barry's allusions to him in the account of his pictures are unjust, bitter, and depreciatory.

It is worth pointing out that the two most notable attempts to associate the Academy with public decorative or commemorative work—the abortive scheme in the decoration of St. Paul's and this reference to them of the choice of a design for the Rodney statue—should have occurred in the lifetime of the first President.[1] The question whether the Academy has any and what public functions is now once more under discussion. Let us hope that the time is at hand when the aspirations of its first President and its most ardent though aggressive member, Barry, will be fulfilled; that the Academy will at length be associated with some practical recognition of the truth that Art has national functions. Such functions can never be discharged by a small and self-elected body. So long as the present constitution of the Academy lasts, analogy would prepare us to find it, like other close corporations, jealous and exclusive, holding fast to privileges, pluming itself on resistance to pressure from without, distrusted and disliked by artists outside its pale, and not sustained against their ill-feeling by the support and confidence of the public. It is to be hoped that as I write the Academy is on the eve of a new and larger life, with increased numbers, open elections, and their sure consequences—enhanced power, activity, and usefulness, and a recognised position as the Parliament of Art in England.

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[1] When the inhabitants of Madras, in 1792, voted a statue to Lord Cornwallis in Fort St. George, the committee referred the nomination of a sculptor to the Royal Academy. All the sculptors in the Academy refused to compete, except Bankes. Barry ascribes this refusal to the fear of combination and cabal, and cites Nollekens and Wilton as his witnesses. Barry ascribes the non-reference to the Academy by the East India Company of the choice of sculptor for Sir W. Jones's monument in St. Paul's, in 1796, to the disappointment at the result of such a reference in Lord Cornwallis's case.

This June was a remarkably busy as well as merry month. Miss Shepherd and Sir Walden Hanmer, Lord Northington and Lord Temple, Lady Spencer and her little boy—the Lord Althorp of the Reform Bill—and Lady Fitzwilliam were sitting. Dinners with old friends, Lord Ossory, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Spencer, Lord Boringdon, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Keppel, or with bloods and connoisseurs like Sir Charles Bunbury and Sir Harry Englefield, are diversified with dinners at home, visits to the Opera, and excursions to the Richmond villa, now in all the loveliness of its Midsummer greenery. Dr. Johnson's name occurs on Wednesday (at 2), and again on Sunday, the 27th, for the dinner which Boswell has recorded, when Paoli, Lord Eliot, and Beattie, with young Richard Burke, were of the party. It was at this dinner that Defoe's 'Memoirs of Captain Carleton' happening to be mentioned, and Johnson declaring he had never heard of the book, Lord Eliot promised him a sight of it, and after much trouble got him the copy, with which Johnson was so delighted, as he told Sir Joshua, that he sat up till he had read it through, and found in it such an air of truth that he could not doubt its authenticity. At this dinner Johnson showed some flashes of his old vigour (duly recorded by Boswell), but expressed his fears of a winter in England. Boswell and his host must have exchanged a look at his remark, for Boswell had already consulted Sir Joshua on the means of sending the Doctor to Italy, and, with the approval of Reynolds, had written to Lord Thurlow to suggest that if a representation of the case could be made to the King, the Royal bounty would be suitably extended to the dying philosopher. On the day after the dinner at Sir Joshua's Thurlow's answer arrived, thanking Boswell for the suggestion and promising to take the matter up, and undertaking, if Boswell were out of the way, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum to be asked and the means of setting the Doctor out. "It would be a reflection on us all," concluded the Chancellor, "if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health." Boswell went hot foot with this letter to Sir Joshua, who was of opinion that the matter in hand should now be broken to Johnson. Boswell was easily induced to put off his return to Scotland, in order to meet Johnson at Sir Joshua's, dine, and "have it all out," as Sir Joshua phrased it, about the Italian tour.[1]

Johnson was much affected when Boswell told him what he and Sir Joshua had done and settled. "This is taking prodigious pains about a man." And when Boswell protested, "Oh! Sir, your friends would do anything for you," and Johnson, with tears in his eyes —the strong man had fallen into his weakness—faltered out, "God bless you all!" no wonder if Boswell—somewhat hysterical from hard drinking, as well as moved by his feelings—wept, and there was a silence till Johnson's solemn voice was heard again, "God bless you all, for Jesus Christ's sake!" Like all the closing passages of that manly life, for all its loneliness, infirmities, and sorrows, this is a scene the mind rests upon with pleasure. Among the many kindly memories associated with the name of Reynolds—and there are hardly any but kindly ones—let not this, of his effort to restore the failing strength of Johnson with the wine of Italian sunshine, be forgotten. At Wednesday's dinner Johnson came warmly into the scheme. Boswell and Sir Joshua were high in hope that the Chancellor's intercession would be followed by immediate assistance. The only question was, whether it would be a grant or an enlarged pension. Dr. Brocklesby, Johnson told them with tears in his eyes, had offered him a hundred a year for his life. They endeavoured to kindle his imagination with prospects of enjoyment in Italy; and when Sir Joshua's coach set down Boswell and the Doctor at the entrance of Bolt Court, the farewells had been interchanged, and Johnson sprang away without looking back, with a last "fare you well." Boswell never saw him again. Next day he was off for Scotland, and Sir Joshua was left charged with the business and the application to the Chancellor. At the end of this June Johnson had a heavy blow in the news of Mrs. Thrale's engagement to Piozzi. Their intimacy had been at an end for some time past: indeed, after Thrale's death, it was never what it had been; but there had been returns of the old tenderness on both sides. Now all was at an end—now he put her from his heart, with the undeserved words[1] "Poor Thrale! She is now become a subject for her enemies to exult over, and for her friends, if she has any left, to forgive or pity."

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[1] In the pocket-book is the entry, "Wed. 30, at home. Dr. Johnson; Boswell."

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[1] In a letter to Sir John Hawkins published in his 'Life of Johnson.'

Early in July Johnson determined on trying what his native air of Staffordshire and a visit to his old friend Taylor at Ashbourn would do for his complaints. He writes to Sir Joshua before starting, directing him as to the line to be taken in his representations to the Chancellor. "In my present state," he says, "I am desirous to make a struggle for a little longer life, and hope to obtain some help from a softer climate." But if he got much worse, he pointed out, he should be afraid to leave his physicians and face the inconveniences of travel; if he got much better, he should be unwilling to leave his friends and comforts. He kept up an active correspondence from the country. Never was it clearer than in these last moments, as he now wrote to Brocklesby, that the town was his element: there were his friends, his books, to which he had not yet bid adieu, and his amusements. "Sir Joshua told me long ago," he concludes, "that my vocation was to public life; and I hope still to keep my station, till God shall bid me go in peace." So he plies his whole circle of friends with letters—Brocklesby, Burney, Hoole, Windham, Langton, Perkins, Single-speech Hamilton, Paradise, Cruikshank the surgeon, Tom Davies, George Nicol and John Nicholls, Hawkins and Heberden, Boswell and Sir Joshua.]

On the death of Allan Ramsay, which he learnt from a letter of Sir Joshua's, he writes (Aug. 19): "Poor Ramsay! on which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. I left three old friends at Litchfield when I was there, and now found them all dead. I no sooner lost sight of dear Allan, than I am told I shall see him no more. That we must all die we always knew: I wish I had sooner remembered it. Do not think me intrusive or importunate if I now call, dear Sir, on you to remember it."

Reynolds was appointed painter to the King in the place of Ramsay.

[He has noted in the pocket-book, "Sept. 1, 2½, to attend at the Lord Chancellor's Office to be sworn in painter to the King." The honour had not been offered to Reynolds, and Northcote says he was unwilling to solicit it, as was usual. But at last he complied with the custom, and received the appointment, the salary of which Burke's reformation of the Household had reduced from two hundred pounds to fifty.]

It is probable that about this time he had formed a resolution, and communicated it to Johnson, to resign the chair of the Academy,[1] conceiving that there was a strong party in the body opposed to him, as he certainly had reason to conceive six years later; and finding, also, on the death of Ramsay, that the place of King's Painter was not, as it should have been, at once given to him. His future situation at the head of the Academy, without the Royal favour, and with a party among its members against him, must naturally have appeared one from which release would be a comfort.

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[1] To this Johnson alludes in his letter of Sept. 2:—

"I am glad that a little favour from the Court has intercepted your furious purposes. I could not in any case have approved such public violence of resentment, and should have considered any who encouraged it as rather seeking sport for themselves than honour for you. Resentment gratifies him who intended an injury, and pains him unjustly who did not intend it. But all this is now superfluous. I still continue by God's mercy to mend. My breath is easier, my nights are quieter, and my legs less in bulk and stronger in use. I have, however, yet a great deal to overcome before I can attain even an old man's health. Write, do write to me now and then. We are now old acquaintance, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side. The retrospection of this is very pleasant, and I hope we shall never think on each other with less kindness."

Though now the Court painter, Reynolds was never employed by the King, who did not appreciate him. After the death of Sir Joshua, George the Third, while sitting to Sir William Beechy, spoke of his pictures as coarse and unfinished.[1]

"Your Majesty," said Beechy, "who is so perfect a judge of music, knows that the effect of the finest overture may be harsh and unpleasant when we are too close to the orchestra; so the pictures of Reynolds may appear coarse if we look at them too near, but at the proper distance they are all harmony."

"Very good; but why did he paint red trees?"

Beechy made no reply, but, while preparing for the next day's sitting, he laid on the table a branch of a tree that had been turned red by the frost. As soon as the King came into the room he noticed it, and said, laughing, "Ah, yes, Sir Joshua's red tree;—very well,—very well."[2]

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[1] Sir William, from whom I received what is here related, was cautioned not to differ in opinion from the King, nor to introduce any subjects of conversation. He disregarded this courtly advice, however, and found that he gave no offence by talking to his Majesty as he would to any other gentleman.

[2] Still, apart from royal favour and the small salary, the King's paintership was worth having from the harvest it brought in, by the multiplication of the faces of King and Queen as presents for ambassadors and potentates. Ramsay, for some years before his death, had derived a comfortable income from this source only; and as he had trained his pupil Reinagle to the manufacture, the place was a profitable sinecure. Though Sir Joshua did not drive so thriving a trade in Kings and Queens as his predecessor, I find this note in his price-book: "Nov. 28, 1789, remain in the Academy five Kings, four Queens; in the house two Kings and one Queen;" and under the heading, "The King

[When September arrived, nothing had been heard touching the pension. Johnson seems to have thought Sir Joshua somewhat slack in this affair: "They that have your kindness," he writes to Boswell, "may lack your ardour." But early in September Lord Thurlow called in Leicester Fields, and informed Sir Joshua, as he understood the communication], that the application to the King had not been successful. At the same time he desired Sir Joshua to let Dr. Johnson know that he might draw immediately on him to the amount of five or six hundred pounds; and to induce Johnson to accept it he suggested that the money should be considered as a mortgage on his pension. Johnson, thinking his health better than when the plan of his going to Italy had been proposed, declined the Chancellor's generous offer in a letter full of gratitude, and, with much delicacy, enclosed it to Reynolds, with the following note:—

"Ashbourne, September 9th.

"Many words, I hope, are not necessary between you and me, to convince you what gratitude is excited in my heart by the Chancellor's liberality, and your kind offices. I have enclosed a letter to the Chancellor, which, when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a head, or any other general seal, and convey it to him: had I sent it directly to

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and Queen's picture for governors and ambassadors — N. B. Those marked with a star have been paid for"—I find—

" * Mr. Eden, sent home.
* Lord Malmesbury, do.
* Sir R. Dorchester, Col. Carlton (I do not understand this entry).
* Governor Seaton.
* Governor Philips (in small), do.
* For Dublin Castle (Mr. Weston).
Lord Effingham.
Lord Salisbury, sent home." The price is not mentioned.

him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your intervention."

[Sir Joshua had misunderstood Lord Thurlow. The application had never been made to the King. Thurlow was probably (as Croker suggests) in a huff with Pitt at the time, through whose department any application for an increase of pension would have had to pass, and preferred to make an offer to Johnson on his own account as time pressed. But Sir Joshua does not seem to have been aware of this till the Chancellor wrote to him on Nov. 10. Hence some confusion in the references to the matter by Boswell and Johnson, which very unnecessarily puzzles Croker.[1]

In his next letter to Sir Joshua (of Sept. 18) Johnson announces an improvement, and is on the point of starting for Lichfield, in hope of being able to pay his visits there on foot, for there are no coaches in the place. He adds, "I have three letters this day, all about the balloon: I could have been content with one. Do not write about the balloon, whatever else you may say." London was balloon-mad just then. Lunardi's ascent from the Artillery Ground on the 13th of this month was the first in England. The people of fashion were all agog at the novelty. When Blanchard went up in December the Duchess of Devonshire cut the rope, and Mrs. Crewe sent up her glove in the car.]

On St. Luke's day, the 18th of October, Sir Joshua attended at the Painters' Hall, Little Trinity Lane, to be presented with the freedom of the Company, of which Catton, R.A., was Master.

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[1] There is a very disagreeable and characteristic suggestion of Croker's, aimed at Sir Joshua, imputing an intention to defraud Boswell of his due share of credit in this business. Nothing can be more inconsistent with all that is known of Sir Joshua's character and conduct in this as in other matters.

Having, as he said in a letter to Boswell, dated Nov. 5th, "sometimes amended, and sometimes relapsed; but, upon the whole, lost ground very much," Dr. Johnson died on Monday the 13th of December. [The pocket-book has the entry, "Dr. Johnson dyed at 7 in the afternoon."]

He had once noticed to Boswell that few friendships were founded on the principle of virtue. The friendship, of more than thirty years' duration, between himself and Reynolds, was, however, an exception, for it was founded entirely on admiration of each other's abilities, and love of each other's virtues.

"No man like Johnson," said Reynolds, "had the faculty of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking: perhaps other men might have equal knowledge, but few were so communicative. His great pleasure was to talk to those who looked up to him. It was here he exhibited his wonderful powers. In mixed company, and frequently in company that ought to have looked up to him, many, thinking they had a character for learning to support, considered it as beneath them to enlist in the train of his auditors; and to such persons he certainly did not appear to advantage, being often impetuous and overbearing. The desire of showing in conversation was in him a predominant passion; and if it must be attributed to vanity, let it at the same time be recollected that it produced that loquaciousness from which his more intimate friends derived considerable advantage. The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on everything about us, I applied to our art; with what success let others judge."

"When Foote has told me something," said Johnson, "I dismiss it from my mind like a passing shadow: when Reynolds tells me something, I consider myself as possessing an idea the more."

On his death-bed, Johnson made three requests of Sir Joshua: never to use his pencil on a Sunday; to read the Bible whenever possible, and always on Sundays; and to forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him (as he wished to leave the money to a poor family). Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

[Hannah More says that he hesitated a little on the first article, and probably he felt at the moment that it was a promise made rather that he might not distress his dying friend, than with the notion of a strict observance of it. It certainly was not strictly observed, as is proved by the evidence of the pocket-books.]

Reynolds was one of his executors—a trust which was carefully fulfilled.[1] Johnson left him his great French Dictionary by Martiniere, and his own copy of his folio English Dictionary of the last revision. He left a book also to Miss Reynolds.

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[1] [I find many appointments with Dr. W. Scott (his brother executor, along with Sir John Hawkins). One is for Thursday the 16th, at 9 in the evening. Again on the 21st the entry, "Mr. White, bookseller; sent to Sir J. Hawkins," may refer to the payment of Johnson's legacy of 100*l.* to Mrs. White, his female servant. Another entry, of Friday the 24th, "7, Bolt Court," may have referred to that visit of the executors in which Sir John Hawkins, it is to be feared, was detected, *animo furandi*, in a design on Johnson's silver teapot. Similar entries occur on the 27th and the 29th. On the 29th the entry "Dr. Johnson's burial" marks Sir Joshua's presence, as one of the Literary Club, when Johnson's coffin was laid by the side of Garrick's, in the south transept of Westminster Abbey.]

I have been favoured by Miss Gwatkin with a sight of the following paper by Sir Joshua on the character of Johnson, addressed to some mutual friend, perhaps Malone (or Boswell). Everything Reynolds wrote, like everything he painted, was destined to many alterations and corrections before its appearance in public.[1] I have transcribed the paper exactly, except in the matter of punctuation, and in the introduction, now and then, of a word, between brackets, to complete the sense.

"From thirty years' intimacy with Dr. Johnson I certainly have had the means, if I had equally the ability, of giving you a true and perfect idea of the character and peculiarities of this extraordinary man. The habits of my profession unluckily extend to the consideration of so much only of character as lies on the surface, as is expressed in the lineaments of the countenance. An attempt to go deeper, and investigate the peculiar colouring of his mind as distinguished from all other minds, nothing but your earnest desire can excuse. Such as it is, you may make what use of it you please. Of his learning, and so much of his character as is discoverable in his writings and is open to the inspection of every person, nothing need be said.

"I shall remark such qualities only as his works cannot convey. And among those the most distinguished was his possessing a mind which was, as I may say, always ready for use. Most general subjects had undoubtedly been already discussed in the course of a studious thinking life. In this respect few men ever came better prepared into whatever company chance might throw him, and the love which he had to society gave him a facility in the practice of applying his knowledge of the matter in hand in which I believe he was never exceeded by any man. It has been frequently observed that he was a singular instance of a man who had so much distinguished himself by his writings that his conversation not only supported his character as an author, but, in the opinion of many, was superior. Those who have lived with the wits of the age know how rarely this happens. I have had the habit of thinking that this quality, as well as others of the same kind, are possessed in consequence of accidental circumstances attending his life. What Dr. Johnson said a few days before his death of his disposition to insanity was no new discovery to those who were intimate with him. The character of Imlac in 'Rassilas,' I always considered as a comment on his own conduct which he himself practised, and as it now appears very successfully, since we know he continued to possess his understanding in its full vigour to the last. Solitude to him was horror; nor would he ever trust himself alone but when employed in writing or reading. He has often begged me to go home with him to prevent his being alone in the coach. Any company was better than none; by which he connected himself with many mean persons whose presence he could command. For this purpose he established a Club at a little alehouse in Essex Street, composed of a strange mixture of very learned and very ingenious odd people. Of the former were Dr. Heberden, Mr.

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[1] Hence the inferiority of his letters to his other writings.

Windham, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Paradise. Those of the latter I do not think proper to enumerate. By thus living, by necessity, so much in company, more perhaps than any other studious man whatever, he had acquired by habit, and which habit alone can give, that facility, and we may add docility of mind, by which he was so much distinguished. Another circumstance likewise contributed not a little to the power which he had of expressing himself, which was a rule, which he said he always practised on every occasion, of speaking his best, whether the person to whom he addressed himself was or was not capable of comprehending him. 'If,' says he, 'I am understood, my labour is not lost. If it is above their comprehension, there is some gratification, though it is the admiration of ignorance;' and he said those were the most sincere admirers; and quoted Baxter, who made a rule never to preach a sermon without saying something which he knew was beyond the comprehension of his audience in order to inspire their admiration. Dr. Johnson, by this continual practice, made that a habit which was at first an exertion; for every person who knew him must have observed that the moment he was left out of the conversation, whether from his deafness or from whatever cause, but a few minutes without speaking or listening, his mind appeared to be preparing itself. He fell into a reverie accompanied with strange antic gestures; but this he never did when his mind was engaged by the conversation. [These were] therefore improperly called by ——, as well as by others, convulsions, which imply involuntary contortions; whereas, a word addressed to him, his attention was recovered. Sometimes, indeed, it would be near a minute before he would give an answer, looking as if he laboured to bring his mind to bear on the question.

"In arguing he did not trouble himself with much circumlocution, but opposed, directly and abruptly, his antagonist. He fought with all sorts [of] weapons; [with] ludicrous comparisons and similies; [and] if all failed, with rudeness and overbearing. He thought it necessary never to be worsted in argument. He had one virtue which I hold one of the most difficult to practise. After the heat of contest was over, if he had been informed that his antagonist resented his rudeness, he was the first to seek after a reconciliation; and of his virtues the most distinguished was his love of truth.

"He sometimes, it must be confessed, covered his ignorance by generals rather than appear ignorant. You will wonder to hear a person who loved him so sincerely speak thus freely of his friend, but you must recollect I am not writing his panegyrick, but, as if upon oath, not only to give the truth but the whole truth.

"His pride had no meanness in it; there was nothing little or mean about him.

"Truth, whether in great or little matters, he held sacred.

"From the violation of truth, he said, in great things your character or your interest was affected, in lesser things your pleasure is equally destroyed. I remember, on his relating some incident, I added something to his relation which I supposed might likewise have happened: 'It would have been a better story,' says he, 'if it had been so; but it was not.' Our friend Dr. Goldsmith was not so scrupulous; but he said he only indulged himself in white lyes, light as feathers, which he threw up in the air, and on whomever they fall, nobody was hurt. 'I wish,' says Dr. Johnson, 'you would take the trouble of moulting your feathers.'

"I once inadvertently put him in a situation from which none but a man of perfect integrity could extricate himself. I pointed at some lines in the 'Traveller' which I told [him] I was sure he wrote. He hesitated a little; during this hesitation I recollected myself, that as I knew he would not lye I put him in a cleft stick, and should have had but my due if he had given me a rough answer; but he only said, 'Sir, I did not write them, but that you may not imagine that I have wrote more than I really have, the utmost I have wrote in that poem, to the best of my recollection, is not more than eighteen lines.' It must be observed there was then an opinion about town that Dr. Johnson wrote the whole poem for his friend, who was then in a manner an unknown writer. This conduct appears to me to be in the highest degree correct and refined. If the Dr.'s conscience would have let him told a lye, the matter would have been soon over.

"As in his writings not a line can be found which a saint would wish to blot, so in his life he would never suffer the least immorality [or] indecency of conversation, [or any thing] contrary to virtue or piety to proceed without a severe check, which no elevation of rank exempted them from. . . . .

"Custom, or politeness, or courtly manners has authorised such an Eastern hyperbolical style of compliment, that part of Dr. Johnson's character for rudeness of manners must be put to the account of this scrupulous adherence to truth. His obstinate silence, whilst all the company were in raptures, vying with each other who should pepper highest, was considered as rudeness or ill-nature.

"During his last illness, when all hope was at an end, he appeared to be quieter and more resigned. His approaching dissolution was always present to his mind. A few days before he died, Mr. Langton and myself only present, he said he had been a great sinner, but he hoped he had given no bad example to his friends; that he had some consolation in reflecting that he had never denied Christ, and repeated the text 'Whoever denies me, &c.' We were both very ready to assure him that we were conscious that we were better and wiser from his life and conversation; and that, so far from denying Christ, he had been, in this age, his greatest champion.

"Sometimes a flash of wit escaped him as if involuntary. He was asked how he liked the new man that was hired to watch by him. 'Instead of watching,' says he, 'he sleeps like a dormouse; and when he helps me to bed he is awkward as a turnspit dog the first time he is put into the wheel.'

"The Christian religion was with him such a certain and established truth, that he considered it as a kind of profanation to hold any argument about its truth.

"He was not easily imposed upon by professions to honesty and candour; but he appeared to have little suspicion of hypocrisy in religion.

"His passions were like those of other men, the difference only lay in his keeping a stricter watch over himself. In petty circumstances this wayward disposition appeared, but in greater things he thought it worth while to summon his recollection and be always on his guard. . . . [To them that loved him not] as rough as winter; to those who sought his love, as mild as summer[1]—many instances will readily occur to those who knew him intimately, of the guard which he endeavoured always to keep over himself.

"The prejudices he had to countries did not extend to individuals. The chief prejudice in which he indulged himself was against Scotland, though he had the most cordial friendship with individuals [of that country.] This he used to vindicate as a duty. In respect to Frenchmen he rather laughed at himself, but it was insurmountable. He considered every foreigner as a fool till they had convinced him of the contrary. Against the Irish he entertained no prejudice, he thought they united themselves very well with us; but the Scotch, when in England, united and made a party by employing only Scotch servants and Scotch tradesmen. He held it right for Englishmen to oppose a party against them.

"This reasoning would have more weight if the numbers were equal. A small body in a larger has such great disadvantages that I fear are scarce counterbalanced by whatever little combination they can make. A general combination against them would be little short of annihilation.

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[1] Reynolds here recollects, imperfectly, Cromwell's eulogium on Wolsey:—

"Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to the men that sought him sweet as summer."

"We are both of Dr. Johnson's school. For my own part, I acknowledge the highest obligations to him. He may be said to have formed my mind, and to have brushed from it a great deal of rubbish. Those very people whom he has brought to think rightly will occasionally criticise the opinions of their master when he nods. But we should always recollect that it is he himself who taught us and enabled us to do it.

"The drawback of his character is entertaining prejudices on very slight foundations; giving an opinion, perhaps, first at random, but from its being contradicted he thinks himself obliged always to support [it], or, if he cannot support, still not to acquiesce [in the opposite opinion]. Of this I remember an instance of a defect or forgetfulness in his Dictionary. I asked him how he came not to correct it in the second edition. 'No,' says he, 'they made so much of it that I would not flatter them by altering it!'

"From passion, from the prevalence of his disposition for the minute, he was constantly acting contrary to his own reason, to his principles. It was a frequent subject of animadversion with him, how much authors lost of the pleasure and comfort of life by their carrying always about them their own consequence and celebrity. Yet no man in mixed company,—not to his intimates, certainly, for that would be an insupportable slavery,—ever acted with more circumspection to his character than himself. The most light and airy dispute was with him a dispute on the arena. He fought on every occasion as if his whole reputation depended upon the victory of the minute, and he fought with all the weapons. If he was foiled in argument he had recourse to abuse and rudeness. That he was not thus strenuous for victory with his intimates in tête-à-tête conversations when there were no witnesses, may be easily believed. Indeed, had his conduct been to them the same as he exhibited to the public, his friends could never have entertained that love and affection for him which they all feel and profess for his memory.

"But what appears extraordinary is that a man who so well saw, himself, the folly of this ambition of shining, of speaking, or of acting always according to the character [he] imagined [he] possessed in the world, should produce himself the greatest example of a contrary conduct.

"Were I to write the Life of Dr. Johnson I would labour this point, to separate his conduct that proceeded from his passions, and what proceeded from his reason, from his natural disposition seen in his quiet hours."

On December the 10th, at the distribution of the prizes,[1] the Twelfth Discourse was delivered. The theme is the education of the artist. I have little doubt that the motive which determined Sir Joshua's choice of subject was Barry's fierce attack on him as a feeble plagiarist in his pamphlet on the Adelphi pictures. The Discourse might be called a defence of invention at secondhand. It begins with a sensible estimate of the value of prescribed methods of study, and points out the obvious truth, that the minds of men are so differently constituted that it is impossible to prescribe one method for all. This thesis is worked after Sir Joshua's generalising fashion, till the argument resolves itself into this (something like Omar's for the burning of the Alexandrian Library)—"It is of no use to prescribe to those who have no talents; and those who have talents will find methods for themselves." "The most skilful master can do little more than put the clue into the hands of his scholar by which he must conduct himself." He cautions the indolently disposed not to allow their natural supineness to master them, under the guise of fastidious love of method; those of ready invention against too easy contentment with first thoughts. Rapid sketching is very well; but the artist must not rest there. He must correct from nature, and "*look about him for whatever assistance the works of others will afford him.*" This opens the way to what I conceive the main purpose of the Discourse, a defence of the practice of borrowing, and a distinction between the "theft" that is felonious in art, and the "appropriation" that is

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[1] Medal for Painting—subject, Scene from Tempest; winner, T. Procter: for Bas-relief, 'Venus conducting Helen to Paris,' C. Rossi: for Architecture, 'A National Prison, calculated for safe custody, to prevent mutiny, and to afford all necessary convenience for the preservation of health,' Mr. George Hadfield. Procter was sculptor as well as painter, and a great favourite with the students. When his name was read out as winner of the medal, his companions carried him on their shoulders in triumph round the quadrangle of Somerset House, Barry shouting approval—"The Greeks did it! Do

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it again, boys; do it again!" Procter died, after ten years of ambitious attempts, in debt and despondency, just after the Academy had chosen him for the studentship at Rome. His sad story may be read in that curious *omnium gatherum*, Smith's 'Life of Nollekens,' vol. ii.

not only excusable, but praiseworthy. The description of pictorial practice is no doubt founded on Sir Joshua's own way of working. When the painter sits down to his work (he says), he starts with the knowledge of the figure, the general principles of composition, and a view in his mind's eye of the effect of his masses and light and shadow. All this belongs to his conception of his design as a whole. "It is a subsequent consideration to determine the attitude and expression of individual figures. It is in this period of his work that I would recommend to every artist to look over his portfolio or pocket-book, in which he has treasured up all the happy inventions, all the extraordinary and expressive attitudes, that he has met in the course of his studies; not only for the sake of borrowing from those studies whatever may be applicable to his own work, but likewise on account of the great advantage he will derive by bringing the ideas of great artists more distinctly before his mind, which will teach him to invent other figures in a similar style."

This passage certainly reflects Sir Joshua's own habits. The "portfolios" and "pocket-books" are such as those which in the Leicester Fields studio contained treasures of drawings of, and prints after, the old masters, diligently picked up, year after year, in the sales at Squibb's and Christie's, Paterson's and Langford's, or the vellum-covered companions of his travels, with their rough pencil-jottings of pictures and statues, or, more seldom, sketches from living figures, made with an eye to future use.

All that follows in the Discourse is a defence of the practice of borrowing. Raffaele borrowed from Masaccio.

He did not consider the practice disgraceful, for the source of his two St. Pauls and his 'Thoughtful Listener' was in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, open to all. Raffaele did not steal from poverty, but from the value he set on the thing stolen, "enriching the general store with materials of equal or of greater value than that which he had taken." "Such men," he concludes, with direct reference doubtless to the tone of Barry's strictures, "surely need not be ashamed of that friendly intercourse which ought to exist among artists, of receiving from the dead and giving to the living, and perhaps to those who are yet unborn." "The daily food and nourishment of the mind of an artist is found in the great works of his predecessors." "The habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till you find yourself warmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artist-like mind." "Men of superior talents alone are capable of thus using and adapting other men's minds to their own purposes, or are able to make out and finish what was only in the original a hint or imperfect conception. A readiness in taking such hints, which escape the dull and ignorant, makes, in my opinion, no inconsiderable part of that faculty of mind which is called genius." But when you have borrowed a figure, or an idea of a figure, you must go to nature to finish from. Always take a model; but don't "pose" him too much. Tell him what you want, and let him fall into the action.

"It is a great matter to be in the way of accident, and to be watchful and ready to take advantage of it." One chief interest of all these practical hints arises from their springing, as I am satisfied they do, from Sir

Joshua's own practice. But what would Mr. Ruskin and his scholars say when the lecturer, insisting on the happy chances of accident, thus limits its field?—"However, this is fit only on occasions when no correctness of form is required, such as clouds, stumps of trees, rocky or broken ground."

Yet, while believing that the forms of clouds, tree-stumps, and rocks were matters of hap-hazard, Sir Joshua everywhere inculcates reverence for Nature and constant resort to her.

"I have heard painters acknowledge—though in that acknowledgment no degradation of themselves was intended—that they could do better without Nature than with her; or, as they expressed themselves, *that it only put them out.* A painter with such ideas and such habits is, indeed, in a most hopeless state. The art of seeing nature, or, in other words, the art of using models, is in reality the great object, the point to which all our studies are directed. He who recurs to nature at every recurrence renews his strength. The rules of art he is never likely to forget; they are few and simple; but nature is refined, subtle, and infinitely various, beyond the power and retention of memory; it is necessary, therefore, to have continual recourse to her. In this intercourse there is no end of his improvement; the longer he lives the nearer he approaches to the true and perfect idea of art."

So ends the Discourse; and its conclusion may be dwelt on as proving that pre-eminent respect for nature, which in Sir Joshua struggled with what the feeling of the present day is likely to condemn as an overweening respect for earlier art, and undue licence in appropriation from it. Had Sir Joshua been less of a portrait-painter, I doubt not he would have been still more of a plagiarist. Happily his enforced resort to actualities—due to that which Barry so scorned and grieved over, the predominance of portraiture in English painting of that day—preserved him from the Correggiosity of Correggio, and the Raffaelism of Raffaele, into which he has fallen in his few sacred compositions, and would have fallen more and more, had he not been preserved by contact with the living men and women whose portraits he painted. For all art other than portraiture was then either ignoble like that of Morland, mock-heroic like that of Fuseli, commonplace like that of West, or antique and repugnant to the English mind, like that of Barry. The latter resembled David in many particulars, but wanted the congenial soil which David found in revolutionary France, with its reverence for a purely imaginary race of Greeks and Romans. It must not be forgotten, that we had then nothing in that idyllic or dramatic style, of which Hogarth was the founder, and which, since Wilkie revived it, has taken such a wide development in our own school; very little of the true historic or commemorative kind, of which West had made a weak beginning, and on which Opie and Northcote were about to venture; while religious art waited for the revival of mediævalism in matters of faith and fancy which our generation has witnessed.

List of Sitters in 1784.

January.

Boy and Girl models; Lady Spencer and Lord Althorp; Mr. Chauncey; the Lord Chancellor's gown (for his portrait of Lord Thurlow); General Fawcett; Mr. T. Warton; Mrs. Armstead (who has an appointment at Sir Joshua's with Mr. Fox, on Monday 26th).

February.

Mrs. Robinson; Sir John and Lady Honywood;[1] Lord and Lady Buchan; Lady Dashwood; Lord Leveson; Lady Catherine Manners.

March.

Miss Elliot; Mr. and Mrs. Grote; Lady Harrington; Duchess of Rutland; Mr. Pott (the eminent surgeon); Master Dashwood; Dog; Master Stanhope; Lord Eglintoun; Sir W. Hamilton.

April.

Lord Rodney; Miss Honywood (a child of 6); Lady Lincoln.

May.

Col. Hay; Master Cavendish.[2] (Working on his posthumous picture of Lord R. Manners.)

June.

Miss Shepherd; Sir Walden Hanmer;[3] Lord Northington; Mr. Hay's dog; Lord Temple; Lady Fitzwilliam.

July.[4]

Duchess of Devonshire; Lady Georgina Cavendish (in the picture with the Duchess); Mr. Stuart.[5]

August.[6]

No new sitters.

September.

Princess Gagarin; and models—little girl; girl; child; soldier (very often); girl; infant (for the picture of the Infant Hercules).

October.

Models—infant; girl; child.

November.

Col. Luke Gardiner; Mr. Boothby; Sir John Taylor; Sir Eardley Wilmot; Miss Jones.[7]

December.

Lady Taylor; Mr. Graham; Mr. Boothby's lady.[8]

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[1] Daughter of William, second Viscount Courtenay, and wife of Sir John Honywood, of Evington, Kent.

[2] Son of Lord George Cavendish.

[3] Of Hanmer, co. Flint. He was the first baronet of the second creation, created in 1774. He was M.P. for Sudbury, fifteenth in descent from Sir John De Hanmere, Governor of Caernarvon Castle temp. Edward I.

[4] "Two heads of Lord Robert Manners in the full uniform from Dance;" "Mr. (Master) Cavendish to be finished;" "Josh. Collyer, No. 7, White Lion Row, Islington, to engrave Lord Ashburton."

[5] These appointments may have been, and I think were, for sittings not *of*, but *to* Stuart, the American painter, who was now painting Sir Joshua for Boydell.

[6] Mem.—"In pictures of the late Lord R. Manners, the naval uniform must have white cuffs and blue lappels."

[7] Model: her address, "4, Cross Court, Bow Street, Covent Garden."

[8] The famous Nancy Reynolds. The picture is now at Petworth.

CHAPTER IX.

1785—1789. ÆTAT. 62—66.

The 'Rolliad' and 'Probationary Odes'—Pictures exhibited in 1785—Peter Pindar's criticisms—Portraits of Sharpe and Hunter—Boswell sits—Ballooning—The Duke of Orleans sits—Pictures paid for in 1785—(1786) The Infant Hercules—Pictures exhibited—Social engagements—Mrs. Jordan—Mrs. Hastings—Picture-buying and picture-cleaning—Letters to Earl of Upper Ossory—The Johnsonomania—Cagliostro and the Chevalière D'Eon—The Thirteenth Discourse—Sitters in 1786—(1787) The Smythe and Harrington groups—Boydell's Shakspeare—The Macbeth and Cardinal Beaufort—Pictures exhibited—Ramberg's picture of the Great Room at Somerset House—Richmond House private theatricals—The charges against Hastings—Sheridan's Begum speech—Lord Heathfield sits—Sitters in 1787—(1788) Impeachment of Hastings—Sir Joshua's society and some of his dinner-lists—Pictures exhibited in 1788—The Infant Hercules—Portrait of Lord Heathfield—The Sleeping Girl—The Gleaners—Rodney and Sheridan sit—Death of Gainsborough—Academy elections—The Fourteenth Discourse, on Gainsborough—Sitters of 1788—(1789) The King's illness—The Regency question divides the town—Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Billington—Boswell—The King's recovery—Boydell and the Shakspeare Gallery—The Exhibition—Cymon and Iphigenia—Loses the sight of the left eye—The French Revolution—Changes of scene—The monument to Johnson—Academy labours—Sitters in 1789.

1785.—The pocket-book for this year is wanting. But we need the less regret the occasional loss of these curious contemporary records of Sir Joshua's daily work and amusement at this date, as they have already helped us to such full information as to his associates and habits. We may well suppose him thankful for the comparative dullness in which the year opened. The Opposition seemed quelled, or in despair. The chief stir before Easter was on the subject of the Westminster Scrutiny, in which the Opposition had at last the pleasure of defeating Ministers and seating Mr. Fox, whose waning popularity had revived under Parliamentary persecution, as member for the metropolitan borough. Though we can hardly suppose a man of Sir Joshua's years and regulated habits in very close and cordial intercourse with the wild and witty bloods of Brookes's—now wilder than ever under the leadership of the Prince of Wales—he is associated, as an intimate both of the assailants and the assailed, with that sudden flow of wit which this year kept the town in laughter by criticisms on the 'Rolliad,' the 'Probationary Odes,' and a buzzing cloud of such light satiric ephemeræ, whose brilliancy and sharpness of sting may be admired even now when we examine them as dried specimens in "the cabinets of the curious." Mr. Rolle, one of the members for Devonshire, who had been selected as a butt for the Opposition wits, was an honest, rather heavy country gentleman, a stanch supporter of Mr. Pitt, and noted for his impatience and noisy interruptions of Mr. Burke's oratory. Sir Joshua had long been an acquaintance of this Devonshire squire, who now found himself suddenly and not very agreeably famous. Under the guise of criticisms on an imaginary epic, the 'Rolliad' (narrating the adventures of Norman Rollo, assumed to be the founder of the family of Rolle), Tickell, Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, George Ellis, with Lawrence and Richardson as their editors, in the spring of this year poured out, through the 'Morning Herald' first—but afterwards in a volume, of which edition after edition was eagerly bought up—a series of the most pointed and effective satires on the Government, their supporters, and their measures. Both Whig connexion and Devonshire associations must have given Sir Joshua an unusually keen interest in these brilliant *jeux d'esprit*, the best political pasquinades in the English language, not excepting Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's ballads and Canning's contributions to the Antijacobin. Reynolds was associated in the same way with the 'Probationary Odes,' a continuation of the 'Rolliad' series under the guise of Specimen Odes by Competitors[1] for the Poet Laureateship, vacated this year by the death of Whitehead. His friends the Wartons came in for a good share of the banter, which in the 'Probationary Odes' is coarser than in the 'Rolliad.' Sir Joshua had warmly interested himself to obtain the Laureateship for Thomas Warton, and Warton was not ungrateful. He writes—

"DEAR SIR JOSHUA,—Many, many thanks for your most friendly exertions in my favour. How can I refuse what you have so kindly procured? The laurel was never more honourably obtained. I think I shall have as many titles as yourself. I go to town on Tuesday, and will call on you at night for one half-hour for a little information about royal etiquette, which I never studied much. I shall be at both levees, Wednesday and Thursday, and will dine with you on Thursday.

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[1] The competitors are Sir Richard Hill, Sir Joseph Mawbey, Lord Mulgrave, Sir Cecil Wray, Macpherson, Mason, Pepper Ardin, Wraxall, Sir Gregory Page Turner, Michael Angelo Taylor, Major Scott, Dundas, Lord Mountmorris, Lord Thurlow, Dr. Prettyman, the Marquis of Graham, Archbishop Markham, and the Wartons. Delphini, the comic dancer of the Haymarket, is the judge. The main theme of the Odes is Pitt and the Westminster Scrutiny, with allusions to the Royal tastes and peculiarities, W. Hastings, &c.

I could not answer your favour before, as no post goes from Oxford on Saturdays, and I was not at home till the post went out on the Friday.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Your most obliged
"and sincere friend and servant,
"T. WARTON.

"Oxon, April 24, 1785."

In 1785 Sir Joshua exhibited sixteen pictures:—

Four portraits of Ladies, among them Mrs. Smith,[1] mistress of Thale's nephew, Sir John Lade; Lady Hume, ("good"—W.), and Mrs. Musters ("flat and one of his worst"—W).

Three of Noblemen, one of them Lord Northington.

Three of Officers, one identified as Sir H. Munroe.[2]

A portrait of the Prince of Wales[3] ("very like, but face too round and short"—W.).

Three Children in one picture (the Duke of Rutland's, burnt at Belvoir).

A Venus.[4] ("This much admired, but the idea vulgar, and totally void of dignity,: the body and thigh flat, the Cupid ugly, and the trees of all manner of colours."—W.)

Melancholy, the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope.[5]

A portrait of a Gentleman.

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[1] Now in the collection of S. Tollemache, Esq., Peckforton. Engraved as Lady Lade.

[2] In the Coutts collection; now hangs, with several others, in a parlour at the Bank.

[3] Is this Sir R. Peel's picture?

[4] This was the 'Snake in the Grass,' now in Sir R. Peel's possession.

[5] In a moonlit landscape, leaning her head on her hand. She had sat as Miss Falconer. The picture is now in Lord Normanton's gallery.

A Little Girl (neither of them identified by the catalogue annotators).

Barry had been elected Professor of Painting in 1782, but had delayed the delivery of his first lecture for nearly two years. When remonstrated with by Sir Joshua, among other Academicians, he had answered, that if he could be satisfied to read to the students such stuff as the President's Discourses, time and preparation would indeed be superfluous; but that his lectures would be of another order altogether. Peter Pindar alludes to this in his Lyric Odes for the year :—

"Then there's among the Academic crew
A man that made the President look blue,
Brandish'd his weapon with a whirlwind's forces;
Tore by the roots his flourishing Discourses;
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could power
A half a dozen such in half an hour."

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"When Barry dares the President to fly on,
'Tis like a mouse that, worked into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion."

Peter Pindar's chief butt of the year, however, is Sir W. Chambers, whom he assails as the mainspring of all the jobs, cabals, and unworthy elections in the Academy :—

"Though *thou* 'midst dulness mayst be pleased to shine,
Reynolds shall ne'er sit cheek by jowl with swine."

On the President's pictures he is complimentary, according to his wont :—

"Reynolds, his heads divine, as usual gives,
Where Titian's and Correggio's genius lives!
Works, I'm afraid, like beauty of rare quality—
Born soon to fade, too subject to mortality."

He is, as usual, severe on West, and laughs, not without warrant, at his Last Supper and its Tyburn saints—

"With looks so thievish, with their skins of copper."

Not less deserved is his ridicule of the forced and false moonlights of Wright of Derby :—

"O'er wooden hills where gold and silver moons
Now mount like sixpences, and now balloons ;
Where sea-reflections nothing natural tell ye,
So much like fiddle-strings, or vermicelli ;
Where everything exclaimeth—'How severe !'
'What *are* we ?' and 'What bus'ness have we here ?'"

He contrasts the King's patronage of West with the royal disfavour in which Reynolds was known to stand :—

"Thank God ! that monarchs cannot taste control,
And make each subject's poor submissive soul
Admire the works that judgment oft cries 'Fie !' on
Had things been so, poor Reynolds we had seen
Painting a barber's pole, an Alehouse Queen,
The 'Cat and Gridiron,' or the 'Old Red Lion !'

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"While West was whelping, 'midst his paints,
Moses and Aarons and all sorts of saints,
Adams and Eves, and snakes and apples,
And Dev'ls for beautifying certain chapels ;
But Reynolds is no favourite, that's the matter,
He has not learnt the noble art to flatter !"

We are enabled to refer to this year two of his very finest male portraits, those of Joshua Sharpe,[1] the honest lawyer (painted for his friend and client Sir E. Hughes, and admirably engraved in mezzotinto by Hodges), and John Hunter,[2] the great comparative anatomist. Both are very full half-lengths, seated; the lawyer's, a calm, bland, sagacious face, the figure set in its square chair, with one hand resting on the thigh, the other supported by the table, as if collectedly listening to the statement of a case in consultation; the anatomist's, with the head raised, and abstracted eyes, as if following out some train of thought, closely linked and reaching far, till it can be fixed by the pen held in the relaxed hand. The mood of keen, close, connecting induction has never been so perfectly personified as in this figure. It looks as if the painter had been allowed to watch Hunter at work, himself unseen. In the careless custody of the College of Surgeons, the picture, a few months ago, appeared so irretrievably ruined by darkening and cracking, that the knowledge of what it had been seemed likely to be preserved to us only by Jackson's copy (acquired from Lady Bell by the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery) and Sharpe's admirable engraving. Thanks, however, to the intelligent and reverent pains of Mr. H. Farrer, the picture has been thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and relined, and now looks as it might have looked when fresh from the painter's easel. The dress is of dark crimson velvet; the picture one of the most vigorous of the painter's best time. I have little doubt the whole is from his own hand down to the lower limbs of the skeleton and the anatomical preparations and drawings on the table. The story goes, that after the painter had made several ineffectual attempts at securing a pose, Hunter, fatigued, fell into a train of thought, and that Sir Joshua at once fixed him, while thus absorbed in his own reflections. Northcote tells of the Joshua Sharpe (and it applies, I have no doubt, equally to the John Hunter), that when Sir Joshua was complimented on the perfect individuality, combined with typical truth, in his work—as bearing at once the stamp of the man and of his class, and being at once the Joshua Sharpe of a particular moment, and the Joshua Sharpe of every moment—he answered that he had no merit in the matter; as it was only making an exact copy of the attitude in which the old man sat at the time. "As he was remarkably still," he added, "it became a matter of no more difficulty than copying a barn or any object of still-life." Northcote remarks on this very sensibly, "The merit of the artist was shown in his knowing the value of this simple and natural attitude, and in his executing it with so much skill and precision." Sir Joshua, like all men of true genius, was perfectly simple, and found his best things come so easy that he shrank from taking any credit for them. He might have been proud of hitting on some ingenious bit of allegory, or mythological fancy, or some happy application of a remembered effect or attitude borrowed from a picture. But it was not in his nature to be proud of painting what he saw.

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[1] It was exhibited at the British Institution in 1854, by Mrs. Williams.
[2] He sat in May.

Boswell was in town this summer, seeing through the press his 'Tour to the Hebrides,' the first of "the maggots," to quote Burke's simile, "that crept out of the great body of Samuel Johnson." It was followed in rapid succession by the 'Prayers and Meditations,' 'Letters and Anecdotes,' the Life by Piozzi, the Life by Hawkins, and lastly, by Boswell's own inimitable Biography. Bozzy was anxious to have his picture painted by Reynolds, and, short of money as usual, proposes a transaction:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—The debts which I contracted in my father's lifetime will not be cleared off by me for some years. I therefore think it unconscientious to indulge myself in any expensive article of elegant luxury. But in the mean time you may die, or I may die; and I should regret very much that there should not be at Auchinleck my portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom I have the felicity of living in social intimacy.

"I have a proposal to make to you. I am for certain to be called to the English bar next February. Will you now do my picture?[1] and the price shall be paid out of the first fees which I receive as a barrister in Westminster Hall. Or if that fund should fail, it shall be paid at any rate five years hence by myself or my representatives.

"If you are pleased to approve of this proposal, your signifying your concurrence underneath upon two duplicates, one of which shall be kept by each of us, will be a sufficient voucher of the obligation.

"I ever am, with very sincere regards,
"My dear Sir,
"Your faithful and affectionate,
"humble servant,
"JAMES BOSWELL.

"London, 7th, June, 1785.

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

(Endorsed by Sir Joshua.)

"I agree to the above conditions."

"London, Sept. 10th, 1785."

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[1] The picture is now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel.

We may safely suppose Sir Joshua enjoying the summer from time to time at Richmond, where he was just now a little in tiff with his touchy neighbour Horace Walpole. Sir Joshua desired to come and see the "marvellous" Strawberry Hill Henry VII. When he saw it, he said, "It is in the old Flemish manner." This was gall and wormwood to Walpole. "For hard," he writes, telling Lady Ossory the story, "it is so bold that it is one of the great reasons for doubting its antiquity; and for Flemish, there is nothing Flemish in it, except a *chiaroscuro* as masterly as Rubens's. But it is not surprising that Sir Joshua should dislike colouring that has lasted so long."

Ballooning was still the rage all this year, and Herschel's planetary discoveries stimulated the fashionable desire to turn "air-go-naut." Two of Sir Joshua's circle (the second an honoured intimate), Colonel Fitzpatrick (Lord Upper-Ossory's brother) and Windham, risked their necks: Windham from Moulsey, and Fitzpatrick from Oxford. Sadler, the professional aëronaut of both excursions, found the Oxford balloon would not carry two, so the Colonel went up alone, and, after a narrow escape from a high hill in his descent, came down safely after a fifteen miles' flight. In January, this year, Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies crossed the Channel in balloons from Dover; and when on the 15th of June Pilatre de Rosière (the first man who ascended in a Montgolfier) and M. de Romain lost their lives in attempting to repeat the exploit from Boulogne—their Montgolfier firing at a height of three-quarters of a mile, and dashing them dead, a mass of disjointed limbs, on Hintmille Warren—Horace Walpole was severe on this new whimsy of balloonacy, which was only chilled, not extinguished, by De Rosière's catastrophe. While London was balloon-mad, Paris was English-mad; and the leading Anglomane, the Duc de Chartres, who this year, at the age of thirty-eight, became Duc d'Orléans—the infamous Philippe Egalité of 1793—was in England on a fourth visit this summer, and sat to Sir Joshua. Walpole describes him as devoted to Newmarket and the bottle, slovenly and unceremonious. "When Lady Clermont" (this was on his first visit in May, 1783) "made a great dinner and a party for him, he came dirty, and in a frock with metal buttons enamelled in black with hounds and horses,—a fashion I remember here above forty years ago." He would find a boon companion in the Prince of Wales, who, now in the flush of his wild blood, had just finished his new and costly building of Carlton House. Madame de Genlis, at once the mistress of the Duke and the governess of his children, accompanied the Duke on this visit. Walpole describes a visit she paid him at Strawberry Hill with the fascinating Pamela and Miss Wilkes. Madame de Genlis, sat to Romney, instead of Sir Joshua, some five years after this first visit to England. Sir Joshua's portrait of the Duke was painted for the Prince of Wales,[1] and was afterwards burnt at Carlton House, but may be judged from J. R. Smith's fine mezzotint. With all its stately air, the bloated face, purpled and pimpled with excess, is honestly indicated. The Duke stands in a hussar uniform, cap in hand, with a servant holding a horse, half-hidden by the eminence on which the Duke is standing.

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[1] I find in the Account-book, Sept. 13, 1783, "Duke de Charter, 262*l*."

In the autumn of this year, in consequence of the dissolution of many of the religious and monastic institutions in Germany and Flanders, a grand sale of pictures, taken from these by command of the Emperor Joseph, took place at Brussels. Among them it was supposed would be included many of Rubens's best works. The sale commenced on the 12th of September, and continued to the end of October. It consisted not of pictures only, but of MSS., plate, jewels, stained glass, &c. Sir Joshua attended, and laid out about £1000 at it. From a passage[1] in Walpole, we know that he had started on this tour before the 10th of August.

Pictures paid for 1785.

	£.	s.	d.
Mr. Wm. Beckford, Feb. 10, bill paid . . .	50	0	0
Miss Barwell, May 31	52	10	0

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[1] To the Countess of Ossory, Aug. 10, 1785.—"A potentate who sets aside codes without ceremony is going to sell part of his plunder by auction at Brussels. I have seen the catalogues of the jewels and pictures that are to be sold; and I took the trouble of counting them. Of pictures there are above 330; yet, by some numbers left in the margin, it looks as if these were not half a quarter of the forfeitures, though I can scarce believe that his Imperial rapacity loves the arts better than money. Sir Joshua is gone to see them; yet there are but three of Rubens, two of Vandyck, one of Snyders, and half-a-dozen of Jordaens. The rest are of old Flemish masters, and most being large altar-pieces, and too big for private houses, I should think would not sell well. It is said that the Catholics will not purchase such 'sacrilegious goods;' but we *virtuosos* are seldom so scrupulous. Of pearls there are more than 9000, probably small, and 4600 diamonds, all roses, besides table diamonds. I used to imagine that most of the precious stones one sees in churches were false, concluding priests were too wise to lose the interest of their treasures. However, this sale confirms a contradictory opinion, that I had formed long ago, which was that the bushels of diamonds, rubies, and pearls with which the portraits of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth are so gorgeously decked, had been embezzled from convents."

	£.	s.	d.
Mr. Boothby, of Clarges Street, for a lady, second payment	105	0	0
Brook Boothby, Esq.	57	10	0
Ditto for a landscape	57	10	0
Duc de Chartres, Sep. 13	262	0	0
Duke of Dorset, for the Bacelli, Feb.	52	10	0
Lady Dysart, May 27	57	10	0
Count d'Adhemar, for a Girl with a mouse-trap	52	10	0
Lord Duncannon, July 2	52	10	0
Lady Duncannon	52	10	0
Earl of Fitzwilliam, July	52	10	0
General Fosset (Fawcett), August	105	0	0
Colonel Gardener, Jan. 30	52	10	0
Colonel Gardener, Jan., given to Brook Boothby, Esq.	52	10	0
Princess Gagarin, Prince and Child, July	157	10	0
John Hunter, Nov., second payment	52	10	0
Mrs. Hare, Nov.	52	10	0
Sir Abraham Hume, for Lady Hume, Dec.	52	10	0
Sir Hector Monro, May	52	10	0
Lord Mansfield, Nov., second payment	105	0	0
Lord Northington, April	52	10	0
Mr. Robins, for Sir Edw. Hughes' picture (the portrait of Sharpe, or a portrait of Sir Edward himself?), second payment	52	10	0
Duke of Rutland, for his three sons, sent to Ireland	300	0	0
Sir John St. Aubin, July 30, first payment	36	5	0
Lady Spencer, given to Lady Dowager Spencer	52	10	0
Sir J. Taylor, Lady Taylor, Mr. Graham, Jan. 4	157	10	0
Mr. Vandergucht, for two children, Nov., first payment	36	15	0
Sir Eardley Wilmot, March	52	10	0

1786.—This was a year of great and successful activity. Sir Joshua's power was now at its acme. His finest pictures are certainly those painted in the last decade of his life. He worked with a pleasure so visible that those about him remarked it.

Miss Palmer (in January) writes to her cousin, W. Johnson, in Calcutta,—"My uncle seems more bewitched than ever with his pallet and pencils. He is painting from morning till night, and the truth is, that every picture he does seems better than the former. He is just going to begin a picture for the Empress of Russia, who has sent to desire he will paint her an historical one. The subject is left to his own choice, and at present he is undetermined what to choose."

In the preceding year Reynolds had received a commission for a picture from the Empress of Russia; one fruit, in all probability, of the late visits to him of Princess Daschkaw, who was now restored to favour. The subject he had chosen was the Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents, in allusion to the power of Russia, then in its infancy.[1] [He was now hard at work on the picture, which was finished in time for next year's Exhibition. Theocritus furnished him with the personages and action of the picture. In the centre Hercules grasps the snakes by the throat, gaping in death, while Iphicles cowers in terror by his side. Reynolds has not bedded the children in a shield, as the poet does, but in a massive cradle, under wolf-skins. On one side rushes in Alcmena, alarmed, with a group of attendants, half-clad, as hastily aroused from sleep; on the other, Amphitryon, sword in hand, and followed by servants bearing torches, stands aghast at the divine prowess of the infant. A mystic light breaks into the hall from the black clouds, whence Juno, with her peacocks, looks down on the baffling of her vengeance. The painter has departed from the poet, in introducing Tiresias at this moment of the action. For the blind seer, Reynolds took the head[1] of Johnson, painted for the Thrale Gallery, without his wig, and with his hands raised before him in a nervous, half-convulsive twitch. It is a confused, straggling picture, quite beyond the power of the painter to manage. Hannah More objected to Sir Joshua's choice of subject (which the Empress had left to the painter) as a stale piece of mythology. Burke defended Sir Joshua's selection; but modern opinion is likely to go along with the lady in preferring the subject suggested to Sir Joshua by Walpole, of the Czar Peter at Deptford, exchanging his own dress for a ship-carpenter's suit, before he goes to work in the Dockyard.[2]

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[1] The choice, in some respects, seems singular. Orloff was a Hercules, though not an infant.

But the Hercules is full of vigour.]

I have heard Mr. Rogers say that "Reynolds, who was always thinking of his art, was one day walking with Dr. Lawrence, near Beaconsfield, when they met a fine rosy little peasant boy—a son of Burke's bailiff. Reynolds patted him on the head, and after looking earnestly in his face, said, 'I must give more colour to my Infant Hercules.'"

[There have been rival claims to the honour of having sat for this figure.[3] Doubtless many children did so.

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[1] The original is in the possession of Mrs. Drummond. There is a repetition at Knole.

[2] H. More's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 21.

[3] The original sketch was sold at Lady Thomond's sale, and is now the property of Lord Arran.

It was Sir Joshua's practice to employ various models in the course of the same figure, and he was very careless—so he had but nature before him—of its exact adaptation to the picture in hand. One of his models for the Puck was, a few years ago, a drayman in the employment of Barclay and Perkins. Mr. Cribb, the picture-dealer, late of King Street, Covent Garden, son of Sir Joshua's frame-maker, sat for the same figure; and other children were, no doubt, laid under contribution.]

The attitude of the little Hercules was suggested by an old German woodcut in a book in my possession, which belonged to Sir Joshua, and which I have before mentioned. All that is finest in the figure, however, is quite his own.

The Academy dinner this year was one of unusual splendour for the rank and number of its guests,[1] and the Exhibition (so notes Walpole) was "much better than the two last years." Sir Joshua exhibited thirteen pictures:—

A portrait of a Young Gentleman.

Portrait of Mr. Erskine.

Two Children of Lady Lucan. ("Natural expression."—W.)

A whole length of the Duke of Orleans. ("Fine portrait; drapery much better painted than ordinary, except hands and horse's head."—W.)

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[1] These included, besides the standing guests, the great Officers of State, Presidents of Societies, &c., the Prince of Wales (with a suite of ten persons), and the Duke of Orleans, attended by the Duc de Lauzun, the Duc de Fitz-James, and the Count de Grammont; the Foreign Ministers; foreigners of distinction, like Paoli and Count Oginski; and Sir Joshua's friends, Edmund Burke, Lords Aylesford, Ossory, Palmerston, Duncannon, Lucan, Amherst, Macartney, St. Asaph, W. Gordon, Sheffield, and Southampton; Sir W. W. Wynn, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir George Beaumont, W. Lock, Charles Townley, Humberston Mackenzie, and Alderman Boydell.

Lady Taylor.

John Lee, Esq. (Solicitor-General).

Duchess of Devonshire and her Daughter. ("Little like, and not good."—W.)

Mr. Joshua Sharpe. ("One of his best."—W.)

Lady Spencer. (The one in a broad straw hat.)

A Gentleman, whole-length.

John Hunter.

Miss K. Bingham (sister of Lady Spencer, also in a broad straw hat; "extremely lively"—W.); and

A Child with Guardian Angels.

[Four such portraits as Sharpe's, Hunter's, Lee's, and Erskine's, all among his most characteristic and vigorously painted half-lengths;—the stately full-length of the Duke of Orleans;—a group as animated as that of the Duchess of Devonshire in a joyous game of hot-cockles, with her crowing baby, though Walpole denies the likeness, and dislikes the painting;—Heads so simple, lovely, and lively as Lady Spencer and her sister;—and the exquisite group of the Guardian Angels bending over the sleeping Child, the result of his studies for the Nativity;—must have made this a year of triumph for Reynolds.]

The Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*) sat under the portrait of himself at the Academy dinner. I saw this noble picture at the British Gallery, twenty-seven years after it was painted, and when it still looked as if fresh from the easel. Alas! it has been destroyed by fire, but there is a small copy of it by Drummond at Petworth, and another, by Briggs, is in the collection of Mr. Jacob Bell. From these some notion may be formed of the richness of its effect. The Duke had much dignity of manner. Sir Joshua, remarking how few people appear with grace and ease when the arms are unemployed, said he never saw a man stand, wholly unoccupied, so well as the Duke of Orleans.

Allan Cunningham, who often accuses Reynolds of flattery, says "he would have given to Colonel Charteris an aspect worthy of a President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice." He would have done no such thing, unless, which is not impossible, Colonel Charteris had such an aspect. He gave to the Duke of Orleans the bearing and look of a prince, but the traits of the debauchee were not in the least softened. So much for Sir Joshua's flattery. It amounted, I apprehend, to this: that, like Titian, Velasquez, Rembrandt, or Vandyke, he would not, or rather could not, even with a vulgar head before him, make a vulgar picture. Hence, in turning over a collection of engravings from his portraits, or from the portraits of any other truly great painter, we seem to be living with a race of men and women superior to those who surround us; and that it should be so is right, for it is better many nobodies should be elevated into somebodies than that one great man lose the chance of being shown to posterity as he really looked; and the painter who does not, habitually and unconsciously, elevate a common head, will invariably degrade a noble one.

[This Exhibition produced 2770*l.*, the highest amount taken since the year the Somerset House rooms were opened. The Academy was now rapidly losing its original members. Wale had died in February, and Wilton had been appointed Librarian in his stead, but no Academician offered himself as a candidate for the professorship of Perspective. The President regretted that so important a chair should be left unfilled, and we shall see hereafter what bitter consequences were provoked by his eagerness to have it occupied. Cipriani and Grignon went soon after Wale; Northcote, Hodges, and Opie, were elected Associates, and J. Collyer Associate-Engraver. As usual in Sir Joshua's busiest years, the social engagements are as constant as the professional. The pocket-book shows that Sir Joshua's circle kept ever widening. The Blues were beginning to fall into the sere and yellow leaf. Mrs. Vesey, deaf, infirm, and widowed, was no longer able to rattle through the carefully broken-up groups of her "chaoses," and to keep up the ball of conversation, as she had been. Mrs. Montagu still kept the throne, however, reinforcing her failing powers by the increased splendours of her new palace in Portman Square, which Mr. Adams had built for her, and Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman had helped to decorate, and the wonders of her feather-room, an idea borrowed from the South Sea Islands, for the hangings of which she used to lay all her friends' poultry-yards and aviaries under contribution. But, besides the Blues, I find Sir Joshua going more and more among the younger dilettanti of both sexes. Painting and sculpture were now the fashion. Sir Joshua had himself done much to bring the arts into vogue by his portraits, his popularity, and his Discourses. I find him the frequent guest of Sir G. Beaumont, Sir A. Hume, and Sir

H. Englefield,[1] besides the artistic ladies, Lady Lucan and Lady Di Beauclerk, Mrs. Damer and Mrs. Walsingham, the Countess of Buckinghamshire and Mrs. Weddell. A younger race of statesmen, too, was growing up at the feet of Burke and Fox. Sir Joshua's association, however, was less with the disciples of the latter, the wits of the 'Rolliad' and the 'Probationary Odes,' and the ministers to the Prince's wild pleasures, than with those of the former, at the head of whom must be placed Windham, who had soothed Johnson's death-bed with his filial attentions, and whose name now recurs again and again in Sir Joshua's engagement lists. A younger race of critics, too, had sprung up, headed by Malone, who had now become one of Sir Joshua's regular circle.

Another old associate, too, reappears frequently in this year's visiting-lists, as if there had been a renewal of an intercourse of which I find scarcely any trace for some years past. This is Wilkes, whose daughter's intimacy with Madame de Genlis may have brought her and Sir Joshua together, while he was at work on the portrait of the Duke of Orleans.

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[1] He knew also most of the half-trading, half-dilettanti patrons of art, like Mr. Desenfans. Sir Joshua loved "a deal" in pictures; and he loved also to snub pretenders to connoisseurship in his own quiet way. Old Cribb, his frame-maker, used to tell with great glee a story (his son has printed it in 'Willis's Current Notes' for Sept. 1857) how Sir Joshua, tired of Mr. Desenfans' constant glorification of Claude, and depreciation of modern landscape-painting, made Marchi copy a Claude of his own, hung it in place of the original, then had it removed to Cribb's shop for relining. Desenfans, calling as usual, saw the copy, mistook it for the original, cautiously sounded Cribb as to the possibility of Sir Joshua parting with it, entered into anonymous negotiation, and at last joyfully paid 200 guineas for Marchi's copy. Sir Joshua, who had planned the whole, returned the cheque, expressing his wonder that a gentleman of Mr. Desenfans' profound knowledge of landscape art should have taken a copy for an original. Desenfans long bore him a grudge for the trick, of which Sir Joshua used to tell the story with great gusto.

Strange to say, too, considering his deafness and increasing years, Sir Joshua appears at this time a more frequent theatre-goer than ever. In the successive triumphs of Mrs. Siddons, not only is he an eager assistant—Boaden describes him rapt and breathless in the orchestra when she made her first appearance in Lady Macbeth, on the 5th of February, 1785, and I find him present at her first appearance in Portia (the 6th of April this year), for John Kemble's benefit, when he was glad to play Bassanio, leaving Shylock to Smith, still the leading tragedian at Drury Lane,—but he had a comic charmer in Mrs. Jordan, who was now contesting the palm of popularity with the great tragic actress, as no performer had done since Mrs. Siddons took the town by storm. I find Sir Joshua at Mrs. Jordan's benefit on the 28th of April, when she played Hypolita in 'She would and she would not,' and Mrs. Brady in the 'Irish Widow.' Mrs. Jordan, more than any English actress, seems to have "bewitched" her public. There was an irresistible joyousness about her look, her laugh, her voice; a mixture of enjoyment and sympathy, as if she was full of pleasure in what she was doing, and of delight in feeling that pleasure shared by others, which was quite independent of beauty, grace, or intellect. It must have been gall and wormwood to the jealous and domineering temper of Mrs. Abington, to see the throne she had held so long and so despotically usurped by this raw young actress of all work from the York circuit; who dressed carelessly, moved as the whim prompted her, thought nothing of cadences or points, and, in short, was as completely the ideal of natural charm, as Mrs. Abington of artificial. But Sir Joshua was not unfaithful to his old favourite. I find him at her benefit as usual, when Mrs. Abington at once attracted and defied the town by playing Scrub in the 'Beaux Stratagem' with her hair dressed for the part of Lady Racket, in the after-piece of 'Three Weeks after Marriage.' Pit and boxes were laid together, and ladies desired to send their servants to keep places at four o'clock. The gossip of the town was that Mrs. Abington had undertaken Scrub for a wager. I think it more likely that she felt it necessary to tickle public curiosity, and bring the town back to her from her terrible young rival at Drury Lane.

I find Mrs. Siddons by this time installed as one of Sir Joshua's regular circle. He notes frequent engagements to dinner and evening parties at her house. I find him also a very constant visitor of Mrs. Robinson's (Perdita), who had considerable culture both in literature and art. Among the pocket-book entries which more immediately connect Sir Joshua with the public events and men of the year, I find one on the 1st of May, "Mrs. Hastings and evening." This was Marian, the wife of Warren Hastings, who, having returned from India at the close of 1783, had been graciously received at St. James's, where the unfashionable good taste of her dress, her jewels, and the peculiar circumstances of her marriage, exaggerated by gossip, had made her an object of curiosity, and a butt for the lampooners of the 'Rolliad' and the 'Probationary Odes.' She had still marked remains of the beauty and grace which had so charmed Hastings in Marian Imhoff, and her intelligence fitted her to be the companion of such a husband. Hastings had landed in England in June last year, and within four days of his arrival in London Burke had given notice of his intention to support, now that Hastings was present, the charges against his administration which he had made in his absence. He had spent the autumn and winter at Beaconsfield in preparing his immortal indictment. The spring had been occupied in pressing the matter before the House, and in April the formal charges against the late Governor-General had been laid on the table. On the 1st of May Hastings read the first instalment of his reply to a wearied House, and the evening of that day, from which his friends expected to date his triumphant acquittal, had been chosen for this very party at his house, which we see was attended by Sir Joshua. He had kept up the acquaintance which had been formed when Hastings sat to him in 1766, before his appointment as Member of Council at Madras, and he owed him gratitude for favour shown his nephew, William Johnston, at Calcutta. It is interesting to think of him among the guests of Mrs. Hastings on this day, after Hannah More has given us a peep at him in February, in company with Burke, at the very time the latter was moving for papers on which to found his charges against Hastings. Burke, says Hannah More, seemed low in health and spirits, though the party was enlivened by several Opposition wits, Lord North among others, full of good stories as usual, and gravely coming up to Hannah More and Mrs. Fielding while they were teaching Sir Joshua and Lord Palmerston the play of Twenty Questions, to be initiated into the mysterious game. It was Sir Joshua's fate at this time to be thrown among antagonistic men and sets. His habitual associates were of the Opposition, but I find him dining both with Mr. Rolle, the occasion of the 'Rolliad,' and with Prettyman, Pitt's tutor at Cambridge, and now his private secretary and confidential factotum, a chief butt of the wits at Brookes's; they seem to have kept their cruellest shafts[1] for the supple clergyman, who had attached himself so devotedly to the young minister's fortunes. But I nowhere find any evidence of relations with Pitt himself either as a sitter or in society.

Among Sir Joshua's amusements at this time I may note a visit in May to the famous Polish dwarf, Count Borulaski,[2] the most cultivated, intelligent, and well-bred of homunculi.

In August Sir Joshua spent a few days at Bulstrode with the Duke of Portland, whose adviser he seems to have been in his purchase of the famous Vase for a thousand pounds, at the sale of the Duchess Dowager's effects some two months before.[3]

Besides being a bold picture-buyer on his own account, Sir Joshua was naturally often consulted and employed about purchases by his dilettanti friends. The following letters to the Earl of Upper Ossory show Sir Joshua in transactions of this kind, and have an interest, I think, independent of this, for their sagacity and straightforwardness, as well as for the opinions about pictures and picture-cleaning, and the estimate of Gainsborough's Girl and Pigs.

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[1] See 'Prettymania' (reprinted in the Political Miscellanies), the 4th number of the 'Rolliad:'—"Prim Preacher, Prince of Priests, and Prince's Priest, Pembroke's pale pride, in Pitt's præcordia placed"—and 'Probationary Odes' *passim.*

[2] Whom I have often seen in my school-days, almost a centenarian, at Durham, where he had purchased an annuity which nearly ruined the unhappy grantor and his representatives. I am afraid to say to what age Borulaski lived.

[3] "Do you know I have bought the Jupiter Serapis, as well as the Julio Clovio? . . . . I am glad Sir Joshua Reynolds saw no more excellence in the Jupiter than in the Clovio, or the Duke of Portland, I suppose, would have purchased it, as he has the vase, for a thousand pounds. I would not change."—*Walpole to the Countess of Upper Ossory.*

(*To the Earl of Upper Ossory.*)

"London, July 20, 1786.

"My Lord,—After a careful examination of the picture, I am sorry to confirm Roma's opinion, that it has been much damaged and painted upon, and that, too, in places which can never be successfully repaired, particularly in the back part of the Venus. I am at a loss what to advise. The picture-cleaners will only make it ten times worse. The best advice I can give is that we make an exchange by which each of us may have a bargain. If there ever was an instance where an exchange may be made by which both parties may be benefited, it is the present. The picture is a copy by Titian himself from that in the Colonna palace; I am confident that I see the true Titian tint through the yellow dirty paint and varnish with which the picture is covered. If it was mine, I should try to get this off, or ruin the picture in the attempt. It is the colour alone that can make it valuable. The Venus is not handsome, and the Adonis is wretchedly disproportioned, with an immense long body and short legs. The sky and trees have been painted over, and must be repainted, which I have the vanity to think nobody can do but myself. At any rate it is better to let it remain at my house till your Lordship comes to town.

"I am, with the greatest respect,
"Your Lordship's most humble
"and most obedient servant,
"J. REYNOLDS.

"P.S.—I am thinking what picture to offer in exchange. What if I gave Gainsborough's Pigs for it? it is by far the best picture that he ever painted, or perhaps ever will."

"London, July 17, 1786.

"MY LORD,—My mind at present is entirely occupied in contriving the composition of the Hercules, otherwise I think I should close with your Lordship's proposal, which I acknowledge is very flattering to me. There is another proposal which I beg leave to make, which I can execute immediately, and which I think will be equally valuable to your Lordship, and save me a great deal of time, which is to copy the Nymph and Shepherd, with many improvements which I wish to make, and add to it a landskip, to make it the size of her frame at Ampthill: depend upon it I shall make it the most striking picture I ever did.

"I am, with the greatest respect,
"Your Lordship's most humble
"and obedient servant,
"J. REYNOLDS.

"P.S.—If I paint this picture perfectly to your Lordship's satisfaction, I expect you will give me the shield to the bargain."

"London, Sept. 5, 1786.

"My Lord,—I have sent the picture, according to your Lordship's orders, to Mr. Vandergucht, which I was very sorry to do, and I hope my sorrow did not proceed entirely from a selfish motive, for I felt the same sensation when I saw the picture of Vandyke at Wilton, and the Titian at Northumberland House, after they had been cleaned and painted upon: from being pictures of inestimable value, they are now hardly worth the rank of good copies; however, this is so to painters' eyes only. .

"Without any disrespect to Mr. Vandergucht, who, as far as I know, may repair the picture as well as any other man of the trade in England, the value of the picture will be lessened in proportion as he endeavours to make it better; and yet much must be done. What I proposed I am still confident was a good bargain on both sides; however, it is now over.

"I have received the Seven Sacraments of Poussin, which the Duke of Richmond[1] has bought out of the Borrapudule palace at Rome. They are an exceeding fine set of pictures, in perfect condition, having never been touched I believe, not even washed, ever since they were painted; they are consequently very dirty, but it is dirt that is easily washed off. They cost him 2000*l.* I should be glad to give him 500*l.* for his bargain.

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[1] Here Sir Joshua has made a slip in ascribing this purchase to the Duke of Richmond. It was for the Duke of Rutland that the purchase had been made; and this set of pictures, the first series of the Sacraments painted by Poussin, for the Cavaliere del Pozzo, in 1636, is still at Belvoir. The second and larger set, painted for M. de Chantelou, was afterwards one of the glories of the Orleans Gallery, as part of which it is now included in the Bridgewater Collection. Walpole (to the Countess of Ossory, Dec. 1, 1786) writes of these pictures, and another purchase of Sir Joshua's, a second Cooper or pseudo-Cooper miniature of Cromwell—"I am sorry the knight of the brush has now and then some human delinquencies; but, alas! everybody has a heel or a finger not dipped in Styx—or rather, I think we should say, that *has* been dipped in Styx. I went t'other day, when I was in town, to see the Sacraments of Poussin that he has purchased in Rome for the Duke of Rutland. I remember when I saw them there, a thousand years ago, that I was not much enchanted. I rather like them better now than I

"I am, with great respect,
"Your Lordship's,
"J. REYNOLDS."

All this year the town had been ringing with what Walpole calls "a trio of culprits"—Hastings, Fighting Fitzgerald—whom we have seen brought within the range of Reynolds's knowledge by his duel with Captain Scawen, àpropos of Sir Joshua's sitter, the pretty actress Mrs. Hartley, and who was this year hanged for murder at last—and the Cardinal de Rohan. The mysterious story of "the diamond necklace" was now busying the scandalmongers both of Paris and London; and, to heighten the excitement, Cagliostro and the Chevalière d'Eon were both before the London public

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expected, at least two or three of them; but they are really only coloured bas-reliefs, and old Romans don't make good Christians. There are two of Baptism. Sir Joshua said, 'What could he mean by painting two?' I said, I concluded the second was Anabaptism. Sir Joshua himself has bought a profile of Oliver Cromwell, which he thinks the finest miniature by Cooper he ever saw. But all his own geese are swans, as the swans of others are geese" (it is clear Walpole had not forgotten Sir Joshua's criticism of his Henry VII.). "It is most clearly a copy, and not a very good one; the outline very hard, the hair and armour very flat and tame. He would not show me his Russian Hercules. I fancy he has discovered that he was too sanguine about the commission, as you say." Sir Joshua left this Cromwell to R. Burke, he to the Crewes: through whom it has come to Lord Houghton. Cunningham pronounces it a copy of the Devonshire profile.

again; the former by his memorial—for he, too, was implicated in the affair of the necklace—and the latter in person. She had this year come back from Paris to London, old, battered, but as brazen as ever, and was now regularly wearing her woman's garb. There is an unfinished portrait by Sir Joshua[1] which traditionally bears her name, but it is not easy to decide on what authority.

After these topics came Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes and Letters of Johnson, and Wolcot's capital Town Eclogues, 'Bozzy and Piozzi,' in which the Scotchman and the lady contend before Sir John Hawkins, in alternate rhymes, for "the palm of anecdote." The lady had hastened in March this year, in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, to disavow "a jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson."[2]

Hannah More complains that Bozzy and Piozzi, Cagliostro, and the necklace together, spoil all conversation. Everybody seems heartily sick of them, though everybody conspires not to let them drop. The print-shops teemed with satiric prints on the Johnsonomania. One, which especially tickled Walpole, had Boswell as a monkey, riding on Johnson as a bear, with the inscription "My friend, delineavit."

On the 10th of December[3] Sir Joshua delivered his Thirteenth Discourse. Its argument is a sound one,—that art is not bare imitation of nature, but imitation guided and governed by the imagination. This is enforced by the analogies of other arts called imitative, as Poetry and the Drama. "The great end of all these arts," he concludes, "is to make an impression on the imagination and the feeling. The imitation of nature frequently does this. Sometimes it fails, and something else succeeds. I think, therefore, the true test of all the arts is not solely whether the production is a true copy of nature, but whether it answers the end of art, which is to produce a pleasing effect on the mind." There are also some sensible reflections on the sources of effect in Architecture. It is interesting to find Reynolds enforcing his argument in this Discourse by a reference to the Sacraments of Poussin, which we have just seen him acquiring for the Duke of Rutland.

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[1] The property of my friend Mr. Charles Reade.

[2] Walpole to Mann, March 16, 1786.

[3] Gold medallists:—For painting (subject from 'Paradise Lost'), W. Artaud; for sculpture (Torso restored), P. F. Chenu; for architecture (Mausoleum), J. Linnel Bond.

That Sir Joshua should have availed himself of the advice of his friends for his Discourses, in no way militates against his sole authorship, of which I cannot feel the slightest doubt. He asked the critical help of Malone for this year's Discourse, in a letter[1] that has been preserved.

"December 15, 1786.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I wish you would just run your eye over my Discourse, if you are not too much busied in what you have made your own employment. I wish that you would do more than merely look at it,—that you would examine it with a *critical eye*, in regard to *grammatical correctness*, the propriety of expression, and the truth of the observations.

"Yours,
"J. REYNOLDS."

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[1] First printed in Cotton's 'Sir Joshua Reynolds; Notes on Pictures,' &c. Malone says, in his 'Life of Reynolds,' that he thus revised four Discourses; but scouts the idea of their being any man's work but Sir Joshua's.

List of Sitters in 1786.

January.

Mr. Lee; Miss Bingham; Lord Morpeth; Mrs. Seaforth and child; Mr. Vandergucht's children; Captain Gell; Master Elwin; Mr. Erskine; Lady Sutherland; Sunday (15th), at 10 o'clock, child—King's picture; Lady Elliot.

February.

Mr. Hunter (John); Mrs. and Master Johnstone; Sunday (12th), Boy for Hercules; Mr. Barker; Sunday (19th), Hercules (Boy); Sir A. Hume.

March.

Lady Southwell;[1] Lady Clifford; Sir E. Hughes; Mr. Fazakerly; Sir John St. Aubyn.

April.

Infant (Mr. Vandergucht), Mrs. Pratt;[2] Mrs. Scott; Prince of Wales; Lady Harriet Cavendish;[3] Lady Holdernesse; Lady Spencer and Lord Althorp.

May.

Mr. Pratt; Mrs. Billington; Lady St. Asaph and Master Ashburnham; Duke of Portland; Lord Gower; Lord[4] and Lady Bayham; Lord Mountstuart; Lord Aylesford; Mr. Barton; Lady Clive.[5]

June.

Lady Harrington; Lady Kent; Mr. Whitbread; Sir W. Forbes; Miss Cunliffe; Lady W. Gordon; Lady Radnor.

July.

Mr. Bingham; Miss Gordon.[6]

August.

Mr. Drummond Smith; Mr. Malone; Lady Cadogan; Infant (Hercules); Mr. Thompson.

September.

Miss Gideon; Lord Althorp. (At work on Mr. Hunter after its return from the Exhibition.)

October.

Mrs. Stanhope; Master Gideon Maguire, Miss Jones, Infant (all three models for Hercules).

November.

Mrs. Fitzherbert. (Models for Hercules on Sunday the 19th.)

December.[7]

Mr. Burke; Lord Altamont; Lady Jersey.

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[1] Wife of 2nd Viscount, 3rd daughter of Francis Joseph Walsh, Count de Serrant. The picture is at Quiddenham.

[2] "Miss Molesworth, whom we saw a few years ago, with her aunt Lady Lucan and her cousin Lady Spencer, is just married to Mr. Pratt, Lord Camden's son."—(Walpole to Sir H. Mann, Jan. 8, 1786.)

[3] Second daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.

[4] Son of the Marquis Camden.

[5] Wife of 2nd Lord Clive; daughter of Henry Arthur Herbert, Earl Powis.

[6] For the exquisite Cherubs now in the National Gallery.

[7] Note at the end of the book—"Robin Redbreast to Mr. Jones (for engraving), if not promised before. Angels to Mr. Jones."

1787.—During the whole of this year Sir Joshua was hard at work on the Hercules. He was assiduous in his use of the model; but his want of methodic skill and assured knowledge told heavily in a work of this scale and character. As he used to say himself of the picture, "There are ten under it, some better, some worse." The plain truth is, that Reynolds was not qualified for such a work; but there was no painter of his time of whom the same thing might not be said. Barry came nearest to the required standard of power, and we see the best he could do in the Great Room of the Adelphi. Besides the Hercules, Reynolds was this year finishing one, and beginning another, of those beautiful groups of mothers with their children in which he shows himself a master, as decidedly as he proves himself a learner, and a stumbling one, in such pictures as the Hercules.

The first of these was the group of Lady Smyth and her children, only second in beauty to the Lady Cockburn and her little ones; the other was a similar composition of Lady Harrington, with her young family clustered about her. Here Sir Joshua had nature before him, in the form he loved best, of fair women and beautiful children; and he had only to use his observation and taste to make exquisite pictures. In dealing with ideal subjects he was hampered not only by the false and cramped taste of his time, but by his own theory and recollections of other men's work. Whatever might be the plausibility of Sir Joshua's arguments in favour of the free use of such recollections, they did not help him much in his more pretentious pictures. All the work that has maintained his reputation is that inspired not by recollection of other painters, but by the sitter before him.

It was this year, too, that he undertook to produce some designs for Alderman Boydell's great Shakspeare Gallery, which that enterprising print-publisher had projected in November of the year before, as much, if we may trust his own account, for the benefit of English historical painting, as from the hope of profit. By the Prospectus twelve years were allowed for completion of the work. All the first artists were to be set to work on a series of pictures illustrative of the plays. These were to be engraved for a grand edition to be brought out in numbers. A Gallery was to be built to exhibit the pictures in. Sir Joshua's design was one of those announced for the first number, containing 'Macbeth' and 'As you Like it;' the other designs by Copley, West, and Romney. Hayley[1] ascribes the first thought of this large and costly undertaking to a conversation between the Alderman and Romney, at the latter's house in Cavendish Square, where Hayley was present. Romney's ambition for historical work had been fired by Catherine's commission to Reynolds, and he took eagerly to the notion of a Shakspeare Gallery, naming to the Alderman a rate of payment contemplated for the pictures so low that the keen-witted tradesman did not even venture to propose it to West, Copley, or Sir Joshua, and thereby much offended Romney. The President at first hung back from the scheme. He thought it below the dignity of the Arts thus to enter into the service of speculation, even when it professed to have in view their advancement as much as gain. But Boydell sent Steevens, whom he had engaged as his editor, to Leicester Fields, armed, according to Northcote's story—characteristic of himself, at least, if not of Reynolds—with a banknote of 500*l*., which overbore the President's scruples. By the beginning of the year[1] he had ordered the canvas for his Macbeth.

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[1] 'Life of Romney,' p. 106.

Walpole ridiculed the project; and it must be owned, considering the art of the time, with some reason: "Mercy on us! *our* painters to design from Shakspeare! His *commentators* have not been more inadequate. Pray who is to give an idea of Falstaff, now Quin is dead? And then Bartolozzi, who is only fit to engrave for the *Pastor-Fido,* will be to give a pretty enamelled fan-mount of a Macbeth! Salvator Rosa might; and Piranesi might dash out Duncan's Castle; but Lord help Alderman Boydell and the Royal Academy!"

Of the pictures painted by Sir Joshua for Boydell's undertaking, the Puck is the one in which he appears most equal to his theme. Northcote praises the Macbeth[2] for the visionary and awful effect of the background, which he declares "without a parallel in the world." I am afraid posterity is not likely to endorse this opinion. The Hecate is the most impressive personage of the picture; but she is a reminiscence of one of Michael Angelo's Fates, and her skeleton-chair is borrowed. The Macbeth is a straddling, blustering, empty figure. The dancing Witches are not Shakspeare's "withered, foul, and midnight hags," and the painter has not confined their number to the mystic Trinity, which belongs to them as much as to the Fates. The whole effect of the composition is scattered and straggling, and there is a want of proportion about the accessories—bat, toad, armed head, shadowy kings—which distracts and distresses.

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[1] I find on the first page of the pocket-book:—"Mr. Alderman Boydell's cloth, 8 ft. 6 in. high, 12 ft. long, sight measure."

[2] Now at Petworth. Boydell paid 1000 guineas for the picture. When he was compelled, by the failure of his speculations, to sell off his pictures and prints, the Macbeth was bought by Mr. Lewis for 378 guineas; and from him Lord Egremont bought the picture for 410 guineas in 1807. Lord Arran has a first sketch in oils, and a pen and ink sketch of part of the composition is among the drawings by Sir Joshua preserved at Nuneham.

The Death of Cardinal Beaufort[1] is also at Petworth. It is a very poor and flimsy piece of painting, with one powerful passage, the agonised face of the dying sinner. Mason describes his calling on Sir Joshua while engaged on this head of the conscience-stricken Cardinal. He had got for his model a porter or coalheaver, between fifty and sixty, whose black and bushy beard he had paid him for letting grow. He was stripped to the waist, and with his profile turned to the painter sat with a fixed grin, showing his teeth. Mason could not help laughing, and told Sir Joshua that, in his opinion, Shakspeare would never have used the word "grin" in the line—

"Mark how the pangs of death do make him grin,"

if he could readily have found a better word; that it always conveyed to him (Mason) a ludicrous idea; and that he never saw it used with propriety but by Milton, when he tells us that Death

"grinn'd horribly
A ghastly smile."

Sir Joshua, however, did not agree with him; "so the fellow," continues Mason, "sat grinning for upwards of one hour, during which time he sometimes gave a touch to the face, sometimes scumbled at the bedclothes with white, much diluted with spirits of turpentine. After all he could not catch the expression he wanted, and I believe rubbed the face entirely out; for the face and attitude in the present finished picture, which I did not see till above a year after this first fruitless attempt, is certainly different and on an idea much superior. I know not whether he may not have changed the model. Yet the man who thus sat had a fine firm countenance of the swarthy kind, not unlike some portrait or other which I have seen of Titian. I think it was the Cornaro family. I remember I told him so; and a few days after, when I called upon him, he had finished a head of St. Peter, which he told me he took from the same subject."

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[1] For this Boydell paid 500 guineas. At the Boydell sale in 1805 it was bought for 535*l*. by Phillips, for Lord Egremont.

In the Puck,[1] Sir Joshua was comparatively at home. He could find hints for the merry, mischievous elf among living children, and his powers of composition and execution were not overtasked by a single figure in a woody glade. One child, still living when this is written, and then a boy of four or five, who sat to him for Robin Goodfellow, was the son of Mr. Cribb, his frame-maker for many years. One of Sir Joshua's palettes and his portrait in crayons, both presents to his worthy frame-maker, are still the most valued decorations of Mr. Cribb's drawing-room; and their possessor still repeats what he has heard from his father, how Sir Joshua, calling at the shop one day on business, was struck by the baby's arch, roguish physiognomy, and begged it might be brought to Leicester Fields to help him in his Puck.

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[1] From Boydell's possession, who gave 100 guineas for the picture, it passed into that of Samuel Rogers, for 205 guineas; and at his sale was bought by Earl Fitzwilliam for 980 guineas.

Chamberlin's death created a vacancy in the Academy this year: this, and those of the year before, were in February filled by the election of Opie, Northcote, and Hodges. Philip Reinagle, P. F. Bourgeois, and W. R. Bigg were the Associates of the year.

On the 27th of April Sir Joshua attended the King to the Exhibition, and on the 28th the Academy dinner was "ordered for one hundred as usual." Sir H. Englefield and the French Ambassador are the only guests extraordinary recorded. Sir Joshua sent thirteen pictures:—

Group of Lady Smyth and her Children; and Lady St. Asaph and Child.

Half-lengths of Mrs. W. Hope; the Honourable Mrs. Stanhope.

Kitcats of Lady Cadogan ("bad likeness"—W.); and Lady Elliot.

Four Child portraits:—

A Cherub-head, in different views (Lord William Gordon's little girl).

Lord Burghersh, hunting a butterfly, hat in hand.

Master Yorke (son of the Honourable Mr. Yorke), with a bird on his hand and a dog at his feet.

Miss Ward, with her dog.

The full-length of the Prince of Wales in Garter robes, with a black servant arranging his dress; and

Heads of Sir Harry Englefield ("the best portrait in the room"—W.) and Mr. Boswell.

Ramberg painted a picture of the Great Room at Somerset House this year. Sir Joshua's Prince of Wales occupies the place of honour; his Lady St. Asaph hangs a little to the left of it, under Beach's portrait of the famous Tattersall. The portrait of Boswell is on the line, on the extreme left; the portrait of Sir H. Englefield balances it on the right. The only other one of Sir Joshua's pictures visible is the Cherub's Heads, hung immediately under Opie's Rizzio. This is faced by Northcote's Wat Tyler. The room is filled. The central group represents the Prince of Wales, catalogue in hand, attended by Sir Joshua, who carries his trumpet, and followed by a grave divine in full canonicals. The gentlemen wear the broad-lapelled coats and waistcoats, breeches and stockings, or top-boots, the ladies the plumed broad-leafed hats, full-bosomed dresses, with overflowing tuckers and frills, and the sausage-curls, which even Sir Joshua finds it so hard to make tolerable in his portraits of this time.

Sir Joshua, at sixty-four, seems as fond of society as ever. I find him the guest of the most fashionable leaders of *ton*—the more Whiggish ones generally—as Lady Jersey, Mrs. Crewe, and the Duchess of Devonshire, but always constant to the survivors of the old Blue circle, Mrs. Montagu still their queen. A new race of fashionable young dilettanti—Sir A. Hume, Sir George Beaumont, and Sir Harry Englefield conspicuous among them—had now come into the field, and seem his chief companions among the younger men of the time; I find few traces of intimacy with the gayer set, the fast men of Brookes's, now wilder than ever with the Prince of Wales at their head. Windham among the younger politicians, and Burke among the older, are often his hosts and guests; and engagements to the latter occur side by side with invitations to Mrs. Hastings's evenings. Boswell, just called to the English bar, and hard at work on his 'Life of Johnson,' figures prominently as entertainer and entertained.

A new Club had been formed the year before, meeting at Baxter's, on Tuesdays, at which Sir Joshua is as regular an attendant now as he is at *the* Club during the Session. There are still frequent engagements for dinners and evenings with Mrs. Siddons; and he seems to have made a point of attending all her first appearances and benefits. On these occasions he was always to be seen among the musicians in the orchestra, with Fox at his side, an equally warm admirer of the great actress, who could charm him alike from faro at Brookes's, wit and wine at Carlton House, and the hot war of opposition in the House of Commons. The renewed intimacy with Wilkes continues, and I attribute either to this, or to Sir Joshua's new relations with Alderman Boydell, his presence at the Lord Mayor's dinner this year.

Private theatricals were much the fashion just now. The Countess of Ossory and the Duchess of Marlborough had theatres fitted up at Ampthill and Blenheim; but these country performances were eclipsed by the triumphs of the Duke of Richmond's private company in Privy Gardens, which began in April and May, continued through the season, and were resumed in the winter; dividing the attention of the town with the French commercial treaty, Warren Hastings, the Prince of Wales's debts, and his relations to Mrs. Fitzherbert. 'The Way to Keep Him' was the opening piece; the audiences were limited to eighty.[1] By the card the play was to be repeated three times. Sir Joshua had *the honour of a card for the first performance on the 16th of April.* The Earl of Derby was the *Lovemore; Major Arabin,* of the Life Guards, the *Sir Bashful Constant;* the Hon. Mr. Edgcumbe (whom *Reynolds had painted* as a beautiful boy) enacted *Sir William Fashion;* and Sir Joshua's friend Sir Harry *Englefield* went on for the small part of William, Mr. Lovemore's valet. The ladies, too, were all of Reynolds's society. Mrs. Hobart (the Widow Belmour) and Mrs. Damer (Mrs. Belmour); Miss Campbell (Lady Constant) and. Mrs. Bruce (Muslin). Miss Farren superintended the rehearsals, "and was allowed to dispose of one ticket." Their Majesties attended the last representation. The Duke of Richmond officiated as Master of the Ceremonies, and "on the conclusion of the play conducted his guests to a most elegant supper and dessert, where the glass and the song went round till past four in the morning." Everybody was in raptures,[1] and Walpole imagines "the Richmond Theatre will take root."

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[1] Storer to Eden. 'Auckland Correspondence,' April 10, 1789. Another account of the time puts the number present at 126.

The Richmond House company played 'The Wonder' in the winter, with a new star, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, in Don Felix. Walpole was amazed at him, even in a rehearsal: "He is a prodigy, a perfection—all passion, nature, and ease. You never saw so genuine a lover. Garrick was a monkey to him in Don Felix. Then he is so much the man of fashion, and is so genteel. In short, *when people of quality can* act, they must act their own parts so much better than others can mimic them." This is quite true—with the qualification in italics. The difficulty is to find such people of quality.

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[1] It is amusing to contrast Horace Walpole's praises of the fashionable amateurs, "Who should act genteel comedy perfectly, but people of fashion that have sense?" with the press criticism of the time: "To expect excellence," says the 'Town and Country Magazine,' "from novices in the practice of an art which requires great study and experience, would be unfair; and to criticise upon their errors with severity would be cruel and unjust. The principal objections to Lord Derby were his figure, face, and voice. His manner was excellent, and supported with spirit. Mrs. Hobart, notwithstanding her corpulency, represented the Widow Belmour with vivacity, and threw considerable humour into the comic scenes. The other performers were pleasing, particularly Mrs. Bruce in Muslin." I have little doubt that this is the criticism which Walpole concluded "was written by some player from envy."

The great political interest of this year still centred in the charges against Hastings. Connected by friendship as Reynolds was both with the leaders in the attack and with the late Governor-General, we cannot dissociate him—placid and absorbed in his art though he might be—from the famous memories of this great cause. Chief among them this year is Sheridan's magnificent speech of the 7th of February, on the sufferings of the Begums of Oude. To Sir Joshua, who had watched Sheridan's career, social, dramatic, and political, from the very first, and who felt such an affectionate as well as artistic interest in his sweet wife—his *Saint Cecilia*, his *Virgin Mother*, his *Charity*—there must have been a proud satisfaction in Sheridan's crowning triumph, a set-off against regrets which his dangerous and growing intimacy at Carlton House must have inspired in all his older and wiser friends. The irregularities and excesses of the Prince had already involved him deeply. An indecent collision in Parliament between his friends and the Minister on the question of his debts was only averted by the dexterity of Dundas, and the heartlessness of the Prince himself, in authorising Fox to give an explicit denial to the report of his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, in answer to questions of the troublesome Member for Devon, whom the stings of the 'Rolliad' had only made more pertinaciously anti-Whiggish. The value of that denial is now known. The ill-used lady is said to have authorised the denial. She had sat to Sir Joshua less than a year ago; the Prince of Wales had been sitting at the same time, and they were probably often in his studio together.

I have no direct evidence as to Sir Joshua's feelings on the subject of Hastings; but I have no doubt, for my own part, that he took the view rather of Lord Hood and Wilkes than that of Burke, Windham, and Sheridan. His just and balanced mind, I believe, perceived then, what is generally admitted now, that—whatever might have been the Governor-General's stretches of power, however high-handed his acts, and irreconcilable with nice considerations of right or humanity—the exigencies of his position, the greatness of his services, and his freedom from sordid or self-seeking objects, justified, excused, or atoned for the worst that could fairly be charged against him.

On the 27th of August Sir Joshua began the portrait of an interesting sitter, the lately ennobled defender of Gibraltar, George Augustus Eliott, Lord Heathfield, one of the best officers and noblest soldiers of whom history bears record. He was now close on seventy, and had held a colonel's commission at Dettingen: Eliott's Light-horse, the most distinguished corps of English cavalry in the Seven Years War, was of his raising and disciplining. But it was to his services as Governor of Gibraltar during the unparalleled defence against a four years' siege by an overwhelming force, crowned by that great achievement, the burning of the floating batteries on the 13th of September, 1782, that he owed his popularity then and his reputation now. It was not only that the intrepidity, resource, and generalship shown in that defence prove Eliott a man of remarkable military genius, but his conduct throughout the siege gives evidence also of a nature the most chivalrous, humane, and genial. Northcote describes him as enlivening his sittings to Sir Joshua with various narratives and droll anecdotes of the great Frederick and others. The merits of this noble picture, painted for Alderman Boydell and now the property of the nation, are dwelt on in the annals of the next year, when it was exhibited.

The last three days of August were spent at the Earl of Upper Ossory's pleasant and social seat at Ampthill. During Sir Joshua's absence from town, Walpole visited his studio, and saw his Hercules. He owns to the Countess of Ossory that he does not admire it. The principal babe puts him in mind of what he has read of so often but never seen, *the monstrous craws* (a form of elephantiasis common in the West Indies.) "*Blind* Tiresias is *staring* with horror at the terrible spectacle." "If Sir Joshua," he continues, "is satisfied with his own departed pictures, it is more than the possessors or posterity will be. I think he ought to be paid in annuities only for so long as his pictures last." [1]

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[1] Walpole to the Countess of Upper Ossory, Sept. 6, 1787.

List of Sitters in 1787.

January.

Models for Hercules; Lady Jersey; Colonel Morgan; Master York; Sir Harry Englefield.

February.

Lady Smith and children; Mrs. Drummond Smith; Mr. Whitbread; Lady Bayham; Mr. and Mrs. Hope; Lord Burghersh; Sir E. Hughes.

March.

Miss Ward[1] and her dog; Girl model (Hercules); Miss Gordon (Angels' heads).

April.

Models (a Black among them); Lady Elizabeth Foster; Lord Wentworth; Miss Gideon; Lady Salisbury.

May.

Mr. Barker; (an engagement at 10, on Sunday the 6th, with Mr. Pitt;) Miss Parker; Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick; Lady Skipwith.

June.

Mrs. Seaforth; Maguire (model); Sir G. Beaumont; Lord Darnley; Miss Hume; Braithwaite[2] (another model); Hercules models; Turk (model).

July.

Mr. Bligh; Mr. Thomson; models for Hercules.

August.

Lord Heathfield;[3] Duchess of Rutland (now a widow); Mr. Drummond Smith; Lord Darnley; Hercules models (girl, infant, Braithwaite, Maguire).

September.

Colonel Stewart; Mr. Home; Lady (Mrs. Wells); models for Cupid; models for Hercules (old man, short hair).

October.

Hercules models; "Cottage Lady;" "Lady of the Cottage" (Mrs. Wells, the actress).

November.

Mr. F. Hargreave; Col. Bertie; Lady Caroline Price; Solicitor-General (Sir A. Macdonald); Duke of York; Miss Hodgson.

December.

Lord Harrington's son (the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope); Lady Harrington.

1788.—In the great public event of this year, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Sir Joshua was doubly interested, both by his acquaintance with the accused —which dated from the first return of Hastings from

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[1] A natural daughter of Earl Dudley and Ward.

[2] At Mr. Young's, tobacconist, Drury-lane.

[3] He had been raised to the peerage June 14.

Indian service, had never been quite intermitted, and, as we have seen, had been renewed on the reappearance of Hastings in England—and by his close association, personal and political, with the chief managers of the impeachment, particularly Burke, Sheridan, and Windham. We are prepared, therefore, for his presence at that august spectacle in Westminster Hall, which has been so admirably described by Macaulay. On the 13th of February the pocket-book has the note, "To be in the lobby of the House of Commons a quarter before ten, full dress." This was the opening of the proceedings. There in the midst of all the most illustrious by birth, station, genius, in arts, literature, and arms—whose personal seeming is now best known to us by help of Sir Joshua's pencil—Miss Burney, who had snatched a short respite from her body-and-soul-wearying attendance on the Queen to view the great solemnity, describes Sir Joshua as bowing to her from the manager's box, which he had visited to converse with his friends, those implacable prosecutors whose proceedings inspired her with such horror. It is probable that Reynolds, though with more measure, shared some of her feelings of sympathy with Hastings. Though it is difficult to believe that Sir Joshua was not one of the listeners to Burke's unparalleled four days' oration, between the 15th and 18th, I have no evidence of the fact, unless we may venture to infer it from the intermission of all entries of sitters during these days. Of later attendances of his in Westminster Hall during the impeachment, I find no direct traces in the pocket-book till Monday the 3rd of June, the first day of Sheridan's great summing up of the charges against the accused, when such was the anxiety of the town to hear the orator that fifty guineas, if we may believe Walpole, were offered for a ticket. It was while the glory of that speech still hung about him that Sheridan first sat to Sir Joshua for the portrait which was begun towards the close of this year.

Gainsborough, too, was present at the opening of the impeachment of Hastings, and ascribed to a chill caught there from an open window at his back the illness which carried him off on the 2nd of August.

In spite of his sixty-four years, Sir Joshua seems as yet to have lost nothing either of his love for society or devotion to his art. His engagements for both are as unintermitting as ever. He was even now forming new social ties as the old ones were gradually broken by decay and death. The foundation of the Eumelian Club by his friend Dr. Ash, who now sat to him for the admirable portrait in the Birmingham Hospital, which owes so much to his exertions, dates from this year. It met at the Blenheim Tavern in Bond-street, and the name, taken from the Greek name of the ash-tree, was given in honour of the founder, after "The Fraxinean," from the Latin, had been rejected as harsh-sounding. Sir Joshua's unflagging relish for society shows the same vitality of enjoyment as his sustained feeling for his art, and proves him, I think, to have been truly genial. Yet he was eminently constant to such of the old circle as still survived,—to the Blues, the Devonshire Club, and Devonshire friends, and *the* Club above all, at which he continued to the last the most regular of visitors. At the theatre, about this time, Mrs. Siddons seems to have revived his early love for the stage. He is at all her benefits, and never misses her first appearances in her constantly-widening range of characters, now gradually being completed by her great Shaksperian creations.

It is to this date that Courtenay's description of the dinners in Leicester Fields, already quoted, refers. The pocket-book contains some lists of these cheery, unceremonious parties. One for the 23rd of May is especially interesting as showing that Reynolds did not stand aloof from the great accused of the time, which, had he shared Burke's opinion of his acts, he could hardly have failed to do. This party includes Mr. Hastings, Gibbon, Batt (one of the Commissioners of Audit and an *habitué* of the Reynolds circle), Monsieur Savery, and Owen Cambridge. Another dinner list (15th July) includes Metcalf, Batt, Dr. Lort, Burney, and Lord Sunderlin, Courtenay, Malone, and Devaynes (a famous apothecary of the day); another (October 26th), Lord Newhaven and Lord Lifford, Dr. Ash, Courtenay, Batt, Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell), Burke, and Lawrence (the eminent civilian and fast friend of Burke); another (December 11th), Lord Ossory, Burke, Boswell, Courtenay, and Dudley Long. Lord Ossory and Mr. Fox were among Sir Joshua's guests at the Academy dinner, with Sir H. Englefield, Sir A. Hume, Lord Monboddo, Monsieur Savery, the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Duke of Dorset, Earl Sandwich, Lord Stormont, Lord Middleton, the Honourable Mr. Edgcumbe, and Lord Lucan. These names were specially added to the dinner list, and they are all those of the President's intimates. I find a special ticket sent to H. Walpole to see the Exhibition on Saturday morning, the day before its opening,—a tribute to his connoisseurship and infirmities.]

In 1788 Reynolds exhibited no fewer than seventeen pictures: Portraits of—

Lord Sheffield.
Mr. Wyndham of Felbridge.
The Duke of York[1] ("robes well painted; head and legs flat, with no effect"—W.).
Sir George Beaumont.
Mrs. Drummond Smith.
Master Stanhope.
Colonel Morgan.[2]
Lord Heathfield.
Colonel Bertie.
Lord Grantham and his Brothers[3] ("good"—W.).
Lady Harris.
Lord Darnley.
Miss Gideon and her Brother.[4]
Lady E. Foster; and
Mr. Braddyll.

The other three pictures were:—

The large composition of the Infant Hercules.
A Girl sleeping ("coarse"—W.); and
A Girl with a Kitten (engraved as Muscipula; "bad"—W.).

The "Infant Hercules" was not sent to Russia till an engraving had been made from it. The price Sir Joshua received for this picture was fifteen hundred guineas. The Empress added a gold box, with her cypher in diamonds. He repeated the figure of the Hercules.[5]

The portrait of Lord Heathfield is now in the National Gallery, though very unlike what it was in its uninjured and untouched state, as may be seen by comparing Earlom's fine engraving of it with what remains of the picture. Still, even in its present condition, we cannot look at it without thinking of the lines given by Burns to his heroic beggar:—

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[1] Now in St. James's Palace.

[2] Walpole calls him "Morden," but in Sir Joshua's sitters' book he is "Morgan."

[3] Now at Wrest.

[4] Marked by Walpole as "Miss Gunning, Maid of Honour;" but no doubt the picture exhibited at the British Institution, by Sir C. Eardley, a few years ago.

[5] Lord Fitzwilliam has it. Lord Arran has the original sketch.

> "Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to head me,
> I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum"—

lines that may have been written while Reynolds was painting the picture.

Constable, in one of his Lectures, spoke of this noble portrait while censuring the unpardonable liberties that are sometimes taken with fine pictures. He described it as "almost a history of the defence of Gibraltar. The distant sea, with a glimpse of the opposite coast, expresses the locality, and the cannon pointed downward the height of the rock on which the hero stands, with the chain of the massive key of the fortress twice passed round his hand, as to secure it in his grasp. He seems to say, 'I have you, and will keep you!'

"Now, we will imagine that by some chance this picture becomes the property of somebody who does not know that Lord Heathfield had been General Eliott; it will make, he thinks, an admirable companion to a smaller picture in his collection if the lower part is cut off. This is accordingly done, and he applauds himself for the improvement. He tells his friends that when he bought the picture there was a great key in his lordship's hand (perhaps the key of his cellar), which drew attention from the head; he had therefore cut that part of the picture off, much to its advantage, and it now made an excellent companion to his other Sir Joshua."

Of the Sleeping Girl, exhibited this year, Reynolds painted another picture. For one of these Dr. Wolcot gave him fifty guineas. At his death it was purchased by Mr. Rogers, who told me that the following quotation from Shakspeare was pasted on the back of it by Wolcott:—

> "Enjoy the honey-heavy-dew of slumber:
> Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
> Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
> Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."

The other Sleeping Girl was bought by Lord Palmerston, and still hangs at Broadlands. She is a half-length, and sleeps with her head resting on her folded arms, supported by a balustrade. The colour is rich, the form careless.

[The Exhibition closed on the 7th of June, and produced 2284*l.*—rather less than the receipts of the last two years.

In this year Sir Joshua painted for Mr. Macklin[1] a large fancy picture of a scene at a labourer's door, called 'The Gleaners,'[2] introducing Macklin's wife and daughter as peasants. The centre figure, with a sheaf of corn on her head, was the portrait of a beautiful girl, Miss Potts, who became Mrs. Landseer, the mother of Sir Edwin. The picture is not one of his happiest in conception or execution.

After Sheridan, Rodney, the hero of 1782—still, thanks to his victory over De Grasse, little less an object of popular worship than Heathfield himself—was Sir Joshua's most conspicuous sitter of the year. The portrait of the brave Admiral, who was now struggling with former difficulties—mainly the result of his love of faro and hazard and the expenses of a large family at Knightsbridge—now hangs in St. James's Palace. The worn, emaciated face and figure, in contrast with the heroism of the commander, remind one of Nelson, with whom Rodney had much in common besides his manœuvre of breaking the line.]

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[1] The print-publisher, then only second to Boydell, and determined by his Bible to take the shine out of the other's Shakspeare.

[2] In the possession of Mr. Gosling, of Portland Place.

The death of Gainsborough, which occurred on the 2nd of August, called forth that just tribute which Reynolds paid to his genius, in the Discourse he delivered in December, of which Gainsborough was chiefly the subject.

"A few days before he died," said Reynolds, "he wrote me a letter to express his acknowledgments for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which (he had been informed) I always spoke of him; and desired he might see me once more before he died. I am aware how flattering it is to myself to be thus connected with the dying testimony which this excellent painter bore to his art. But I cannot prevail on myself to suppress that I was not connected with him by any habits of familiarity: if any little jealousies had subsisted between us, they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion by being sensible of his excellence.

"Without entering into a detail of what passed at this interview, the impression of it upon my mind was, that his regret at losing life was principally the regret of leaving his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were;

which he said he flattered himself, in his last works, were in some measure supplied."

It seems clear to me, that whatever more Sir Joshua might have told of this interview must have been to his own honour; and that he disclosed only as much as was necessary to free himself from any charge of injustice towards Gainsborough, which I believe he had never said or done anything to deserve. Reynolds was one of the pall-bearers when, on the 9th of August, Gainsborough was laid in the quiet churchyard of Kew, by the side of his old friend Joshua Kirby. Sir W. Chambers, West, Bartolozzi, Paul Sandby, and Cotes held the pall with Reynolds. Sheridan was conspicuous among the mourners.

The art of Gainsborough has a charm not to be found even in that of Reynolds: a pastoral feeling which raises him to the level of Burns. If Reynolds attempted to paint a cottage-girl, she was a young lady acting the part: but the cottagers of Gainsborough have a natural simplicity — an unconscious elegance of manner, quite distinct from the easy grace of fine ladies, and which addresses the heart rather than the eye.

Gainsborough was a man of the finest feelings; and he always makes us feel with him. "As we look at his pictures," said Constable, "we find tears in our eyes, and know not what brings them." Reynolds could draw tears when his subjects were pathetic, as in his two sweet pictures of the "Babes in the Wood;" but Gainsborough does not affect us by pity, but by nature—as he himself was affected by her loveliness. When he attempts to be dramatic, he falls below himself; as in his picture of the boys, the one encouraging two fighting dogs, and the other (the humane one) endeavouring to separate them. This always struck me as a commonplace attempt at a moral unworthy of such a painter. Hogarth would have united the boys in promoting the fight. He would not have thought it necessary to tell us by the gestures of one that the sport was inhuman.

[Some of the events in the history of the Academy this year are of interest for their bearing on Sir Joshua's rupture with that Institution in 1790. When, on the 10th of March, Russell, the portrait-painter, was elected an Academician, Fuseli was chosen to fill the vacant Associateship by ten votes to eight for Bonomi, an Italian architect of merit, patronized by Lord Aylesford, among other friends of the President, and warmly supported by Sir Joshua. And when, on the 6th of October, Mr. Edwards offered to teach perspective—the Professorship of which, since the death of Wale, had been allowed to remain vacant, much to the President's regret and annoyance—his offer was accepted, subject to the condition that he should prepare a syllabus of the method of instruction he proposed to follow, that it might be laid before the Council. On the 12th of December, the syllabus having been approved, it was agreed that Mr. Edwards should give twenty lessons in perspective, from October to April, and should be paid 1*l.* 10*s.* for each. The bearing of these facts on Sir Joshua's quarrel with the Academy will be seen shortly, from Sir Joshua's own account of that unpleasant business.

On the 10th of December, Newton, the original

Secretary of the Academy, retired, and was succeeded by John Richards, landscape-painter, and principal scene-painter at Covent Garden for many years. The Academy honoured their painstaking Secretary by voting him a piece of plate; a similar mark of respect was voted to the daughter of Gainsborough, on her presenting the Academy with a portrait of her father by himself.

On the evening of the same day, after the distribution of prizes,[1] the President delivered his Fourteenth Discourse,—on the character of Gainsborough, his excellences and defects, as a source of instruction to the students of the Academy. The Discourse is throughout an excellent illustration of Sir Joshua's candour, justice, sound sense, and entire freedom from mock sentiment, exaggerated enthusiasm, and unreality. It is instructive to find him beginning with an apology for setting Gainsborough above Mengs and Battoni. There is excellent sense in his remarks on Gainsborough's way of study; on his constant observation of the sources of pictorial effect in faces and figures, in the sky, trees, whole landscapes, and in his practice of bringing home to paint from not only striking models, but stumps of trees, stones, weeds, and animals, and even of building up showbox landscapes, in which broken stones and coals, dried branches and plants, and bits of looking-glass did duty for rocks, trees, and water. The value of such methods, he says, "like every other technical practice, seems to me wholly to depend on the general talent of him who uses them. They may be nothing more than contemptible and mischievous trifling, or they may be aids. I think, upon the whole, unless we constantly refer to real nature, the practice may be more likely to do harm than good." He praises Gainsborough's habit of drawing at night, his manner of working all the parts of his pictures together, and his passionate love of his art. Here occurs the most interesting passage of the Discourse, already quoted, in which Reynolds alludes to that affecting deathbed interview, which Gainsborough sought at a moment when the better part of his impulsive and mingled nature was uppermost. Sir Joshua anxiously guards against the inference, from the success of Gainsborough's self-culture at home, that travelling and academic study are superfluous. Besides the fact that portraiture and landscape-painting can best dispense with these means of instruction, the speaker insists on the importance of Gainsborough's close study and careful copying of fine Flemish pictures. He leaves undetermined the question whether he was greatest in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures; admitting his excellence in all, and praising his good sense in not attempting the high historical. In this point he contrasts Gainsborough with Hogarth, regretting, in terms which appear to me quite compatible with the truest appreciation of that painter's real merits in his own field, that he should ever have attempted "the great historical style." The most ardent admirers of Hogarth must, I should think, echo this regret.

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[1] Subjects and winners of medals:—For painting, 'Alexander's Feast,' H. Singleton; for sculpture, 'Achilles grieving for Patroclus is consoled by Thetis,' C. Horwell; for architecture, 'Church with spire or steeple,' T. Sanders.

There is great interest, with reference to Sir Joshua's own practice, in his remarks on Gainsborough's peculiar handling; the hatchings and odd scratches and marks making up an uncouth and shapeless appearance, which, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, all the parts seeming to drop into their proper places, "so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence." Reynolds saw that Gainsborough's slightness was anything but neglect; that by his "hatching" manner he gained that lightness of effect which is so eminent a beauty in his pictures; and by his very apparent indeterminateness often enhanced general likeness. Considering Sir Joshua's own disregard of finish, he seems to dwell more apologetically than we should expect on Gainsborough's want of it. But this is explained by his concluding remarks that no apology can be made for want of precision and finishing "in that style which the Academy teaches and which ought to be the object of your pursuit. It will be necessary for you, in the first place, never to lose sight of the grea trules and principles of the art, as they are collected from the full body of the best general practice and the most constant and uniform experience. This must be the groundwork of all your studies; afterwards you may profit, as in this case I wish you to profit, by the peculiar experience and personal talents of artists, living and dead. You may derive lights and catch hints from their practice, but the moment you turn them into models you fall infinitely below them. You may be corrupted by excellences not so much belonging to the art as personal and appropriated to the artist, and become bad copiers of good painters, instead of excellent imitators of the great universal truth of things." This reads as if Sir Joshua were giving the students a warning against imitation of himself as well as Gainsborough. Every word of it still has weight: not that part which is directed against imitation of popular painters only, but that which insists on the necessity of the study of previous art as a guide in the student's constant reference to nature.

List of Sitters in 1788.

January.

Lord Grantham and his brothers the Hon. F. and P. Robinson; Mrs. Braddyll; (models for Hercules;) the Duke of York; Mrs. Fitzherbert; Miss Hume (daughter of Sir A. Hume); and Mrs. Wells (the actress).

February.

Miss Gideon; Mr. Braddyll; Colonel Morgan; Mrs. Thornhill; Lady Harris.

March.

Lord Sheffield; Child model (for Hercules, often).

April.

Colonel Barré; Lord Lansdowne; Dr. Ash; Child; Dogs (for the picture of Lord Grantham and his brothers).

May.

Lord Rodney; Master Hare; Sir J. D'Oyley; Master Hoare.

June.

Mr. Fox; Lady Sunderlin; Mr. Hunter.

July.

Miss Boothby; Sir J. Aubrey; Sir Thomas Rumbold; Mr. Rumbold; Mrs. Rigby.

August.

Lord John Townshend; Mr. Macklin;[1] Miss Macklin;[1] Miss Potts;[1] Lord Lifford.

September.

Master Stanhope; Master Lincoln Stanhope; Mr. Macklin's dog.

October and November.

Models (for the Macbeth ?); no new sitters.

December.

Mr. Sheridan; Child and old Man (models for Macbeth).

1789.—Nothing at the opening of this year indicated that it was to be the last of the painter's work. As usual with him in January, the visiting list was fuller than the sitters'. Not a day but has its dinner or evening party, many have both. He is constant at his clubs: the Eumelian on Wednesdays; the one that meets at Thomas's on alternate Tuesdays; the Devonshire on Thursdays, irregularly. He dines often with Mrs. Montague, with Langton, Metcalfe, Erskine, Dr. Warton (in town for his regular Christmas frolic), Caleb Whitefoord, the Marquis of Caermarthen, Boswell, and Sir Joseph Banks. He attends picture-sales at Greenwood's and Christy's. And if sitters are slack this cold weather, he has three great fancy pictures on hand, the Continence of Scipio, Cymon and Iphigenia, and the Robin Goodfellow, all of which he is finishing against the Exhibition. A gloom was at this time cast over fashionable society, at least the Court circle, by the terrible illness of the King. His first fit of insanity had declared itself early in November, and soon after began that memorable struggle for power between the Minister and the Opposition, on the constitution and powers of the Regency, which divided the Court, the Parliament, and society, till the King's recovery in March. Sir Joshua, in spite of his placid temper, must almost have been drawn into the battle, which raged everywhere: at the Club,[1] where—though Opposition principles predominated among the politicians—

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[1] For his picture of the Gleaners, in the possession of Mr. Gosling.

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[1] That this was so we know from a letter of Sir W. Jones to Sir J. Banks, written at the close of this year. "I wish politics at the devil; but hope that when the King recovered science revived. It gives me great pain to know that *party*, as it is called (I call it *faction*, because I hold party to be grounded on principles, and faction on self-interest), has found its way into a Literary Club, who meet reciprocally to impart and receive new ideas."

secret jealousies and distrust had already begun to divide Fox, Burke, and Shĕridan; among Sir Joshua's professional acquaintance, for Warren and Baker, the Opposition physicians in attendance on the King, were both old friends of his—the latter, indeed, a Devonshire compatriot—while with Sir Lucas Pepys, the leading medical authority on the other side—after Willis, the Lincolnshire clergyman and mad-doctor—Sir Joshua was in constant intercourse at the Blue parties, where Sir Lucas was a great light; in society, which was divided into Regency ladies and Pittites, the former, under the leadership of the brilliant Duchess of Devonshire, distinguished by their Regency caps and ribbons; the latter headed by the Duchess of Gordon, who was ambitious of the hand of the Minister for her eldest daughter, and who lived to see three of her five girls the wives of English dukes, and the fourth a Marchioness. It was indeed a time of fierce heats and bitter antagonisms; and among Sir Joshua's political friends, while Sheridan was the right-hand man of the Prince of Wales, almost domiciled at Carlton House, and for some time, indeed, an actual inmate, with his wife, of Mrs. Fitzherbert's house, Burke was the fiercest upholder in the House of the absolute right of the Prince of Wales to the Regency. Now in the decline of his life and party influence, poor, irritable, and almost sick at heart, Burke saw office, with its distinctions and emoluments, all but within his grasp, and seemed almost to have forgotten his better self in the passion of this prospect. Yet when medals, with the Prince's head and the title of Regent, were struck by anticipation, when the new titles he was to confer, and the posts in his household and the Ministry which were to be the rewards of his followers, were settled and all but made public, Burke was left without the pale of the Cabinet, and felt himself a slighted man. There is something in Burke's despondency—as shown in a remarkable letter to Windham—and in the temporary eclipse of his effectiveness as a debater, and his influence as a member of his party, at this time, which might be brought into not unfair parallel with Sir Joshua's partial blindness and sudden check in the full flow of his happy labour. But for the painter there was no such revival of fame and activity as was reserved for the statesman from his writings and speeches on the subject of the French Revolution.

The battle of the Regency for the time swallowed up even such subjects of interest as the trial of Hastings, the gathering clouds in France, and the Prince's doubtful relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Sir Joshua was hard at work through that busy spring, particularly in March, when Lord Rodney and Mr. Sheridan were among his sitters, with Mrs. Armstead, now the constant companion of Mr. Fox, whom she had been nursing at Bath through a severe illness, partly caused by his hurried return from Italy on the first news of the King's malady and the hopes thus opened to the Opposition. Among other brilliant figures of the time, there appear in the Leicester Fields painting-room two of the most worshipped idols of the day—Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Billington, both in the first flower of their youth and beauty; the one contesting public favour with Mrs. Siddons, the other already at nineteen eclipsing all the foreign queens of song. Mrs. Jordan's is a single visit to the studio (at three, on the 23rd of March), perhaps to see the pictures of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. We only know her in this her loveliest stage by Romney's fascinating half-length of her in the Country Girl, a picture which, for bewitching expression, equals the most seductive of his Lady Hamiltons. The full-length of Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia, with a choir of angels fluttering round and making music to her voice, is now in New York, in the gallery of Colonel Lenox. This sweet singer, against the wish of her father, the famous hautboy of the Italian Opera orchestra, had changed her maiden name of Weichsel at fifteen, for that of her husband Billington, one of the Drury Lane band, and after a year's strolling in Ireland had made her London *début* in Rosetta, in February, 1786; at once dazzling the town with the brilliancy of her vocalization and the flush of her youthful beauty, which, even at this early age, was of the full and luscious order, and was already, when Sir Joshua painted her this year, passing into *embonpoint.* Boswell was now in town, slowly getting his *opus magnum* ready for the press, and, *en attendant,* vainly dangling—*hovering* was his own word—after preferment from the Minister, through the interest of Lord Lonsdale, and after business in Westminster Hall, for which he was too lazy and too fond of claret and company to qualify himself. His wife's health was failing, but he could not bring himself to leave London to attend her sick-bed. He was weighed down with debt and difficulty, pricked in conscience about his own extravagance and excesses, suffering from constitutional despondency aggravated by his own irregularity, impatient of the rough practical jokes of his brother barristers on circuit, in town hampered by narrow means, but breaking out now and then in a dinner at his house in Queen Anne Street, West. Sir Joshua was often his guest at these dinners, and still oftener his host. I find one of his parties (on February 4th) includes Boswell, Joseph Warton, Lord Eliot, Mr. Skeffington (who survived to our time as Sir Lumley—conspicuous for his wig and whiskers, and his passion for the theatre; about the last man whom one would have associated in one's mind with a dinner at Sir Joshua's), the Bishop of Killaloe (Dr. Kearney), Sir John St. Aubyn, Mr. Richard Burke, Messrs. Malone and Courtney. Another list (on July 17) includes Malone, Courtney, the four Burkes, Dr. Lawrence, Sir W. Scott, and Mr. Graham. It is curious (on March the 12th and 13th) to find him dining on consecutive days with Hastings and Burke; the second dinner is at Slaughter's Coffee-house, an old haunt of Sir Joshua's from his earliest London days, when he belonged to the Artists' Club which met there and had Roubiliac and Hogarth among its members. He is still assiduous at the theatre whenever Mrs. Siddons and her brother John have new parts or benefits, as on February the 16th, when she played in the 'Law of Lombardy,' and enacted the Fine Lady in Garrick's farce of 'Lethe,' in which part Sir Joshua must have drawn involuntary comparisons between his Tragic Muse and his old favourites, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Abington; and again on the 10th of March, when, for John Kemble's benefit, the brother and sister appeared together in 'Macbeth,' and as Katharine and Petruchio.

Here again John Kemble's comedy must have suggested as unflattering contrasts with Woodward as his sister's with Mrs. Abington. On the 23rd of April I find the President—no doubt in his official character—at the solemn service in St. Paul's, when the King attended to give thanks to God for his restoration to reason.[1] Four days afterwards the Exhibition opened. Sir Joshua had been wont to attend the King on these occasions, but this year his Majesty's health did not allow him to attend. The Academy had testified that loyal delight in the King's recovery which might have been expected from a body which owed its existence to the Royal favour. On the 19th of March they had adopted an address submitted by the President, offering prayers for the long continuance of his Majesty's health, and hopes that the Arts, which had been successfully planted by his Majesty's royal patronage, might grow and flourish to their full maturity during a long, happy, and glorious reign. On the 31st this address was followed by one to the Queen, also drawn up by the President, and fairly written by the famous Mr. Tomkins.[2] "The general joy," so ran the address, "which the great and auspicious event has diffused through every part of the empire, is considerably augmented by reflecting on the happiness which that event has afforded to your Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family, with whose grief and with whose joy the whole nation sympathize, and offer up their prayers that your Majesty's reign may be long and prosperous, and never more be embittered by any calamity." Mr. West, the Academician most intimate with Royalty, was directed to make inquiries as to the proper mode of presenting the addresses, which on the 22nd of May were received in the most gracious manner.

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[1] Mr. Dayes, an artist, made drawings of the King while in the Cathedral. Reynolds saw them, complimented the artist, and observed that the labour could not be remunerated by sale; but that, if the artist would publish, he would lend him the money necessary to do so, and engaged to get him a handsome subscription among the nobility.—Northcote's Life, vol. ii. 259.

[2] The great caligrapher of the day. He was paid 50 guineas for his copies of the addresses. Sir Joshua painted his portrait.

Although the storm which burst next year was now threatening the serenity of the Academy in its relations with its President, on the 24th of March this year they adopted the resolution—to him so honourable—to give the President's Discourses to all students gaining premiums. It may admit of question, perhaps, whether the fact that these Discourses continue still to be thus given, be more a testimony to Reynolds's theories, or to the faithful conservatism of the Academy. An exhibition of Gainsborough's pictures was opened at the same time as that of the Academy. By a resolution of the Academy it was agreed to offer fifty guineas for the group of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland with Miss Luttrell. The offer was declined, the picture (now at Buckingham House) having been bought for the Royal Family.]

An anecdote, honourable alike to Burke and Boydell, whose Shakspeare was now fairly under weigh, relates to the Academy dinner of this year.

Burke, seeing Alderman Boydell at one of the tables while the toasts were circulating, wrote on a slip of paper which he sent to the President, "This end of the table, at which as there are many admirers of the art there are many friends of yours, wish to drink an English tradesman who patronizes the art better than the Grand Monarque of France:

"Alderman Boydell, the Commercial Mæcenas."

The toast was drunk with great applause, and well had Boydell deserved the applause of such a company, for he stood alone and above everybody that was present as a patron of the arts of his country. Himself an artist, it was less his praise that by his own exertions he rose to fame and fortune than that he greatly assisted other artists in their rise to eminence, men too whom he helped to surpass himself in his own profession, that of engraving. The Shakspeare Gallery, though his greatest undertaking, formed but a portion of his patronage of art. This magnificent scheme gave employment to the best painters of the British school in large and important works, at a time when the Church refused to patronise painting, and when the titled and the wealthy of the land, with the single exception of the King, encouraged portrait only. It did much also for engraving. We owe to it, among many fine specimens of that art, Sharp's transcendent print of West's Lear, unequalled, as I think, by any line engraving ever produced. Boydell built for the Shakspeare pictures the Gallery in Pall Mall now occupied by the British Institution, and employed the greatest sculptor of his time to decorate its front. It was his intention to bequeath the building and its contents to the nation.[1] But the outbreak of the

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[1] It is remarkable that, with the exception of the Schools of Design, no British Parliament has ever originated any scheme for the benefit of British Art. All else, as yet done, has been done by private individuals—Boydell,

French Revolution stopping entirely the sale of his prints on the Continent, where it had been extensive, and the war that followed diminishing the demand for them at home, his means were so crippled that he was unable to fulfil his patriotic wish.

To the honour of Boydell it should be remembered that the project of the Shakspeare Gallery originated in a wish to disprove the opinion held by foreigners, that English artists were incapable of excelling in historic or poetic subjects, an opinion that had entire possession of the minds of our aristocratic and wealthy classes, and which had forced Hogarth to address himself to the public through the medium of engraving.

It must be admitted, however, that Boydell's scheme was not, in all respects, so well carried out as conceived. From the wish, probably, of avoiding offence, he employed too many inferior painters, and the productions of Mather Brown, Wheatley, Peters, Durno, Rigaud, Hamilton, Downman, Ramberg, and Miller, were allowed to vitiate the collection. Nor was the scheme of employing all the artists to illustrate a single poet calculated by any means to display the English school to advantage. Had Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough been living, neither of them would have shone very brightly in subjects from Shakspeare. Their originality would have stood in the way: it was truly said of Hogarth that he could think like a great genius, but not after one; and this was as true of Wilson and of Gainsborough.

Vernon, Chantrey, Turner, and Sheepshanks; while members of Parliament have often made attempts, luckily ineffectual, to destroy the Royal Academy.

Though it was no fault of Boydell, the best artists employed by him did not always choose subjects the best suited to their power. This was certainly the case when Reynolds selected the cauldron scene from Macbeth. He should have left this to Fuseli, who in such subjects was far above him. And Fuseli, who no doubt felt this, may be pardoned for vindicating his own claim to it after the death of Reynolds.

"It is not by the accumulation of infernal or magic machinery distinctly seen, by the introduction of Hecate and a chorus of female demons and witches, by surrounding him with successive apparitions at once, and a range of shadows above or before him, that Macbeth can be made an object of terror;—to render him so, you must place him on a ridge, his down-dashed eye absorbed by the murky abyss; surround the horrid vision with darkness, exclude its limits, and shear its light to glimpses."

[Sir Joshua now stood unapproached among the exhibitors of portraits, though Opie and Northcote had a respectable rank, and Hoppner, Beechey, and young Lawrence were rapidly rising. But of the President's contemporaries, Romney never exhibited, and Gainsborough was gone.]

This year Sir Joshua exhibited twelve pictures:—

Portraits of Lord Rodney ("very like"—W.); Lord Lifford, Lord Chancellor of Ireland ("very good"—W.); Lord Henry Fitzgerald ("this is Sir Joshua's second piece, and yields only to Mr. Sheridan's"—W.); and Lord Vernon.

R. B. Sheridan ("praise cannot overstate the merits of this portrait. It is not canvas and colour, it is animated nature. All the unaffected manner and character of the admired original."—W.); and a Gentleman (unnamed by Walpole).

The Honourable Mrs. Watson.

Miss Gwatkin ("Simplicity; pretty; hands bad".—W.)

Robin Goodfellow ("an ugly little imp, but some character, sitting on a mushroom as big as a millstone" —W.)

Cupid and Psyche ("glaring; not good"—W.).

The Continence of Scipio ("tame, crowded; Scipio cold"—W.); and

The Cymon and Iphigenia ("glaring"—W.).

The Robin Goodfellow[1] was purchased by Alderman Boydell; and at his sale by Mr. Rogers, who also became the possessor of the Cupid and Psyche. The Iphigenia was presented to George the Fourth by the Marchioness of Thomond; and, thanks to Mr. Seguier, has escaped the destruction of cleaning.[2]

He told me that, as soon as it came into the possession of the King, he was sent for. "Here is a very fine Sir Joshua," said his Majesty; "you must take it away and clean it for me." "If your Majesty will allow me to say so, I would rather not. Sir Joshua's pictures are painted in such a manner that they will not bear cleaning without extreme risk." "You don't mean to say," replied the King, "that the picture is to be left in such a dirty state?" "There may be some dirt on it, Sir, but I do not think the effect of the picture suffers materially by it, and I should have the greatest fear that in attempting to remove it we should destroy some of the beautiful glazings." "Well," said the King, "you are a very obstinate fellow, but I suppose you must have your way." And this fine picture remains among the very few uninjured works of Reynolds. Hayward's engraving of it is a matchless imitation. The mixed style in which it is executed is the best mode in which Reynolds has ever been translated into black and white.

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[1] Apropos of this Robin Goodfellow, Mr. Nichols, of the British Institution, told Mr. Cotton ('Reynolds and his Works,' p. 174), "Alderman Boydell and my grandfather were with Sir Joshua when painting the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, for the Shakspeare Gallery. Boydell was much taken with the portrait of a naked child, and wished it could be brought into the Shakspeare. Sir Joshua said it was painted from a little child he found sitting on his steps in Leicester Fields. My grandfather then said, "Well, Mr. Alderman, it can very easily come into the Shakspeare, if Sir Joshua will kindly place him upon a mushroom, give him fawn's ears, and make a Puck of him." Sir Joshua liked the notion, and painted the picture accordingly. The infant son of Cribb, his frame-maker, was one of his models, and is still living. The Alderman paid 100 guineas for the picture. Mr. Rogers bought it for 205*l.*

[2] But not his fatal top-dressing of brown varnish.—T. T.

[This list includes at least two of the painter's masterpieces—the life-like portrait of Sheridan, now in the zenith of his fame, the bosom friend of the Prince of Wales, and the favourite of his favourites, and the sweet portrait of Offy's daughter. The original picture is still in possession of the family.[1] When the picture was sent home from the engraver, Miss Palmer objected to the rose-tipped little fingers intertwined and lying on the lap, as suggesting a dish of prawns. Sir Joshua, always open to suggestion, agreed to the aptness of the comparison, and filled the chubby little hands with the flowers which are now seen in the picture.

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[1] This first version, an exact portrait of the child, is in possession of the Gwatkins.

Mrs. Lane, the possessor of a fancy picture repeated from this portrait, claims the title of Simplicity for her picture exclusively. In it the face is prettier than the little girl's. It was painted for Mr. Archer, of Layham, near Plymouth.

The Continence of Scipio was bought by the Czarina, and now hangs at the Hermitage along with the Hercules, and a replica of The Snake in the Grass.[1]

Whatever may be the demerits of the Continence of Scipio, which belongs to an order of work for which Reynolds was not qualified, the Robin Goodfellow and the Cymon and Iphigenia show, among his fancy pictures, as conclusively as the Sheridan and the Simplicity among his portraits of men and children, that in this, the last year of his painting-life, the power of Reynolds was absolutely unimpaired, and in the world, as in the painting-room, his position at this moment must have seemed one of the most enviable that could be conceived. To Burke, for example, poor, baffled, irritable, declining in influence with his party and in the House of Commons,—the darkness about his path all the deeper for the sudden quenching of the gleam of hope which had been kindled by the prospect of the Regency,—the prosperity and quiet triumphs of Reynolds might well have suggested bitter contrasts between the life of politician and artist.]

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[1] Mr. Waagen, in the recently published Monograph on the Pictures of St. Petersburg, pronounces the Hercules the principal historical work of the master, in size as well as importance. He praises the strength expressed in the Hercules, the dramatic life of the whole composition, though he thinks the Amphitryon somewhat theatrical. The picture need not fear comparison (he says) with Rembrandt for the depth, warmth, and golden-toned clearness of the colouring. The execution he describes as diligent throughout, and the handling marrowy. The Continence of Scipio he pronounces incomparably less happy; the composition too crowded, the Scipio not weighty enough; the bride, seen in profile, nothing but a pretty, somewhat shamefaced English miss; the head of Allucius lifeless and mask-like. The colouring, moreover, is untrue, the execution unequal, and in various parts too slight.

Besides these two historical pictures by Sir Joshua, the Imperial Gallery contains a reclining Venus, half hiding her face with her right hand; Cupid at her side. This is a replica of the Snake in the Grass. Dr. W. objects to the *half-hidden* face, all the more as he thinks the line of the right arm ungraceful; but he praises the warmth, power, and transparency of the colouring.

The pictures made a most unfavourable impression on Mr. Walter Thornbury, as he has been kind enough to inform me, beside the works of the great Venetian and Dutch colourists, with which they most challege comparison.

Sir Joshua was now in the sixty-sixth year of an unusually happy life. No man was more rich in

> "———— That which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The felicity of his career might seem, indeed, to those who surrounded him to be almost without alloy; but if so, it was because he had always adhered to a maxim he adopted in his youth, not to be disturbed by trifles. He had felt, however, that which every man of threescore is doomed to feel—the loss of such friends as cannot be replaced. Goldsmith, Garrick, and Johnson were gone. Baretti's death was reported to the Academy this year. And Reynolds was now to receive a warning which must have disturbed him greatly.

Before Miss Palmer left London in July he had felt some uneasiness in the left eye, but it was thought a matter of no consequence. On Monday the 13th of July, however, during the sitting of a young lady whose name is not mentioned in his pocketbook, but who was probably Miss Russell,[1] the sight of his left eye became so much obscured that he was obliged to leave off painting;[1] and within ten weeks the sight of that eye was entirely gone.

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[1] She was afterwards Mrs. Domvile; her picture as a child, with Miss Cocks, afterwards Mrs. Smith, is at Shortgrove in Essex, and bears the date 1790. Malone says it was while painting on Lady Beauchamp's portrait that he felt the obscuring of his eye. The pocketbook does not exactly bear this out. See note on sitters of the year (July).

[Ozias Humphrey, who at the outset of his career had owed him much of that ready and unpretending kindness which Reynolds always showed to young artists of promise, was now able to make some return. He had observed that Sir Joshua had listened with interest to his reading of the newspaper during one of his visits. He bethought him that in Sir Joshua's enforced idleness he might be glad to be read to; and, as Miss Palmer was absent, Humphrey used unostentatiously to drop in at Sir Joshua's breakfast hour and read the paper to him. Sir Joshua was pleased with the attention, and showed his sense of it by daily having two fresh pictures from his collection placed in the room, as he said, for their mutual consideration and benefit.[2]]

Miss Palmer, who was on a visit in Cornwall and at Torrington, hastened back to her uncle, and in a letter to her cousin, dated the 26th of December, describes his health as "perfect, and his spirits surprisingly so, considering what the loss of an eye is to him." He was however afraid to paint, to read, or to write, and his niece was his constant reader and amanuensis. "He amuses himself," she tells her cousin, "by sometimes cleaning or mending a picture, for his ruling passion continues in full force, and he enjoys his pictures as much as ever. . . ."

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[1] Lord Rawdon, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Macartney, Mr. Windham, Lady Beauchamp, Miss Cocks, and Miss Russell were among his latest sitters.

[2] Northcote's Life, ii. 248.

Thanks to his sweet serenity of nature, even this terrible visitation and the total interruption of the labour he loved so well did not depress him to melancholy.

"He enjoys company (in a quiet way)," writes Miss Palmer, "and loves a game at cards as well as ever."

He was deprived of the sight of his eye by the disease that occasioned the blindness of Milton—gutta serena; brought on (there can be little doubt), as in the poet's case, by over-work. Northcote had sometimes heard him, after painting all day, walking in his room till one or two o'clock in the morning, when he was composing his Discourses. We are not to judge of the quantity he wrote by what of his is published. We know how difficult he often found it to please himself with his pencil, and we may be sure he found it as difficult to satisfy himself with his pen; probably much more so. Many of his manuscripts bear evidence of this;—and, as he said of his Infant Hercules, there were "five pictures under it," we may believe that, in some instances, the amount of five Discourses was written for one that he read. The reader will remember that he sat up all night while writing his papers for 'The Idler;' for such excesses he was, at last, paying a penalty the severest a painter could pay.

In his enforced idleness he amused himself with a canary-bird, which was so tame as to perch on his hand. He talked to it as if it could understand and answer him. But one fine morning it flew out of the window, and he paced Leicester Square for hours in the hope of reclaiming it.

I need not remind the reader how effectively and often he had introduced birds into his pictures. The robin near the feet of his little girl in the "Winter" is a charming instance of this; indeed his love of every type of innocence was among the most engaging traits of his nature, and lent one of its greatest charms to his art.

He stayed some time, both in July and August, at his Richmond villa, "A place," says Miss Palmer, "to tell you the truth, I hate; for one has all the inconveniences of town and country put together, and not one of the comforts: a house stuck upon the top of a hill, without a bit of garden or ground of any sort near it but what is as public as St. James's Park."

On the 28th of July he visited Burke at Beaconsfield, in company with Malone, Wyndham, and Courtney, where he spent three days. The party on the 30th dined at Hall Barn, or, as Johnson calls it, Hill Burn, the house of Waller, where Sir Joshua was much interested in the portraits of the poet by Lely and Kneller. [On the 6th of August he went for sea air to Brighton, and from thence to Arundel, Chichester, Cowdray Castle, and Petworth. He notes in pencil, among the objects of interest seen in these excursions, Chichester Cathedral; the miniatures of the three brothers Montacute, by Isaac Oliver, and the series of Holbeins, in the grand old house of Cowdray, then standing in all the stately picturesqueness of its quadrangle, enriched with a fair fountain, and round it the richly-decorated chapel and noble "Buck Hall," so called from the ten life-size bucks, in wood, bearing banners of arms, which surrounded the hall, as if doing homage to a great hart at the upper end of the apartment, bearing the royal arms and those of the first Viscount Montacute as the great Standard-bearer of England. In the "close walks" of Cowdray Elizabeth had brought down the deer when she visited Lord Montacute in her triumphal progress after the dispersion of the Armada; and here, where Reynolds now walked, Johnson had wished "to stay four-and-twenty hours to see how our ancestors lived." Sir Joshua notes, too, Vandyke's Henrietta Maria, in blue, with Jeffrey Hudson and his Ape (now at Lord Fitzwilliam's), and his Lady Rich, Lady Cavendish, and Lord Goring.]

Just before the Brighton excursion, Miss Palmer, in a letter to her cousin, says,—

"My uncle and I spent a few days last week at Beaconsfield, else we have not been out of town this summer. I do not, however, intend to let it slip by without paying a visit to Torrington; it can be but short, as I may say, without vanity, that my presence is now very necessary to my uncle, as he never reads himself, and his evenings are principally passed in playing at cards, which might possibly not always be the case if I did not make up his parties; and I could not bear the thought of his spending much of his time alone."

[It was just as the first fear of blindness fell on Sir Joshua that the amazement of the French Revolution burst over England. Indeed, it was the very day before the fall of the Bastile that Sir Joshua laid down the pencil, which he can hardly be said to have resumed. Ozias Humphrey had stirring matter to read to the

President, even in the meagre foreign correspondence of the newspapers of 1789. And all the rest of the year the startling news from Paris to Versailles came like a succession of thunderclaps—the convocation of the Constituent Assembly, the night of sacrifices, the march of the women on Versailles, the king's homage to the people from the balcony of the Tuileries. We may learn how these incidents affected English politicians of the time, those still in the stir of Parliamentary life, and those who watched it cynically and coolly from their retirement, in the letters of Lord Eden's correspondents, and of Horace Walpole. Walpole was proof against the disposition of more youthful spirits to believe the light then kindling in Paris the dawn of a millennial day. Allowing for the characteristic differences of the men, he may be said to have judged the revolution from the first much as Burke judged it in those famous 'Reflections,' of which the first sheets were written before the close of this year. We know, both from Malone's express testimony, and from the recollection of members of Sir Joshua's circle who survived to our own time,[1] that Sir Joshua went along with Burke in his judgment of the acts, aspirations, and probable issues of the Revolution. He had seen Paris four years after the death of La Pompadour, and under the reign of the Du Barry, and had witnessed the first mutterings of the storm in the quarrel of Louis XV. and the Parliament of Paris. But he had, at the same time, been familiar with a London which seemed to most observers, in 1768, nearer revolution than the French capital; and he had seen the storm of the Wilkes and Liberty era subside into the enthusiastic loyalty which seemed lately to have reached its climax in the rejoicings on the King's restoration to reason. Among his French acquaintance and patrons he reckoned M. de Calonne, who, since his exile from France, after the breakdown of his airy projects of finance, had lived in London, where he was now adding a magnificent gallery to his house in Piccadilly for his really fine collection of pictures, some of which he had purchased from Sir Joshua. Sir Joshua's impressions of the Revolution, and the chief actors in it, at this time, may have been coloured by the views of M. de Calonne[1] as well as Burke.

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[1] The Honourable Miss Fox used to describe the dinner-conversation at Holland House, about this date, in which, sitting next Sir Joshua, she burst out into glorification of the Revolution, and was grievously chilled and checked by her neighbour's cautious and unsympathetic tone.

On the 13th of October Boswell writes to Temple: "Sir Joshua Reynolds's loss of the sight of one eye, and weakness of the other, you may believe must affect him deeply; he is another instance of *dici beatus ante obitum nemo.* His friends are assiduous in consoling him." Boswell was not very fit for the office of a consoler at this time, when he was alternating between fits of tipsy excess and maudlin repentance; reproaching himself with his want of attention to the wife he had lately lost, straitened for money, and hampered by his growing sons and daughters; hanging on—in desperate hope of a place, or a seat in Parliament as the means to a place—to the most brutal of patrons, Lord Lonsdale; and altogether about as pitiable a figure as ever tried to drown self-contempt and self-reproach by help of drink and vanity together. He had never earned enough in Westminster Hall to pay Reynolds for the portrait he had ordered on the strength of the fees that never came. But he had better-founded hopes from his 'Life of Johnson,' now passing through the press; and meantime was fain to console himself with the thought that, though his genteel appearance had been occasional only, he had had more enjoyment than many who have grand establishments.[1]

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[1] He left England to join the Princes at Coblentz, and in their cause sold his London house and mortgaged his Gallery, and died impoverished.

All the autumn and winter Sir Joshua was restlessly seeking for distraction in change of scene. After his return from Brighton he again, in September, spent some time at his Richmond villa; and a fortnight after (on the 16th of October) paid his second visit this year to Beaconsfield, whence Burke was at this time penning his first thoughts on the scenes then passing in France, in his admirable letter to Dupont, the concluding sentences of which breathe the very essence of a philosophy[2] which seems more native to the placid painter,

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[1] Boswell to Temple, Nov. 28, 1789.

[2] "Believe me, Sir, in all changes in the state moderation is a virtue not only amiable but powerful. . . . It is the virtue only of superior minds. It requires a deep courage, and full of reflection, to be temperate when the voice of multitudes (the specious enemies of fame and reputation) passes judgment against you. . . . Then to dare to be fearful, when all about you are full of presumption and confidence, and when those who are bold at the hazard of others would punish your caution as disaffection, is to show a mind prepared for its trial," &c. &c.—Burke's Letter to Dupont, Oct. 1789.

—his guest while he was writing them,—than to the passionate statesman himself.

Within a few days of Sir Joshua's return from Beaconsfield, curiously enough, I find him dining with Hastings. About this time important business occupied his attention—the erection of a monument to Johnson in Westminster Abbey. It was discussed at dinners, particularly at Boswell's and Malone's. I find Sir Joshua noting an engagement to Boswell on the 3rd of November, and again on the 19th. It is to the latter entertainment Boswell alludes in one of his letters to Temple:—"The week before last I indulged myself by giving one dinner. I had Wilkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flood the Irish orator, Malone, Courtenay, Governor Penn, grandson of old William, and who brought over the petition from Congress, which was obstinately and unwisely rejected, and my brother David. We had a very good day. Would I were but able to give many such dinners! Malone gives them without number. Last Sunday (29th) I dined with him, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Metcalfe, Mr. Windham, Mr. Courtenay, and young Mr. Burke, being a select number of Dr. Johnson's friends, to settle as to effectual measures for having a monument erected to him in Westminster Abbey. It is to be a whole-length statue of him by Bacon, which will cost 600*l.* Sir Joshua and Sir William Scott, his executors, are to send circular letters to a number of people, of whom we make a list, as supposing they will contribute. Several of us subscribed five guineas each; Sir Joshua and Metcalfe ten guineas each; Courtenay and young Burke two guineas each. Will you not be one of us, were it but for one guinea? We expect that the Bench of Bishops will be liberal, as he was the greatest supporter of the hierarchy. That venerable sound brings to my mind the ruffians of France who are attempting to destroy all order, ecclesiastical and civil. The present state of that country is an intellectual earthquake, a whirlwind, a mad insurrection, without any immediate cause; and therefore we see to what a horrible anarchy it tends. *I do not mean that the French ought not to have a Habeas Corpus Act, but I know nothing more they wanted.*"

In spite of failing eyesight Sir Joshua was still a diligent attendant at the Council and general meetings of the Academy, to which Mr. Hamilton was this year elected, filling the place vacated by Gainsborough's death. The deaths of Meyer and Zucarelli, two more of the original Academicians, diminished still further the President's ever-narrowing circle of contemporaries. On the 2nd of November, at the election of an Associate in place of Hamilton, Sawry Gilpin, the animal-painter, and Bonomi, an architect, patronized by Lord Aylesbury, and by him (it was said) earnestly recommended to the President, had an equal number of votes, when the President gave his casting vote for the Italian, in whom he expected the Academy would find a well-qualified person for the still vacant professorship of Perspective.

At the first meeting of the Council, held the day after the general meeting of the 10th of December, Mr. Edwards (foreseeing trouble in the wind about the teaching of Perspective) wrote, demanding permission to give one lecture on Perspective before the Academicians and Associates. He was willing to rest his success on the judgment of Mr. Thomas Sandby, Mr. Richards, Mr. Rooker, and Mr. Bonomi, and a fifth person out of the Academy, Mr. T. Malton, jun. He added that, as he considered this lecture as probationary only, he did not expect that the students should be present.

On this the Council resolved unanimously that whoever was a candidate to be an Academician, for the purpose of being hereafter Professor of Perspective, must produce a drawing, and that Mr. Edwards should be informed there would be an election of an Academician on the 10th of February next. We shall see in due time what occurred at this election, and its consequences to the President.

The last dinner-party list in the pocketbook for the year includes Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir J. Blaquière, Lord Carysfort, Lord Palmerston, Metcalfe, Lawrence (the civilian and friend of Burke), Boswell, and Malone. Though no entry of a sitter occurs after July, the dinner engagements are frequent. Malone, Sir W. Scott, Lord Lucan, the Bishop of London, Devaynes (the eminent apothecary), Pratt, John Kemble, Mr. Copley, Sir Joseph Banks, and Mr. Desenfans the picture-collector, are among the entertainers of the last two months of this year, the closing one of Sir Joshua's career as a painter.

List of Sitters in 1789.

January.

Children; Mr. Crawford.

February.

Mr. Home, or Hume; Miss Hume; Sir Abraham Hume; Mrs. Braddyll; Miss Roberts; girl and woman, models.

March.

Lord Rodney; Mrs. Armstead; Academy girl (model); Mr. Sheridan; Mr. Watson (model); Lord Vernon; Mrs. Jordan (once only, at 3, on the 23rd,—whether a call or a sitting?); Mrs. Billington; Mr. Weddell; Miss Towry; Master Hare; Lord and Lady de Clifford; Master Hervey.

April.

Master Braddyll; Sir J. Fleming; children (models).

May.

Lord Milton; Sir John Leicester; Mr. Tomkins; Miss Hervey; old man (model); Mr. Hatton; Prince of Wales; Lady Grey and children; Miss Harris; John Hunter.

June.

Lady Lovaine; Sir James Esdailė; Mr. Thompson; Mr. Crewe; Mr. Drummond Smith; Lord Rawdon.

July.

Lord Macartney; Miss Cox;[1] Lord Lansdowne; Lady Beauchamp;[2] Mr. Windham; children.

From this month no entries of sitters occur.

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[1] Was not this Miss Cocks, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Shortgrove, Essex, whose portrait, with her niece Miss Russell, afterwards Mrs. Domvile, is at Shortgrove, with the date 1790?

[2] On Monday, 13th July, there is an engagement at 4, to Mrs. Garrick, and a sitting at 10½, "for Miss ——" (? Russell, who sat with Miss Cocks). Opposite to this entry is written, "Prevented by my eye beginning to be obscured,"—not opposite to the name of Lady Beauchamp, whose sitting is fixed for 1, on Tuesday the 14th. The so-called facsimile of the page of the pocketbook given by Cotton is incorrect.

CHAPTER X.

1790—1792. ÆTAT. 67—69.

Letter to Sheridan about the St. Cecilia — Rupture with the Academy and resignation of Presidency — Bonomi's election — Farington's account of the quarrel — Sir Joshua's own account — Resumes the Presidency — Attends an execution, and is attacked in the papers for it — Fifteenth and last Discourse — Alarming accident — Burke's farewell quotation — (1791) Letters to the Countess of Upper Ossory — At Woburn and Ampthill — Northcote in a huff — Presses Lawrence's election — Dr. Johnson's statue — Offers his pictures to the Academy — Ralph's Exhibition — Correspondence with Gilpin on the Picturesque — The Academy subscription to Johnson's monument — Sits to Breda for his portrait for Swedish Academy — Dr. Parr's letters on inscription for Johnson's monument — Gradual failure of sight — Boswell and Barnard elected Honorary Officers of the Academy — (1792) Increasing illness — Miss Burney's last visit — Death — Burke's obituary notice — Preparations for the funeral — Ungraciousness of Chambers — The funeral — The will.

1790.—THE pocketbook for 1790 is the last of the series in Mr. Gwatkin's possession. It is full of engagements, but contains no appointments of sitters. Painting was now entirely abandoned, or, if ever the pencils were taken up, it was for some slight work in retouching an old master or one of his own portraits. He had many of these left on his hands; sometimes they were "failures," for which he had substituted others; but often such "failures" in the eyes of sitters or their relatives, were valued by the painter more than the pictures with which he had replaced them. In other cases these "remainders" were portraits commissioned but not paid for, and left on the painter's hands in the hope of a time, which never came, when payment could be conveniently made. It was, probably, this "impecuniosity" which had prevented Sheridan from claiming the beautiful "St. Cecilia." Now that Sheridan was in the full sunshine of the Prince's favour, he seems to have made a move towards a requisition of the picture; in response to which Sir Joshua wrote, with a touching allusion to the unexpected close of his labour as a painter.

"Leicester Fields, January 20, 1790.

"DEAR SIR,—I have, according to your orders, bespoke a very rich frame to be made for Mrs. Sheridan's picture. You will easily believe I have been often solicited to part with that picture and to fix a price on it, but to those solicitations I have always turned my deafest ear, well knowing that you would never give your consent, and without it I certainly should never part with it. I really value that picture at five hundred guineas. In the common course of business (exclusive of its being Mrs. Sheridan's picture) the price of a whole-length with two children would be three hundred; if therefore, from the consideration of your exclusive right to the picture, I charge one hundred and fifty guineas, I should hope you will think me a reasonable man. It is with great regret I part with the best picture I ever painted, for tho' I have every year hoped to paint better and better, and may truly say, *Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*, it has not been always the case. However, there is now an end of the pursuit; the race is over whether it is won or lost.

"I beg my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Sheridan.

"I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."[1]

Sheridan availed himself of Sir Joshua's liberal offer. After his death the picture became the property of Mr. Burgess, from whom it was purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and now forms one of the most precious ornaments of the Bowood Gallery.[2]

It was at this time, when Reynolds was weighed down by the sense of growing infirmities, and anticipating an old age, not only of enforced idleness, but of total blindness, that he received a slight at the hands of a majority of the Academicians which he felt and resented as, at the same time, a blow to the Institution.]

Malone has told the world that Sir Joshua was "driven from the chair of the Academy"—and Farington published his 'Life of Reynolds,' chiefly with a view to show that this was not the case. The circumstances on which Malone's assertion is founded occurred early this year, and are thus related by Farington.

"It happened that Mr. Bonomi, a native of Rome, and an ingenious architect, had placed his name on the list of candidates for the degree of Associate, from which rank of members the Academicians are elected. The name of Mr. Gilpin, an artist of high celebrity, was also on the list. At an assembly of Academicians to elect an Associate, the numbers on the ballot were equal, and the President gave the casting vote for Bonomi. Sir Joshua thought it necessary to apologise for the vote he had given, by saying that he had done it with a view to Mr. Bonomi being elected an Academician, in order that he might be appointed Professor of Perspective. The members present were surprised at the inconsistency of the President; and it was generally believed that he had been induced to depart from his usual delicacy on such occasions, by his respect for the Earl of Aylesford and some others who were the avowed patrons of Bonomi.

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[1] I owe this letter to the kindness of H. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P. for Dorchester.

[2] It was the first important picture-purchase made by Lord Lansdowne, and Reynolds continued his favourite master to the last.

"A vacancy of an Academic seat occurring soon after, Sir Joshua exerted his influence to obtain it for Mr. Bonomi; but Mr. Fuseli's name being on the list of Associates, a large majority of the members were decidedly of opinion that his professional ability in the highest line of the art, and highly-cultivated talents, entitled him to their votes.

"It has been stated above, that the Academicians are elected from the body of Associates, whose claims, being members, are supposed to be well known by their works; therefore, on the day of election, no new specimens of their talents are required or allowed to be produced; and, as this rule applies to the whole of the Associates, any single one of the number availing himself of such an expedient to influence the electors would be thought peculiarly indecorous. On the 10th of February, 1790, however, when the Academicians assembled for the purpose of electing a member, they were surprised to see a number of drawings, the work of Mr. Bonomi, prepared for their inspection. How they came there was not explained; but as the offensive novelty could not be permitted, they were immediately removed by vote, and the members proceeded to the ballot, which terminated in favour of Mr. Fuseli, who was elected by a great majority. The election being terminated, the President quitted the chair with evident signs of dissatisfaction.

"Although it became known that Sir Joshua Reynolds had calculated upon the success of Bonomi, and that he was mortified by the disappointment, nothing transpired till the 23rd of February, when that excellent man, who during twenty-one years had filled the chair of the Academy with honour to himself and the highest approbation of the Society, allowed an unjust resentment so far to get the better of his judgment as to announce his determination to resign the office. The following letter was on that day received by the Secretary:—

"'Leicester Fields, February 23, 1790.

"'SIR,—I beg you would inform the Council, which I understand meet this evening, with my fixed resolution of resigning the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and consequently my seat as an Academician. As I can no longer be of any use to the Academy as President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation. I therefore take my leave of the Academy, with my sincere good wishes for its prosperity, and with all due respect to its members.

"'I am, Sir, your most humble
"'and most obedient servant,
"'JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"'P.S.—Sir William Chambers has two letters of mine, either of which, or both, he is at full liberty to read to the Council.'

"At the meeting of the Council which followed, this letter from the President was the chief subject of deliberation. Another letter was also produced from Sir William Chambers to Sir Joshua Reynolds, written in consequence of an interview which the former had obtained of his Majesty, expressly, as it appeared, to inform him of what had occurred. Among other flattering marks of the Sovereign's favour the letter expressed 'that his Majesty would be happy in Sir Joshua's continuing in the President's chair.'

"Sir Joshua's letter to Sir William Chambers stated in effect, 'that he inferred his conduct must have been satisfactory to his Majesty, from the very gratifying way in which his royal pleasure had been declared; and that if any inducement could make him depart from his original resolution, the will of his Sovereign would prevail; but that, flattered by his Majesty's approval to the last, there could be nothing dishonourable in his resignation; and that, in addition to this determination, as he could not consistently hold the subordinate distinction of Royal Academician after he had so long possessed the chair, he begged also to relinquish that honour.'

"March 3rd a general assembly of Academicians was called, to confer on the event. The regret expressed by the members was general and sincere, and a vote immediately and unanimously passed, that 'the thanks of the Academy be given to Sir Joshua

Reynolds for the able and attentive manner in which he had so many years discharged his duty as President of the Society.' But as any endeavours on the part of the general body to soothe their late President appeared equally useless and improper, more especially as he had resisted the wish of the Sovereign, so graciously expressed, it was determined that a meeting should be shortly called to fill the vacancy which had thus unhappily occurred."

So far Farington.

I shall presently be able to lay before the reader Sir Joshua's account of the affair. Miss Palmer wrote about this time to her cousin Mr. Johnson of Calcutta, "There have lately been such cabals in the Academy, and they have proved themselves so very illiberal in some of their proceedings, that my uncle says it is not possible for him to continue a member of such a society any longer." She added that Sir Joshua was preparing for publication an account of the causes of his resignation.

It may readily be supposed that the newspapers were filled with attacks both on Sir Joshua and the Academy, all written in much ignorance of the conduct of either. From his friends Reynolds received more than one poetic address. The best of these was from Lord Carlisle, beginning,—

"Too wise for contest, and too meek for strife,
Like Lear, oppress'd by those you rais'd to life,
Thy sceptre broken, thy dominion o'er,
The curtain falls, and thou art King no more."

After taking a view of the state of British art from the time when "Vandyke and Rubens" had

"Cheered our northern night,"

to the advent of Reynolds, the poem concludes with an exhortation, and a prophecy which proved a true one :—

> "Desert not then thy sons, those sons who soon
> Will mourn with me, and all their error own.
> Thou must excuse that raging fire, the same
> Which lights the daily course to endless fame,
> Alas! impels them thoughtless far to stray
> From filial love and Reason's sober sway.
> Accept again thy pow'r—resume the chair—
> Nor leave it till you place an equal there!"

Miss Gwatkin has been so good as to place in my hands all her great-uncle's papers relating to his resignation. They consist of no one complete account, but of fragments more or less hastily written, all showing how acutely he felt his separation from the Academy. I have transcribed as exactly as possible (for some parts are not distinctly legible) as much of these papers as is necessary to explain his own view of what had happened, supplying punctuation where he has neglected it, and correcting the orthography of two or three words. The literary reputation of Reynolds will not, I am persuaded, suffer from these very rough drafts, all evidently written in haste, and some probably scribbled in sleepless nights. Mr. Forster has given us an ungrammatical letter written by Goldsmith while in a state of great uneasiness of mind, and with a misspelt indorsement by Garrick, to whom it is addressed. [Orthography and punctuation, it should be remembered, were laxly regarded in those days, even by men of culture.] The most connected portion of these papers consists of twelve pages stitched together, and endorsed on the back of the last page, "Satisfaction in the matter of Bonomi and the resignation of the President's chair."

[They are evidently memoranda for an account intended for publication, and in no sense finished, changing freely from the first to the third person, and reading, in parts, like notes of speeches intended for the Council meeting.]

After a preamble, in which Sir Joshua states that it has been suggested by his friends that he should lay a fair account of the cause of his resignation before the public, he says:—

"To do this it is necessary to go back a few years to the original cause of this dissension among the Academicians.

"Years ago the Academy lost its Professor of Perspective, Mr. Wale. To fill this office, no candidate voluntarily appearing, the President personally applied to those Academicians whom he thought qualified, and particularly to Mr. P. Sanby and Mr. Richards, begging them to accept the place, and save the Academy from the disgraceful appearance of there not being any member in it capable of filling this office, or that they were too indolent to undertake its duty. My solicitations were in vain. A Council was then called to deliberate what was to be done. Sir William Chambers proposed that as, from the orders in our Institution, the Professor must be an Academician (*he recommended that*),[1] we should endeavour to find out some person, out of the Academy, properly qualified, and elect him an Academician expressly for that purpose; and I remember his adding that it was the custom so to do in the French Academy. This method of proceeding was adopted, but no person so qualified occurring to the Council, nothing more was done for the present.

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[1] The words in italics should be omitted in reading.

"At a succeeding Council I proposed Mr. Bonomi. Mr. Edwards, an Associate, was likewise proposed. It was then hinted with great propriety by our late Secretary, Mr. Newton, that he apprehended we should think it necessary that the candidates should produce specimens of their abilities. We all acquiesced in this opinion. I acquainted Mr. Bonomi of what the Council required, and Mr. Edwards's friends gave the same information to him.

"The President soon after received a letter from Mr. Edwards, in which he proposes himself as a candidate, but [says][1] that, if specimens are required, he is past being a boy and shall produce none. Mr. Bonomi sent his specimen to the Exhibition, which was a perspective drawing of his own invention of Lord Lansdowne's library.

"At the following general meeting for the election of an Associate, the President reminded the Academicians that the Professorship of Perspective was still vacant, and that Mr. Bonomi was on the list of candidates to be an Associate, with a view particularly to fill that office; that as they had seen his specimen at the Exhibition, they were to judge whether or not he was qualified for the place he solicited; he carefully avoiding to utter a single word in his commendation. When the President sat down, Mr. T. Sanby, the Professor of Architecture, without being called upon by the President or any one else, rose and said he did not know Mr. Bonomi, having never seen him in his life; but, judging from the drawing at the Exhibition, he thought him eminently qualified to be Professor of Perspective to the Academy.

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[1] The words in brackets are supplied to complete the sense.

"Notwithstanding this high authority in his favour, Mr. Bonomi was not elected an Associate. . . . .

"They were now of opinion that Perspective might be better taught by lecture than by example. His[1] friends advised him, therefore, to write to the Council *to demand* the liberty of giving a lecture[2] instead of a specimen. This he did accordingly, and his friends supported an opinion that a man shows his abilities better by a lecture than by drawing, better by being able to talk than being able to do. . . . . I would ask one of this party whether, if he was to put his son an apprentice, he would choose for his master the man who was able to execute great works or the man who was able to talk about it. [I would have had them consider] That the students were our children, and it was our duty to provide for them the best of masters, and not to make that wretched conclusion that, because a man was excellent in works, he therefore is deficient in teaching. . . .

"At a succeeding election of Associates, Mr. Bonomi wished to decline being any longer a candidate.[3]

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[1] Edwards's.

[2] This would give him an advantage, as an Associate, over Bonomi; who not being one, could not be permitted to give a lecture, and therefore would be entirely excluded from any competition, while Reynolds's plan of competing by drawings would not exclude Edwards. The Council very properly refused the "*demand.*"

[3] The following note, addressed by Sir Joshua to Bonomi, is dated "July 2nd, 1787." The misfortune to which there is an allusion in it was a broken arm, occasioned by the overturn of a carriage.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds presents his compliments to Mr. Bonhomme, and is very sorry that his engagements have prevented him from calling on him since his misfortune. He hopes to hear from himself that he is nearly recovered.

"The business of this note is

"I pressed him to continue his name on the list; [said] that I would speak more fully upon the business at the next election than I had hitherto done, and that if I failed I never would ask him again. Accordingly, at the next election following, the President, after mentioning that Mr. Bonomi was again a candidate, complained of the little attention that had been hitherto paid to the filling the chair of the Professor of Perspective; that it was full as disagreeable to him to drop counsel in unwilling ears as it was irksome to them to hear it. That nothing but a sense of duty could make him persevere as he had done for these five years past at every election, continually recommending them to fill this place; that it would continue to be his duty at every future election, and begged them to relieve him of this disagreeable task, and for once to set aside their friends, or even candidates of the greatest merit in other respects, and give their vote to the general interest and honour of the Academy; in short, to make the Academy itself whole and complete before they thought of its ornaments. That it could not be questioned that it was as much his duty as President and Superintendent to preserve and keep the Academy in repair, as it was the duty of Sir William Chambers, when a pillar of the Academy was decayed,

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principally to desire that he would once more become a candidate to be an Associate of the Academy, when he hopes to be able to convince the Academicians of the propriety and even necessity of electing him an Associate, and consequently an Academician, &c.

"If he has not yet subscribed his name, he begs he would do it immediately, as the time for subscribing is nearly elapsed."

In copying this note, I have retained Sir Joshua's mode of spelling Bonomi's name, which is "Bonhomme," both in the letter and address.

to supply the deficiency with a new one. Sir William Chambers he acknowledged had one great advantage; by his *fiat* the business was done at once, whereas the President had been five years ineffectually recommending the Academicians to do what was certainly as much their duty [to do] as it was the duty of the President to propose. He concluded this part of his discourse by exhorting them to save an infant Academy from the disgraceful appearance of expiring with the decrepitude of neglected old age.

"It is necessary here to mention that the President had been informed that there was a party in the Academy who had resolved that Mr. Edwards, who was already an Associate, should be the Professor, whether he did or did not produce a specimen, and that they were resolved to unite in their votes in favour of any one of the candidates, to prevent Bonomi from standing upon the same ground with Mr. Edwards. For this end, they fixed their eyes on Mr. Gilpin, an artist of acknowledged merit, and certainly deserving their suffrages; but it may be suspected that it was not to his merit (at present), but to a faction (in which he most certainly had no concern), he was indebted for an equal number of votes with Bonomi. It became, then, a very irksome task for the President to be obliged to give the casting vote against him, whom he would be glad to have favoured upon any other occasion.

"The President, therefore, took this opportunity of expatiating on the propriety, and even the necessity, of the candidates, whoever they were, producing specimens of their abilities; and when those were before them [he hoped] that they would give their vote in favour of the most able artist, uninfluenced by friendship, country, or any other motive but merit. That the honour of the Academy depended upon the reputation of its members for genius and abilities. He reprobated the idea which had been adopted, as he had been informed, by many Academicians, that great abilities, or being able to produce splendid drawings, were not necessary. Such sentiments, he said, might be excused if we were electing a person to teach Perspective in one of those boarding-schools about London which are dignified by the name of academies; but to be able to do 'well enough' was not the character of a Professor to a Royal Academy, which required its ornaments and decorations as well as what was merely necessary. That the highly ornamented ceiling of the room in which we were then assembled sufficiently shows that Sir William Chambers thought (and he thought justly) that something more than what was merely necessary was required to a Royal Academy. . . .

"He reminded them of the promise and the engagement they entered into when they first received their diploma, that they would do everything in their power for the honour and interest of the Academy: [pointed out] that no private friendship, or even near relation, should outweigh the duty and obligation which they owed to the society; that friendship, however valuable, was likely, from what he had observed, to be the bane of the Academy; that the Academicians, when they voted for a member, should consider themselves as judges on the bench; and as *their* decisions are influenced by justice alone, an Academician's vote should be biassed solely by merit. He took notice of what a member had said, or more properly blabbed, to the Council, that the vote he had given for Mr. Bonomi's antagonist, he did not give according to his own ideas of rectitude; but that he had been solicited and had promised, and he thought it his duty to fulfil his promise. The President argued that those promises which were made inadvertently, and which were afterwards found to be contrary to general duty and previous engagement and promises made to the society to which a man belongs, ought not to be kept, and added, he would absolve them from such an obligation. This discourse had an effect sufficient to ensure the election of Mr. B.

"At this advantage acquired by Mr. B.—that of his being on the same ground with Mr. Edwards, both being now Associates—the friends of Mr. Edwards were in the most violent rage, and accused themselves of want of precaution in not bringing together the whole party on that day. Their activity was now exerted to the utmost; their own private business totally neglected for the public service; by various pretences, which I shall presently have occasion to mention, they boasted of having secured a majority in favour of Mr. Edwards to be an Academician at the next election. . . . .

"Mr. Edwards having been informed of the day he was to send his specimen, the President thought it his duty to inform Mr. Bonomi that his drawings might be sent to the Academy on the 10th of February. The President had reason to expect he should find Mr. Edwards's specimens at the Academy on that day, if he had not received a letter from Sir William Chambers on February 7, three days before the election, by which he was informed that the business of filling up the vacancy and chair of the Professor was to be entirely relinquished, notwithstanding it was so far advanced; *that he had 'heartily joined in opinion with much the greater number of our members, who are convinced that no such election* (meaning [that of] the Professor) *can be necessary,'* and [he] added, 'as far as I am able to judge, there appear other names in the list of Associates better qualified to serve the Academy in its highest station, and one of these shall certainly have my voice.'

"It must be remarked that Sir William means, by the highest station, a simple Academician, and thinks that any one qualified in all points to be an Academician would never condescend to teach an inferior and mechanic branch of art.[1]

"Sir William formerly joined in opinion with the President, that heaven and earth ought to be moved to fill this place, and to prevent an Academy in its infancy having the appearance of decay, or neglected being kept in repair [neglect of repairs]. He now tells the President, in a letter, that the business is now not only to be postponed, but the plan of having a Professor at all abandoned altogether. *That Perspective will be much better taught while left, as now, in the hands of an ingenious Associate,* or even in the hands of a stranger, duly qualified.

"Sir William, in this letter using the plural (we), marked sufficiently that he had enlisted himself under the banner of this resolute partisan, Mr. Tyler, who had courage to dare anything, to brow-beat the President in his chair; and, I am sorry to add, Sir William held up his hand to support the motion which this daring man made.

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[1] Turner did, however, *condescend* to become the Professor of Perspective.

"In a previous letter to this (February 3rd), Sir W. Chambers had, I confess, irritated me a little by thinking proper to reprimand me for having given, what he called, a charge to the Academicians. The electors being all competent judges of the business before them, a charge from the President could hardly be deemed necessary, and must have been as unpleasing to those who had the right to elect, as injurious to all who had the chance of being elected. That some cat I had inadvertently let out of the bag at the last general meeting has so offended W. C. What this cat alluded to I desired an explanation, but got no other answer than that 'it was really a very innocent beast let out of the bag carelessly.' As to their being competent judges, I never disputed; but I still thought it necessary that those judges should have materials [for judgment] before [them]."[1]

"The first objection made against Mr. Bonomi was that he was a foreigner (which indeed could not be denied). This extraordinary objection was first started by Sir William Chambers in council. He asked the President in a peevish tone, why he would persevere in favour of this foreigner; that 'it will appear to the world as if no Englishman could be found capable of filling a professor's chair.' This speech I heard with great surprise, and I confess with some indignation, in hearing a sentiment which appeared to me so illiberal, and so unworthy the person it came from, added to the impudence of insinuating such an aversion to foreigners in the presence of Mr. Rigaud, who was then one of the Council. My anxiety for his feeling on this occasion is indeed the cause of its being impressed on my remembrance that he was present at this meeting of the Council.

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[1] The passage immediately following this is so confused by interlineations as to be unintelligible.

"This idea about foreigners meeting with congenial minds, and acquiring strength from the authority of Sir William, they now openly avowed sentiments which before they felt some shame publicly to acknowledge, and which were smothered under an awkward suspicion of their illiberality. I took an opportunity, at a general meeting, to endeavour to do away this prejudice against foreigners: that it was an idea but just now adopted by some Academies, but that it was by no means acknowledged in the laws and principles of our institution, as appears by our having already received into the Academy six [foreign] Academicians;[1] that our Royal Academy, with great propriety, makes no distinction between natives and foreigners; that it was not our business to examine where [a] genius was born before he was admitted into our society; it was sufficient that the candidate had merit; that the candidate Bonomi was not a temporary sojourner amongst us, having resided here twenty-five years, and [being] master of the English language. I might have added, that he probably has been in England as many years as Sir William Chambers himself before he was an Academician. How many years Sir William has been in England I never was informed.[1]

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[1] All that the Academy has ever required is that its members should be resident in Great Britain.

"The chief argument used for not admitting foreigners into the Academy was that it would be no longer an English Academy. I combated this opinion likewise with every argument that I could suggest. I reminded the Academicians that, if anything was to be inferred from a single instance, our neighbours the French behaved with more liberality and good sense. When I was in Paris, about twenty years ago, I dined with the Director of the Gobelins, who was a Scotchman. On this manufacture, we all know, the French plume themselves as much as upon their Academy.

"Though this aversion to a foreigner may be justly suspected still to lurk in the bosoms of our Royal Academicians, yet it is kept under and uttered only in a whisper. I take, therefore, so much credit to myself, that the Academy has not been basely disgraced by any act founded upon an open avowal of such illiberal opinions.

"The speech of Sir William, relating to foreigners, sufficiently explains his uniform opposition to Bonomi. In a letter from Sir William, he says he had no partiality for anybody else. He was for any. . . .

"The catch-word 'foreigner' was now no longer considered as an ostensible reason for opposition to B.; and in its place was substituted another, that it was notoriously known that Bonomi was under the patronage and protection of a noble earl, for whom I have too great respect to mention his name upon this trivial occasion.[1] This, as well as his being a foreigner, was but too true, and has never been denied; but what, in the name of goodness, would these gentlemen be at? To be serious, is it to be a fixed principle with the members of the Academy to set their faces against every artist that has had the good fortune to find a patron? to renounce a candidate for any office of the Academy of whom any man thinks well? The first intelligence which I had of this new reason of opposition to Mr. Bonomi, that he was patronized by a nobleman, I received in a letter by Sir William Chambers. He begins with these words . . . . . [2] which to me were then totally incomprehensible, nor did I know but by inquiry what was alluded to by those extraordinary sentences, or how they affected me.[3] . . . .

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[1] Sir William Chambers was born at Stockholm; of English parents, however. I have retained this paragraph, though in the MS. Sir Joshua has drawn his pen through it.

"When the 10th of February arrived I went to the Academy, prepared by Sir William's letter to meet with a formidable opposition. I hoped, however, I should be able to persuade the majority not to relinquish a business which they themselves had taken up and so far advanced. When I entered the Academy I began to change my opinion. A greater number than ever appeared. I suspected that this number was not in my favour, but opposite. The whole appearance was new to me. Instead of the members, as usual, straggling about the room, they were already seated in perfect order, and with the most profound silence. I went directly to the Chair, and, looking round for the candidates' drawings, I at last spied those of Mr. Bonomi thrust in the darkest corner at the farthest end of the room. I then desired the Secretary to place them on the side tables where they might be seen. He, at first, appeared not to hear me. I repeated my request. He then rose, and in a sluggish manner walked to the other end of the room (passing the drawings), rung the bell, and then stood, with his arms folded, in the middle of the room. Observing this extraordinary conduct of the Secretary, I rose from my seat and took one of the drawings in my hand, and a ——[1] took the other, and placed them on the tables, the Secretary, who has thought proper to join the party, which in reality may be called, in regard to him [that of] rebellion, not deigning to touch them; he only said he had rung the bell for the servant, which servant, it is curious to remark (as it shows the rude spirit and gross manners of this cabal), was to mount that long flight of steps in order to move two drawings from one side of the room to the other.

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[1] The allusion (as we know from Farington) was to Sir Joshua's steady friend, Lord Aylesford.

[2] The words are not given.

[3] Here follow two lines with the pen drawn through them, and quite illegible.

"The drawings were now placed where they could be seen, though no Academician, except Mr. T. Sanby, deigned to rise from his seat to look at them. The President, having resumed his seat, opened the business of their meeting: that it was to choose an Academician in the room of Mr. Meyer; that he should not now take up their time by repeating what he had so often recommended; that they would put aside every candidate and turn their eyes on him who was qualified and willing to accept of the office of Professor of Perspective, which had been vacant so many years, to the great disgrace of the Academy: that Mr. Bonomi's rival, by not sending to the Academy a specimen of his abilities, appeared to have declined the contest. He hoped, he confessed, rather than expected, that the votes, for the honour of the Academy, would be unanimous on this occasion. The question before them, ay or no, is,—'Is the author of those drawings, which are on the table, qualified or not qualified for the office he solicits?'

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[1] Probably "a servant."

"As soon as the President sat down, Mr. Tyler, an Academician,—who is, and has been long considered as the spokesman of the party,—demanded who ordered those drawings to be sent to the Academy. The President answered it was by his order. He asked a second time in a still more peremptory tone. The President said, 'I did:'—'I move that they be sent out (or turned out) of the room. Does any one second this motion?' Mr. Barry rose with great indignation; says he, 'Nobody can be found so lost to all shame as to dare to second so infamous a motion. Drawings that would do honour to the greatest Academy in the world,' &c. He said much more with great vehemence.[1]

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[1] I am indebted to Mr. Ignatius Bonomi for a sight of these two drawings, by his father; and it appears to me they fully deserve the praise of Barry.

The largest is of a saloon in the house of Mrs. Montagu in Portman Square, and the other is the library at Lansdowne House, both designed by Bonomi. I have seen also a very beautiful design by him for a gallery at Townley Hall, Lancashire, for the marbles now in the British Museum. It was most admirably adapted for the purpose, being circular, with the light descending from the centre of

"Mr. Banks, with great quietness, seconded the motion. On the show of hands a great majority appeared for their expulsion. The President then rose to explain to them the propriety of Mr. Bonomi's drawings being there with Mr. Edwards's, which were expected and ordered by the Council; but he was interrupted from various quarters—'that the business was over: they would hear no explanation: it was irregular,' Mr. Copley said, 'to talk upon business that was past and determined.' The President acquiesced, and they proceeded to the election, when Mr. Fuseli,[1] a very inge-

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a vaulted roof, and the walls painted with great taste of colour, in the manner of the antique mural decorations.

Bonomi came to England in 1767, on an invitation from the brothers R. and J. Adam, with whom he remained several years. It is said that his perfect knowledge of perspective conduced to his subsequent success. His abilities were so well known in his native country, that, while in England, he received an honorary diploma constituting him architect to St. Peter's at Rome.[*] He was chiefly employed, in England, by noblemen and gentlemen, as the architect of their country seats; his principal work being the villa of the Duke of Argyle at Roseneath.

Barry was well requited for the warmth with which he advocated the cause of Bonomi. Sixteen years after he had spoken for him in the Academy, and in the winter season, he was seized with an illness, at an eating-house, where he usually dined. He was carried by a friend in a hackney-coach to his own miserable dwelling, where it was his habit to let himself in, as he kept no servant. Fortunately, however, the keyhole of the door had been so plugged with pebbles and dirt by the boys in the neighbourhood, with whom he was a marked man, that an entrance could not be gained, and he was taken to the house of Bonomi who was his near neighbour. He died there, sixteen days after the first attack, during which time he was attended, with every possible care, by Mr. and Mrs. Bonomi, and surrounded by comforts which no friendship could have supplied to him in his own desolate house. Are such occurrences to be called chances?

[1] Fuseli had always been treated with great kindness by Reynolds, who indeed had urged him to become a member of the Academy before he offered himself as a candidate for the Associateship. This is related by Fuseli himself, who goes on to say that he called on Sir Joshua to solicit his vote (though this could only be a casting vote), and that Reynolds said, "Were you my brother, I could not serve you on this occasion; for I think it not only expedient, but highly necessary for the good of the Academy, that Mr. Bonomi should be elected," and

nious artist but no candidate for the Professor's chair, was elected an Academician by a majority of twenty-two against eight.[1] The next morning the President resigned, by letter to the Academy, both his presidency and his seat as an Academician. . . .

"I had the honour of receiving the thanks[2] of the Academy *for the able and attentive manner* in which I had discharged my duty. But, as if some demon still preserved his influence in this society, that nothing should be rightly done, those thanks were not signed by the Chairman, according to regulation, but by the Secretary alone; and sent to the President in the manner of a common note, closed with a wafer, and without even an envelope, and presented to the President by the hands of the common errand-boy of the Academy,

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he added, "on another vacancy you shall have my support."

It is curious that the party who had objected to Bonomi that he was a foreigner, elected the Swiss Fuseli; but they knew that their only chance of success was by choosing the best candidate on the list. Time has proved how groundless was their fear of undue foreign influence in the Academy; Fuseli was the last foreigner elected, till the election of Baron Marochetti as an Associate. On the other hand, it may be noticed, how little Reynolds foresaw that in opposing Fuseli he was opposing a man destined to become the most valuable of all the Academy's Professors, whose Lectures were to find as many readers as his own admirable Discourses.

[1] In the Academy archives there is an entry of a double ballot: the first gives 49 for Fuseli, and 8 for Bonomi; the second, for Fuseli 21, for Bonomi 9.

[2] Passed at the general meeting of the 3rd of March. At this meeting Barry proposed a question relating to Sir Joshua's resignation; but on the motion of Mr. Tyler the question was not put, and the thanks of the Academy to their late President were moved instead; with the addition, that the resolution be sent to Sir Joshua in the name of the Academy, signed by the Secretary. Sir W. Chambers having quitted the chair, Mr. Tyler moved a vote of thanks to Sir William, "for the very ingenuous manner in which he has conducted the negotiation between himself and Sir Joshua Reynolds for resuming the office of President." A meeting was resolved on for the 13th to elect a new President, and Copley made a final motion for a vote of thanks to Sir W. Chambers, "for his very honourable and disinterested conduct during the transactions of the evening."

not as a resolution, but 'the Secretary was desired (only) to inform.'[1] Whether this was studied neglect or ignorance of propriety, I have no means of knowing; but so much at least may be discovered, that the persons who have now taken upon themselves the direction of a Royal Academy, are as little versed in the requisites of civil intercourse as they appear to be unknowing of the more substantial interest and true honour of that society of which they are members."

In other fragments, which appear to be notes for speeches to the Council, Sir Joshua writes:—

"That is, since Mr. Edwards is obliged to relinquish his pretensions of being a candidate by the unlucky necessity of producing a specimen, we are resolved that nobody else shall be Professor, nay *even a candidate*, as appears from the disgraceful manner in which Mr. Bonomi's drawings were turned out of the Academy.[2]

"Not only those drawings, which are of his own invention, show him to be an able architect: there are, if Sir William will take the trouble to inquire, other works of his,—real buildings, done from his designs, and under his direction,—which put him, I apprehend, upon the first class in his profession as an architect, at least qualified to be an Academician on that ground, and from which his additional knowledge of perspect ve ought, so far from excluding [to be the very best reason for his election]." . . . . .

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[1] "And to make this motion still more ridiculous, it was made by Mr. Tyler, and seconded by Mr. Banks."

[2] On the day on which Sir Joshua resigned the chair, he wrote to Bonomi, expressing, in very strong language, his sense of the proceedings in the Academy on the previous night, and adding,—

"I should be glad to have in my house for a few days those two drawings, or one of them, when it is convenient for you to spare it, as a full vindication to my friends of the merit which I recommended.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. REYNOLDS.

"Leicester Fields, February 11, 1790."

The following seem to be notes for the preparation of his appeal to the public.

"I beg leave to guard myself against its being said hereafter, that I retired from the Academy in disgust, because I could not bring the majority of the Academy to adopt my opinion; I would *assist* a matter of opinion from duty—it is the *duty* of the Academy to vote for the filling this place, and the President's to endeavour to put in force the laws of the institution.

"I cannot conclude without obviating a suspicion that I think will naturally arise in every reader's mind, that something is still concealed, that an implicit confidence ought not to be granted to him who tells his own story. A great majority of any society cannot be imagined so preposterously to unite in opposing the interest of that society, to treat their principal officer with unprovoked insolence, setting their face against the admission into the Academy of acknowledged genius and abilities, not even suffering it to remain in their presence. Can it be conceived [they would have acted thus], unless their passions were irritated by some overbearing tyrannical conduct in the President, so that it was irksome to them to do even their duty, under such circumstances? *Such a successful rebellion loses its name and is stampt with the sanction of lawful reformation.*[1] It may be thought that it is a violent assumption to suppose that the most distinguished names in the Academy, men of high reputation, should be incited by the most inconsiderable members, who perhaps had no other object (at first) in view than to elevate themselves into some consequence in the Academy, conscious of their own nothingness out of it.

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[1] The passage in italics is erased.

"I must leave the respectable Academicians to account for their own conduct. I have naturally turned my thoughts to endeavouring to investigate their motives; how such a majority could be incited to take so active a part in this business; for it was not a lukewarm opposition to Bonomi, as appears from members being sent for twenty miles distance, and [from] the presence of others who had not attended for many years till called upon by this great occasion; and justice to them obliges me to add the authority they acquired by being able to add the name of Sir W. C. to their party, who nobody can suppose not to have the interest of the Academy at heart, from whose interference it owes in a great measure its existence, and from . . . . . By this statement, no doubt, appearances are against the President. He cannot reasonably expect such perfect confidence from the world in his favour—[that] like Uriel[1] he only is

'——— faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he,
Among innumerable false. . . . .'

—This is too much to be allowed to humanity. Such indulgences would imply an unwarranted partiality to the President."[2]

I have not found any continuation of this part of the subject. The party opposed to Reynolds, by whatever arts it had been swelled to a large majority, was no doubt held together by the impression that he aimed at turning the Presidency into a Dictatorship. It is not surprising, then, that the great benefits he had conferred on the Academy should be forgotten or set aside, even by the most respectable men who were now opposed to him; and that they should conceive it to be their paramount duty to maintain the independence of its members. Banks, whose conduct throughout his whole life was above the suspicion of an unworthy motive, may be considered as the Brutus of the conspiracy. He could have no personal enmity towards Reynolds, who had been among the first to acknowledge his genius, and had always treated him with kindness. Sir Joshua, however, makes no remark on the conduct of Banks, who had probably been always consistent in his opposition to his views respecting the Professorship; but he seems to have felt deeply what he must have considered the apostasy of his old friend Sir William Chambers, who had been the first to propose the plan which brought Bonomi into the field.

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[1] Abdiel. The mistake is among the many indications of haste.

[2] This was precisely Gibbon's inference. He wrote to Sir Joshua:—

"Lausanne.

"I hear you have had a quarrel with your Academicians. Fools as they are! for such is the tyranny of character, that no one will believe your enemies can be in the right."

The following two letters to Sir William Chambers (mentioned by Farington) were written after Sir Joshua's letter of resignation (received 23rd February), and after the King had expressed his wish that he should resume the Presidency.

"SIR,—I find that the causes of my resigning the Presidency of the Royal Academy have been grossly, and, as I conceive, from very unjustifiable motives, misrepresented. I am indifferent about the opinion of such people as I know to be as injudicious as the spreaders of the reports are malicious. But I should be deeply concerned if my Sovereign, the Patron of the Academy, under whose auspicious patronage it has so long flourished, could be prevailed on to conceive me, for one moment, or in one instance, insensible to the gracious and condescending message which his Majesty has been pleased to send through you. I received it with the most profound respect and the warmest gratitude, as a consolation of my retreat, and the greatest honour of my life. His Majesty, by expressing his desire for my continuance, has borne a testimony to my good intentions for his service as President of his Academy. This is a full and final sentence on the representations of those who described me as capable of abusing a very small portion of authority, in, comparatively, small concerns, in order to gratify my own irregular and feeble passions. . . .

"I thought that the Professors' chairs ought to be filled by persons skilful in the branch of art which they professed, and by those only. . . .

"The Academy thought differently from me, and probably upon better grounds. I submitted to their judgment, and resigned.

"I am confident that his Majesty, a sovereign equally distinguished for his justice and his benevolence, will graciously condescend to receive the humble apology of any person whose conduct is in question, and who has the most inconsiderable relation to his service, and who has all his life, and will be for what remains of it, most dutifully sensible of all the distinctions and honours received from his Majesty's goodness.

"I have the honour to be,

"J. REYNOLDS."

This was enclosed in the following:—

"DEAR SIR,—I send you a letter which I had just written before you returned my last. I wrote that letter (which I now enclose) because I wished to express with more clearness my motives for declining the Presidency. I request that you will do me the justice to lay it before his Majesty. Hitherto our correspondence related to the Presidency only. Your last letter to me conveys your desire that, though I have been driven from the chair of Presidency, I may still continue a member of the Academy. If I could be of no service as President (as you know I could not), I am yet to learn what service I can do in the character of a simple Academician. That character, too, will be rendered still more ineffectual by the little attention paid to my wishes for the honour of the Academy, when I was in a situation of more importance. You think it a sacrifice due to the King's condescension and to my own character: that it will please his Majesty, and obviate conclusions and aspersions which might prove disagreeable to me. The only one of these motives which could have any weight with me is your opinion that it would please his Majesty. But, if I think myself in honour and conscience obliged, with all gratitude and humility, to decline the honour of Presidency when his Majesty has most graciously condescended to desire I would continue in it, I beg you to consider what reasons I can have for continuing a private member. In my opinion it must give his Majesty and the world a poor notion of my discretion, and of my zeal for his service in my humble walk. That it will be a sacrifice to my character is extraordinary indeed. What my character, in any light, will gain by declining the honours of the Academy, and continuing in a subordinate station, you best understand; I do not. If you mean by character my moral character, I hope it stands in no need of sacrifices. 'That it will obviate aspersions:'—I must, to satisfy you upon this point, beg leave to remind you of what you have said, 'that you have known me for forty years.' In that time you may have known (or you ought not to have continued my acquaintance so long) that I am in a state of reputation [to defy] unfounded aspersions; and if I had no other reason for quitting than to prove to you, and those who may join with you in this kind of threat, that I am not to be moved with fear of those aspersions, I would instantly resign if I had not before resolved on it. That this sacrifice will obviate conclusions that might prove] disagreeable to me, cannot have much more weight upon my mind. If the natural conclusion be drawn, it will be this, that I do not approve of the method of choosing members of the Academy to places in it without the fair mode of competition: that I did not like the method of turning out, with scorn and every mark of personal ill-will and ill-manners to myself, works that are the [titles] of the candidate to the place he solicits, and which did honour to the Academy. If this conclusion be drawn, it is a conclusion to which I can have no objection. It is the only conclusion I would have drawn from my retreat. I do not wish to remain in the Academy to countenance a direct opposite conclusion, which is, that my resignation of the Presidency was, as you are pleased to think this my present resignation, from motives disrespectful to the Patron and revengeful to the members of the Academy, when in reality it was done on account of your departure from the most essential rules of the Academy, without the observance of which the choice to officers in the Academy, and to the rank of Academicians itself, must in future become a matter of party and cabal, and not of open and honourable competition."

The following protest was signed by the minority who supported Reynolds on this occasion:—

"We, whose names are underwritten, think it incumbent on us, as paying the due respect we owe to ourselves and our characters, in the most public manner to declare that we disapproved, and do now disapprove, of the conduct of the majority of the Academicians on the 10th of February last past; and that we join in opinion with the President, that it is disgraceful to the Academy that the chair of the Professor of Perspective should have remained so many years vacant; and that the President has been at former elections, and was then, doing his duty in persuading the Academicians to put aside all other candidates, and elect him who was qualified to fill the vacant Professorship; and more especially, as they had at a former meeting elected Mr. Bonomi to the rank of Associate, as a preparatory step to his being a candidate for the abovementioned office; and that the President's recommendation of so able an artist as Mr. Bonomi for this purpose was laudable, as it implied a careful superintendency over the honour and interest, and, we may add, the existence of the Academy. And they are further of opinion, that the President would not have done his duty if he had not (according to the implied order of the Council) desired Mr. Bonomi to send specimens of his abilities for the inspection of the Academicians. They therefore disapprove, in the highest degree, the ordering the specimens of Mr. Bonomi (the then only candidate, Mr. Edwards having declined) to be sent out of the room. And they conceive that the irregularity of this proceeding was much aggravated by its having the appearance of offering an unprovoked and unmerited personal insult to the President, from whose performances the Arts have received so much honour, and from whose services the Academy has received so many important benefits.

"THOMAS SANDBY. JAMES BARRY, Prof. P., R.A.
JOHN OPIE, R.A.
JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.
J. F. RIGAUD, R.A., Visitor.
JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.
JOHAN ZOFFANIJ."

A meeting of the Academicians was called for the 13th of March, and Farington tells us that, "still moved by an anxious desire to conciliate their President, as far as it was possible, consistent with the respect due to themselves and the institution, it was 'resolved, that upon inquiry it is the opinion of this meeting that the President acted in conformity with the intention of the Council in directing Mr. Bonomi to send in a drawing or drawings to the general meeting, to evince his being qualified for the office of Professor of Perspective; but that the general meeting not having been informed of this new regulation of the Council, nor having consented to it as the laws of the Academy direct,[1] the generality of the assembly judged their introduction irregular, and consequently voted for their being withdrawn.'

"This resolution was succeeded by another [moved by Copley, and seconded by T. Sanby], namely, 'that Sir Joshua Reynolds's declared objection to his resuming the chair being done away, a committee be appointed to wait on Sir Joshua Reynolds, requesting him that in obedience to the gracious desires of his Majesty, and in compliance with the wishes of the Academy, he would withdraw his letter of resignation.'

"It was then determined that these resolutions should be communicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds by the following members, namely, Messrs. West, Copley, Farington, T. Sanby, Bacon, Cosway, Catton, and the Secretary."

The delegates accordingly waited upon Sir Joshua, who received them with evident marks of satisfaction. They read to him the resolutions of the Academy, and stated to him their own and the general wish of the members that he would reconsider his determination, and resume his situation as President of an institution of which his talents had been so long an essential support. Sir Joshua expressed his gratitude for this honourable proceeding towards him, and said he should with great pleasure accede to their wishes. He then invited the Committee to dine with him that day, in order to convince them that he returned with sentiments of the most cordial amity.

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[1] It will here be understood that the Council could adopt no measure that would operate on the general assembly without the formal sanction of that body. But had it been otherwise, the members assembled at this meeting might with great truth resolve that they were ignorant of the order of Council requiring the production of drawings; for there was, in fact, no regular order, as the minutes testify. The general assembly, however, passed over this irregularity, and, possessed with grateful recollections of the wise and beneficial conduct of Sir Joshua through a long series of years, they came to a resolution to endeavour to conciliate him by the mode adopted, which happily had the desired effect.

To the adjourned meeting of the general assembly (on the 16th of March) the delegates reported the success of their mission, and announced the agreeable intelligence that their President would appear in his place the same evening.

Sir Joshua attended the meeting, and signified his having withdrawn his letter of resignation; but did not think he was authorised to resume the chair till he had obtained his Majesty's leave.

His Majesty's gracious permission having been received, Sir Joshua again appeared in the President's chair on the 16th of March, 1790.

A niece of Sir Joshua, a daughter of his sister Mrs. Johnson, was in London at this time. In a letter dated from Osborne's Hotel, she says: "My uncle was in high spirits, and the moment he saw us he began telling us that he was going that evening to reassume his seat at the Academy (I take it for granted that my sister gave you an account of his resignation, and the cause of it), as they had all acknowledged themselves wrong. He told me he would rather have declined accepting it again, as he feels himself getting old: but it was impossible after the concessions they had made him. Indeed he has reason to feel himself in spirits from the honour he gains by this affair, for all the kingdom have been interested about him, and that his resignation would be a public loss. The King has behaved very handsomely to my uncle: at first in expressing his wish that he should not resign; and on Wednesday at the levee, when my uncle's message was delivered to him (I think by Lord Heathfield), whether he had his Majesty's permission to take his seat again, the King bid him 'tell Sir Joshua that it was his most earnest wish that he should do so.' He left us at 8 o'clock, to go to the Academy.

"He is become so violently fond of whist, that he scarcely staid to give the gentlemen (who were dining with him) time to drink their wine, before he proposed playing cards, that he might get a rubber before he went. He is not tied down to common rules, but has always some scheme in view, and plays out his trumps always; for it is beneath his style of play ever to give his partner an opportunity of making his trumps: but notwithstanding, he generally wins from holding such fine cards. I was very sorry I did not sit up to hear what his reception had been; but I knew that as there would be but just a sufficient number to make a card-table after his return, there would be no getting away from him till a very late hour."

It appears by this letter that Sir Joshua's manner at the card-table was as bold and original as in his painting-room.

Though deprived of an eye, he had not (as we have said) wholly relinquished painting. Miss Palmer, in a letter to her cousin, dated March 1790, speaks of his still painting occasionally; and it is supposed that he did not entirely lay down his pencil till November 1791. His last male portrait is said to be that very fine one of Mr. Fox, at Holland House, in which not the slightest diminution of power is perceptible;

and if this be really his last portrait, it seems as if, but for bodily infirmity, he might for years have continued to give his matchless works to the world.

The repossession of the chair of the Academy was not attended with uninterrupted peace of mind to Sir Joshua. An indignant letter, of five pages, from General Burgoyne, dated May 6th, 1790, accusing him of having violated a promise[1] that a picture by a Mr. Maquignon should be received for the Academy Exhibition, concludes with this postscript, very creditable to the good-natured writer:—

"May 6th, 1790.

"DEAR SIR JOSHUA,—After having left this letter five days unfinished, I now confess I wrote it in great anger; but upon reflection, I have too great a value of your talents and your virtues, not to be placable.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"J. BURGOYNE."

Those who know what an immense amount of business, to be settled within a very short time, is pressed upon the President of the Academy during the arrangement of the Exhibition, will readily understand that some things that are promised and fully intended may escape his memory till it is too late; and no doubt a consideration of this kind occurred to Burgoyne after he had exhausted his anger in his long letter.

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[1] Sir Joshua had done his best. I find in the Academy archives, "Council Meeting, April 9. The President desires that a picture by Mr. Maquignon, 'a field of battle,' rejected by the Council, be admitted."—T. T.

[On the 25th of April the King attended the Exhibition for the first time since his illness. Walpole has noted this Exhibition as "better than the two last years." It was the last that included pictures of Sir Joshua's. These were—his own portrait; the full-lengths of Lord Rawdon (afterwards Marquis of Hastings) and Mrs. Billington; and half-lengths of Sir John Leicester ("very bad"—W.), Mrs. Cholmondeley ("very good"—W.), and Sir James Esdaile.

In June Sir Joshua was present at a very different scene at the Old Bailey, in the trial of an old servant of Mrs. Thrale's,[1] at whose execution he was overpersuaded by Boswell to attend, when he was recognised by the doomed wretch on the scaffold, and honoured with a bow of recognition. The newspapers found fault with Sir Joshua's want of feeling. It was natural, they said, for a man of Mr. Boswell's character to visit such a scene, but in one of the elegant and refined mind of Sir Joshua Reynolds it was extraordinary. He seems to have thought of repelling this charge. I find among his papers the following imperfect draft of a letter on this subject to Boswell, which he must have known, from Bozzy's habits, would be widely handed about, if not published:—

> "I am obliged to you for carrying me yesterday to see the execution at Newgate of the five malefactors. I am convinced it is a vulgar error, the opinion that it is so terrible a spectacle, or that it any way implies a hardness of heart or cruelty of disposition, any more than such a disposition is implied in seeking delight from the representation of a tragedy. Such an execution as we saw, where there was no torture of the body or

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[1] "Thomas's trial" is the entry in April first, and recurring in June and July.

expression of agony of the mind, but where the criminals, on the contrary, appeared perfectly composed, without the least trembling, ready to speak and answer with civility and attention any question that was proposed, neither in a state of torpidity or insensibility, but grave and composed . . . I am convinced from what we saw, and from the report of Mr. Akerman, that it is a state of suspense that is the most irksome and intolerable to the human mind, and that certainty, though of the worst, is a more eligible state; that the mind soon reconciles itself even to the worst, when that worst is fixed as fate. Thus bankrupts . . . I consider it is natural to desire to see such sights, and, if I may venture, to take delight in them, in order to stir and interest the mind, to give it some emotion, as moderate exercise is necessary for the body. This execution is not more, though I expected it to be too much. If the criminals had expressed great agony of mind, the spectators must infallibly sympathise; but so far was the fact from it, that you regard with admiration the serenity of their countenances and whole deportment."]

On the 10th of December, 1790,[1] Reynolds added one more to the many benefits he had conferred on the Academy and on the Arts, by his fifteenth and last Discourse.

In the commencement of this address he thus gently hints at the events that had so nearly prevented his ever speaking again in the room which for so many years his pencil had so splendidly adorned.

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[1] On the distribution of the medals as usual:—For painting (subject from Mason's 'Caractacus'), H. Howard; for bas-relief ('Samson'), A. Taconet; for architecture (Triumphal Arch), Joseph Gandy.

Gandy, who afterwards became an Associate of the Academy, was a man of splendid imagination. It was said he was odd and impracticable: but he had more genius than any contemporary architect; though his life, whatever were the causes, was one of disappointment and poverty. He was much employed by Soane in making drawings; and I remember an Exhibition at Somerset House, in which the architectural room was made (what is rarely the case) as attractive as any other, by his drawings alone; though his name was not in the catalogue! They were a series of magnificent designs, to which Sir John Soane's name was attached, though Soane was then entirely blind! How far they were suggested to Gandy by him it is impossible to say; but it may be doubted whether anything exhibited by Soane before his blindness had equalled them.

"Among men united in the same body, and engaged in the same pursuit, along with permanent friendship occasional differences will arise. In these disputes men are naturally too favourable to themselves, and think perhaps too hardly of their antagonists. But composed and constituted as we are, those little contentions will be lost to others; and they ought certainly to be lost among ourselves, in mutual esteem for talents and acquirements; every contest ought to be, and, I am persuaded, will be, sunk in our zeal for the perfection of our common Art.

"In parting with the Academy, I shall remember with pride, affection, and gratitude, the support with which I have almost uniformly been honoured from the commencement of our intercourse. I shall leave you, gentlemen, with unaffected cordial wishes for your future concord; and with a well-founded hope, that in that concord the auspicious and not obscure origin of our Academy may be forgotten in the splendour of your succeeding prospects."

Sir Joshua was careful, in another part of this Discourse, to show that his opinion, on the subject of the Professorships, had undergone no change.

"When we take," he said, "a review of the several departments of the Institution, I think we may safely congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in having hitherto seen the chairs of our Professors filled with men of distinguished abilities, and who have so well acquitted themselves of their duty in their several departments. I look upon it to be of importance that none of them should be ever left unfilled: a neglect to provide for qualified persons, is to produce a neglect of qualifications."

[The bulk of this farewell Discourse is a modest and well-expressed justification of the President's attempts at guidance of the students. "To this work," he says, "I could not be said to come totally unprovided with materials. I had seen much, and I had thought much on what I had seen. I had something of a habit of investigation and a disposition to reduce all that I had observed and felt in my own mind to method and system; but never having seen what I myself knew distinctly placed before me on paper, I knew nothing correctly. To put those ideas into something like order was, to my experience, no easy task. . . . I found in the course of this research many precepts and rules established in our art which did not seem to me altogether reconcileable with each other, yet each seemed in itself to have the same claim of being supported by truth and nature; and this claim, irreconcileable as it may be thought, they do in reality alike possess.

"To clear away these difficulties and reconcile those contrary opinions, it became necessary to distinguish the greater truth, as it may be called, from the lesser truth; the larger and more liberal idea of nature from the more narrow and confined; that which addresses itself to the imagination from that which is solely addressed to the eye. In consequence of this discrimination, the different branches of our art to which those different truths were referred were perceived to make so wide a separation, and put on so new an appearance, that they seemed scarcely to have proceeded from the same general stock. The different rules and regulations which presided over each department of art, followed, of course, every mode of excellence, from the grand style of the Roman and Florentine schools, down to the lowest rank of still life, had its due weight and value, fitted some class or other, and nothing was thrown away. By this disposition of our art into classes, that perplexity and confusion, which I apprehend every artist has at some time experienced from the variety of styles and the variety of excellence with which he is surrounded, is, I should hope, in some measure removed, and the student better enabled to judge for himself what peculiarly belongs to his particular pursuit.

"In reviewing my Discourses, it is no small satisfaction to be assured that I have in no part of them lent my assistance to foster *newly-hatched, unfledged* opinions, or endeavoured to support paradoxes, however tempting may have been their novelty, or however ingenious I might, for the minute, fancy them to be.

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"That the young artist may not be seduced from the right path by following what, at first view, he may think to be the light of reason, and which is indeed reason in part, but not in the whole, has been much the object of these Discourses.

"I have taken every opportunity of recommending a rational method of study as of the last importance. *The great, I may say the sole use of an Academy,* is to put, and for some time to keep students in that course, that too much indulgence may not be given to peculiarity, and that a young man may not be taught to believe that what is generally good for others is not good for him.

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"But by this I would not wish to cramp and fetter his mind, or discourage those who follow (as most of us may at one time have followed) the suggestion of a strong inclination; something must be conceded to great and irresistible impulses; perhaps every student must not be strictly bound to general methods, if they strongly thwart the peculiar turn of his own mind."

From these remarks, I think we may conclude that Sir Joshua had a clear conception of the truth that the object of an Academy was not to restrain the free working of genius, but to supply a centre of correct information, correct judgment, and correct taste, and so to extend to English art just that regulative influence which the French Academy claims to have exercised on French literature.[1]

It cannot be denied, I think, that the Royal Academy has, though imperfectly, exercised this influence, and that it has not done so more effectually is owing only to the extreme rarity of men like Reynolds, of large culture and philosophic turn of mind, combined with artistic pre-eminence.]

Sir Joshua had a crowded audience; and while he was speaking, a sudden crash was heard, and the floor of the room seemed to be giving way. The company rushed towards the door, in the utmost alarm and confusion. Sir Joshua was silent and did not move from his seat; and after some little time, the company perceiving that the danger had ceased, most of them resumed their places, and he continued his Discourse, as calmly as if nothing had occurred.

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[1] This idea has been admirably developed by Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his paper on 'The Literary Influence of Academies,' in the 'Cornhill Magazine' for August last.

It was afterwards found that one of the beams which supported the floor had actually given way. Sir Joshua remarked to Northcote, that "if the floor had really fallen, most of the persons assembled must have been crushed to death, and the Arts in this country would have been thrown two hundred years back."

Mr. Rogers was present; and being a young man among so many distinguished and elder persons, he had at first one of the worst places in the room; but after the rush to the door was over, and order restored, he found himself in one of the best places.

The latter part of this memorable Discourse consists of an eulogium on Michael Angelo,—its last passage:—

"I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of MICHAEL ANGELO."

As Reynolds descended from the chair, Burke stepped forward, and taking his hand, held it while he addressed him in the words of Milton,—

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

This I heard from Mr. Rogers, who said, "Nobody but Burke could have done such a thing without its appearing formal and theatrical. But from him it seemed spontaneous and irresistible." Such a tribute from such a man formed a fitting close for the life's work of Reynolds.

Sir Joshua distributed the printed Discourse among his friends as usual. The Bishop of London (Porteous) thus acknowledged it:—

"St. James's Square, March 7th, 1791.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for the very great pleasure I have received from your admirable Discourse to the Academy. It is the work of a *Great Master*, whose name will be as much and as justly revered by this country, as that of Michael Angelo is by his. There are only two little amendments which perhaps you will allow a grave man and a very zealous admirer to suggest for your next edition. The one is, where you called Michael Angelo a *truly divine* man, which we ecclesiastics do not hold to be very good Theology. The other is, where you tell the Academy that this Discourse is probably the *last* you shall ever address to them. All the world, I am sure, will join, in wishing to see this passage expunged, with your obliged and faithful servant,

"B. LONDON."[1]

[1791.—Sir Joshua was still as fond of society as ever. His nights in London were spent in company, and at the beginning of the year he was Burke's guest at Beaconsfield. He had been invited to spend his new year at Ampthill, where there were to be private theatricals among other amusements, and the Countess of Upper Ossory had accompanied her letter of invitation with the present of a tambour-worked waistcoat of her own embroidering. Sir Joshua acknowledges it in this cheerful letter.

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[1] First printed by Cotton.

"London, January 1, 1791.

"MADAM,—I am just setting out for Beaconsfield, with an intention to stay there all next week, which, I am sorry to say, will prevent me from waiting on your Ladyship at Ampthill :—I should have said, throwing myself at your Ladyship's feet, and expressing my thanks and acknowledgments for the honour conferred on me by this new mark of favour.

"I really think, as it is the work of your Ladyship's own hand, it is too good to wear. I believe I had better put it up with the letter which accompanied it, and show it occasionally, as I do the Empress of Russia's box and letter of her own handwriting. I will promise this at least, that when I do *ware* it, I will not take a pinch of snuff that day—I mean, after I have it on.

"Such a rough beast (? breast) with such a delicate waistcoat.—I am sorry to say I am forced to end abruptly, as the coach is waiting. Miss Palmer desires her most respectful compliments, and I beg mine to Lord Ossory and the ladies.

"I am, with the greatest respect,
"Your Ladyship's, &c. &c.,
"J. REYNOLDS."

The Countess was not to be put off, and (enclosing a copy of Colonel Fitzpatrick's Prologue to their play) repeated her invitation, which Sir Joshua accepted.

"Beaconsfield, January 3, 1791.

"MADAM,—Your eloquence is irresistible. I am resolved to set out next Monday, and call on my way at Woburn Abbey, and from thence gladly accept of your Ladyship's kind offer of a conveyance to Ampthill.

"Perhaps, if I was cunning, I should throw some difficulties in the way, and by that means procure more flattering letters, and more good verses. But I have heard say that too much cunning destroys its own purpose; and I fear that my coyness in the present case would make you all so angry, that you would never more invite me, or think me worth saying a civil thing to, which would break my heart.

"My apprehension at present is, that when I come I shall not be able to hear a word. Young timid actors are not apt to throw their voices out sufficient for a deaf man; however, I have an eye, which will be sufficiently gratified if beauty and elegance, if——I believe I had better reserve what I have further to say on this inexhaustible subject till I come to Ampthill.

"I am, with the greatest respect,
"Your Ladyship's
"Most humble and most obedient servant,
"J. REYNOLDS."]

In his Autobiography Northcote tells us, that happening to sit next to Boydell at a dinner at the house of Nicholls, the King's bookseller, the Lord Mayor—for it was in the year of Boydell's mayoralty—said "he had often attempted to introduce it to be a fixed custom that every new Lord Mayor should be obliged to order a large historical picture of an appropriate subject from one of the best painters of the time, and a member of the Royal Academy, and then present this picture to the City, either to adorn the Mansion House or else the Hall of that particular Company to which he might belong; and then (said the liberal old Boydell) you would be fully employed and the arts advanced in this kingdom. James[1] praised his noble intentions, and the friendship shown to him in particular, and added that he was very sensible how great a friend he had always shown himself to the arts and artists. 'Yet,' said Boydell, 'when I told this my intention to Sir Joshua Reynolds he did not accord with me, but said it was a foolish thing, because aldermen do not understand history painting; they can only judge of a likeness; "therefore," said Sir Joshua, "it should be portraits only for them, and you should begin yourself by giving your own portrait, painted by Lawrence, and make an agreement with him to paint them always at the same price he now has, because his terms in future will be much higher."'

"These sentiments were to James a great surprise and mortification, as it proved Sir Joshua's want of friendship to himself particularly, and that it militated much against the art at large, thus to have history painting thrown aside for portraits.

"A very few days after this conversation had passed, James met with Mr. Desenfans, who was then speaking of the very high regard which Sir Joshua always expressed to have for James, and that he was his firm friend; and this opinion being warmly urged, induced

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[1] Northcote, throughout his Memoirs, speaks of himself in the third person, as James.

James to relate the foregoing conversation, the which Mr. Desenfans a few days afterwards related to Sir Joshua when he met him at a dinner, and induced the following billet, which was brought by Sir Joshua's footman at breakfast time :—

" 'March 26th, 1791.

" 'DEAR SIR,—Mr. Desenfans told me yesterday a most extraordinary story, that the Lord Mayor should say to me that he had an intention of introducing whole-length portraits of Lord Mayors into the Mansion House, and that he added he intended to employ Northcote and Opie, and that I advised him not to employ them but Mr. Lawrence.

" 'The reason I mention this to you is in hopes that you will help me in endeavouring to trace this story to its fountain-head.

" 'If my opinion is of any value, it is certainly your interest to detect this mischief-maker. I am far from thinking that the Lord Mayor is the author.

" 'I am, &c.

" 'Yours sincerely,

" 'J. REYNOLDS.'

"This cavalier note James read with surprise, and gave the servant a verbal answer that he would wait on Sir Joshua immediately. He felt himself in a very great dilemma; for though he firmly believed that what Boydell had told him was a truth, yet he knew that Sir Joshua would be mortified to have it publicly known, and might perhaps deny having said it; and on an appeal to Boydell, he feared that he, to pay homage to Sir Joshua as the greatest man, and knowing that it would please, might deny his having said any such thing, and so, according to the old proverb, the weakest must go to the wall. When James resolved within himself, if such was the case, to have taken his oath to the truth of his having heard from Boydell words to that effect, and that he would have insisted on taking his oath to Boydell himself as a magistrate.

"But no such awful encounter was to happen. When James entered Sir Joshua's breakfast-room he received him with all the mildness possible. When James, impatient to clear himself, related the fact as before seen, Sir Joshua seemed to shrink from it, and only could vindicate himself by asking if it was not very extraordinary that he who had in all his Discourses and writings so much insisted on the dignity of history painting, should be accused of acting so much the reverse to all he had said. All this James allowed, but still insisted on the truth of his having heard it from Boydell; but Sir Joshua never denied his having said it, or offered to appeal to Boydell for the truth of the matter, and soon dropped it and talked of indifferent things.

"But that which gave James most concern was, as Sir Joshua knew it to be truth, he was not able to forgive himself, and that he would have ill-will against James for knowing it; for, as the old proverb says—

> 'Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> For they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong;'—

and thus ever destroy the pleasure which James always had from the conversation of a man of Sir Joshua's high abilities, and who, till this moment perhaps, never knew that he had discovered the least fault in his character or conduct, for we always hate those who we think have any reason to despise us."

It is probable that from this occurrence Northcote formed an opinion I once heard him express, that Reynolds cared for nobody's success but his own. He said to me, "If Sir Joshua had come into the room where I was at work for him and had seen me hanging by the neck, it would not have troubled him." But the cruel part of the story to Northcote was the discovery that his old master thought more highly (and it would have been strange if he had not) of Lawrence, then a very young man, than he did of Northcote. Reynolds was right, certainly, in discouraging Boydell's proposal that every Lord Mayor should order an historical picture. He knew that there was little chance that another Lord Mayor would possess the taste of Boydell. He probably did not state his objection to this scheme so bluntly as Boydell reported it, but his own proposition of substituting portraits for history was certainly the most sensible of the two.

It is amusing to see how materially the conversation between the Lord Mayor and Sir Joshua had become altered in passing from Northcote to Desenfans, and from him to Reynolds. I do not see that this affair, even if Northcote has related it without any tinge of colour from himself, proves Reynolds guilty of treachery to him, or of any want of zeal for the interests of historic art. Northcote had already enjoyed an ample share of patronage from Boydell; as much, indeed, as had been extended to Opie, far the greater painter of the two. Northcote had painted the Death of Wat Tyler for Guildhall, and several subjects for the Shakspeare Gallery, all very large pictures. Reynolds might, therefore, think it but reasonable that Lawrence, who was, though a much younger man, a much better artist, should have some share of the Lord Mayor's favour. Sir Joshua was greatly interested in the success of Lawrence, and it does him no dishonour that he was at this time anxious that Lawrence should be elected an Associate of the Academy. West was equally desirous of this, and it was known also to be the wish of the King. Wheatley, however, was preferred. It is true Lawrence was ineligible according to a law of the Academy, which requires that a member must be at least twenty-four years of age at the time of his admission. But this could not have been the reason for the preference given to Wheatley, as, when Lawrence was afterwards elected,[1] he was still under the required age, of which we may suppose the members of the Academy ignorant.

It was unreasonable of Northcote to expect that, because he had been the pupil of Reynolds, his old master was bound always to promote *his* interests to the exclusion of those of other and better artists; and as to any indifference shown by Sir Joshua for the promotion of historic painting, his own refutation of such a charge, as related by Northcote, is sufficient to clear him, to say nothing of the earnestness with which he had recommended the decoration of St. Paul's Church with pictures.

Having failed in this, he was as earnest in promoting the introduction of sculpture to the Cathedral, and it is probable that, but for his exertions, we should not have Bacon's fine statue of Johnson. I am indebted for the following note (not before published) to Mr. George Daniel.

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[1] On the 10th of November of this year.

"Leicester Fields, April 9, 1791.

"DEAR SIR,—Boswell has been just sealing a letter to you. I begged before the wafer was dry that he would insert a paragraph; he says there is not room for a single word. All that I wanted was to beg you would get as many subscriptions as you can exclusive of the Club, such as the Chancellor, Secretary Hutchinson, &c. As the Monument (to Dr. Johnson) is to be in St. Paul's, and the figure colossal, it will require 1200*l.* Of this sum we can count only upon 900*l.* The rest I have engaged to give myself if it cannot be provided from others.

"I have received a bill of lading for the two hogsheads of claret.[1]

"Yours sincerely,
"J. REYNOLDS.

"EDWARD MALONE, Esq.,
"Sackville Street, Dublin."

In this year Reynolds offered his large and valuable collection of pictures by the old masters to the Royal Academy at a very low price, on condition that they would purchase the Lyceum in the Strand for the purpose of constructing an exhibition room. "This generous offer," Northcote tells us, "was, for several reasons, declined." But he does not specify them. Reynolds then determined to make a temporary exhibition of them, which he did in the month of April, in a room in the Haymarket. He hoped by this Exhibition to promote the sale of the pictures, but he gave the profits to his old servant Ralph Kirkley, and in the catalogue called it "Ralph's Exhibition." For this as usual he was pelted with anonymous squibs, among which was an application of these two lines from Hudibras:—

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[1] A present to the Club.

> "A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
> Who in the adventure went his half."

[I find among Sir Joshua's papers the MS., in his handwriting, of a paragraph, intended apparently for one of the newspapers: "As many people may not know what exhibition it is which has been advertised to be seen in the Haymarket, called 'Ralph's Exhibition,' it may be necessary to inform our readers that Sir Joshua Reynolds, intending to dispose of his collection of pictures, has sent as many as this room will contain to be exhibited for the advantage of his old servant Ralph, and at the same time to give an opportunity of their being seen by collectors and lovers of pictures. The person who receives the money has a catalogue marked with the prices of each picture, to the reservation of three only, which are not to be sold, viz., the Marriage of St. Catherine, by Corregio; the Joconde of Leonardo da Vinci; and the Leda of Michael Angelo. The statue of Neptune, by Bernini, in the middle of the room, is valued at 1500 guineas."]

How intently his mind was still engaged on all that related to art will appear by the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Gilpin.

"London, April 19, 1791.

"DEAR SIR,—Though I read now but little, yet I have read with great attention your Essay, which you were so good as to put into my hands, on the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque; and I may truly say I have received from it much pleasure and improvement.

"Without opposing any of your sentiments, it has suggested an idea that may be worth consideration, whether the inferior epithet picturesque is not applicable to the excellence of the inferior schools rather than to the higher. The works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c., appear to me to have nothing of it; whereas Rubens and the Venetian painters may almost be said to have nothing else.

"Perhaps picturesque is somewhat synonymous to the word taste, which we should think improperly applied to Homer or to Milton, but very well to Pope or to Prior. I suspect that the application of these words is to excellences of an inferior order, and which are incompatible with the grand style.

"You are certainly right in saying that variety in tints and forms is picturesque; but it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the reverse of this (uniformity of colour and a long continuation of lines) produces grandeur.

"I had an intention of pointing out the passages that particularly struck me, but I was afraid to use my eyes so much.

"The Essay has lain upon my table; and I think no day has passed without my looking at it, reading a little at a time.

"Whatever objections presented themselves at first view were done away on a closer inspection; and I am not quite sure but that is the case in the observation which I have ventured to make on the word picturesque.

"I am, &c.

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

[During one of his visits to Richmond he went into a more detailed consideration of this subject, of which *I find the conclusions summed up in the following very interesting paper* :—

Considerations on Gilpin's Essay on the Picturesque.

An object is said to be picturesque in proportion as it would have a good effect in a picture.

If the word is applied with propriety, it is applied solely to the works of nature. Deformity has less of nature in proportion as it is deformed or out of the common course of nature. Deformity cannot; beauty only is picturesque. Beauty and picturesque are therefore synonymous. This is my creed, which does not contradict any part of the Essay; but I think is the great leading principle which includes it.

Roughness, or irregularity is certainly more picturesque than smoothness or regularity, because this carries with it the appearance of art, nature being more various and irregular than art generally is.

As I read the Essay, going through Richmond Park, I asked myself, whether the tree I passed was or was not picturesque? It was so formed that the branches made a regular circle; I answered, therefore, it was not; but it is nature, the hand of art has not meddled with it. Perhaps not; but, what is the same thing, it has the appearance of art, and that is sufficient to destroy the picturesque effect. It is not the form that nature generally produces: it is therefore not beautiful; it is therefore not picturesque. The same reasoning holds in regard to the park itself; it has not that variety, that ruggedness, that nature itself generally has, and which that would have had if the hand of art had never approached it. No part of this park is picturesque; much less can any garden make a good picture.

Where art has been, picturesque is destroyed,—unless we make this exception, which proves the rule, that nature itself, by accident, may be so formal or unnatural as to have the effect of art; as in the tree above mentioned, you may then make nature more picturesque by art, by making her more like herself, that is, more like what she generally is.

A painter's object of study is nature only; he disdains to take his ideas at second-hand from any other art. Where art has laid her finger, that object is immediately rendered unfit for his purpose. To make a garden picturesque, not the least idea of art can be seen, and it is then no longer a garden. I cannot approve therefore of your idea of reforming the art of gardening by the picturesque of landscape-painting. It appears to me undervaluing the art of gardening, which I hold to be an art that stands on its own bottom, and is governed by different principles. It ought to have apparently, if not ostentatiously, the marks of art upon it: as it is a work of art upon nature, it is a part of its beauty and perfection that it should appear at first sight a cultivated spot—that it is inhabited, that everything is in order, convenient, and comfortable; which a state of nature will not produce.

But to return to the Essay, to show that beauty (or nature, which is the same thing), and *that* only, is picturesque; without any regard to smoothness, neatness, or regularity; I will make use of an instance, of the hair of the head: all we can do to make hair picturesque is to destroy the art which has supervened it, and restore it to a state of nature. Long lank hair growing over the eyes in such a manner as to give the appearance of having never suffered from the scissors, is as picturesque, and to a painter's eye as beautiful, as the most curled, tumbled, or rough hair.

The representation in a picture of a piece of Palladian architecture, as the Essayist observes, will not be picturesque, because it is the copy of a work of art; but when nature, or time, her handmaid, has given it a few touches, though it becomes less perfect in itself, it is nevertheless fitter for the painter's art, because the architect's is weakened, and partly destroyed, or rather superseded by nature or time.

In p. 25 my opinion is perfectly expressed, that "the picturesque eye abhors art, and delights only in nature, and that as art abounds with regularity, which is only another name for smoothness; and the images of nature, with irregularity, which is only another name for roughness; this affords a solution of the question, why roughness is picturesque. But this he thinks unsatisfactory. The instance given of a castle being picturesque, though a work of art, I do not think affects the question. The pleasing effect of a castle in a landscape, proceeds from an association of ideas by sending the mind backwards into antiquity and producing some new sentiment—or by being marked by time, and made a sort of natural object; but in a new tower both those ideas are destroyed, and consequently it is not considered as a picturesque object.

A ship, I think, is in no sense picturesque; it is a complete work of art.

Drapery is picturesque, when it seems to fall in a natural manner without the assistance of the hand of the painter, or circumscribed by the shears of the tailor. In regard to arms, utensils, and furniture, for banquets; though here, as above, we use the word picturesque, and say, this vase is more picturesque than another, the word is improperly applied, we only mean it is a more beautiful work of art than the other, and this from reasons foreign to the present purpose.

To conclude, everything in nature that is beautiful I hold to be picturesque. But beauty in art ought not to be so called; for it is not to art, but to nature which the painter applies, as his object of imitation. Whatever works of art are introduced into a picture, they are there to assist or explain; they make not the bulk or principal part of his composition; if they do, the work must class among the lowest in the art.

To call a countenance of expression more picturesque than a placid one, is to me a great violence of language: it may be more interesting, but why more picturesque? or why is an old man, or the Laocoon, more picturesque than a young man, or a less muscular figure?

There is a necessity that the word should be applied to the beauties of nature only; unless it is so confined, everything may be called picturesque that meets with your approbation, whereas nothing ought to be so called but what makes the subject of the painter's composition, which is, beautiful nature.]

Sir Joshua still continued to attend the meetings of the Academy. At the general meeting of May the 5th a motion was discussed in which he was warmly interested. Reynolds had exerted all his influence with the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to procure their authorization for the erection of a monument to Johnson in the Cathedral, till then untenanted by statues, though they had agreed at this time to the erection of a monument to Howard. It was now moved and carried "that the President and Council, having been informed that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have the intention of permitting monuments to be erected in that Cathedral, offer their services in regulating the disposition of these monuments, examining sculptors' models, determining the magnitude of the figures, and giving their advice and assistance in whatever affects the beauty and decoration of the building." West, Hamilton, Nollekens, Banks, George Dance, and Sir W. Chambers were nominated a committee for the purpose. The President's signature to the minutes of the meeting is hardly legible.

The business of Johnson's monument occupied him much at this time. He had suggested to the Academy the propriety of contributing to it from their funds, and in spite of the alleged disapprobation of the King, and the opposition of Sir W. Chambers (conveyed in a letter read at the general meeting of July the 2nd), 100*l.* was voted for this purpose, on West's motion, with a caution, however, that the vote was not to be drawn into a precedent. I find among Sir Joshua's papers the following summary of the reasons he advanced in favour of the subscription. It seems to be a statement prepared by Sir Joshua for adoption by some Academician, perhaps Northcote, but it is all in Sir Joshua's writing, and passes more than once from the third to the first person.

"From certain information we are now assured that his Majesty has forbidden the Academy's subscription of 100 guineas for Dr. Johnson's monument.

"I cannot but suspect, judging from his Majesty's known generosity, that there has been some misrepresentation of this business. For my own part, I was convinced by the President of the propriety of the Academy's subscribing; though I went to the meeting, I confess, with a contrary disposition. Without pretending to recollect all the arguments used on this occasion, however, some I remember, which had their effect upon me, and made me vote as I did with the rest, for the vote was unanimous.

"The objections—as stated by Sir William Chambers in his letter, for he was not present—were, that it was a business with which we had no concern, the Dr. having no connexion with the Academy but that of receiving an empty title; it would therefore open a door to a new mode of expending our money, with which the Arts were no way interested.

"To this the President answered: 'He acknowledged,' he said, 'that Dr. Johnson being Professor of Ancient Literature to the Royal Academy was the apology for the Academy's subscription, as without such apology it would,' he agreed, 'open a door that would introduce difficulties which would tend to trouble and distress the Academicians. He acknowledged it was our duty to confine our charity or benevolence solely within our circle, but that Dr. Johnson being an honorary Professor he was by that alone comprehended in this circle.

"As for its being an empty title, or, as Sir William said (in the Council), a thing to be laughed at, for my own part I acknowledge that I do not feel myself possessed of that grandeur of soul sufficient to give me any pretensions of looking down with such philosophical contempt upon titles. Distinction is what we all seek after, and the world does set a value on them, and I go with the great stream of life. But if Sir William means it is not titles, but such only as people like ourselves can confer, that are to be laughed at, I beg leave to observe that without raising ourselves above our rank, if we suppose ourselves even the meanest of all societies, still such a society selecting an individual as the most distinguished literary character of his age must be a gratifying circumstance to the wisest of men; that however mean the rank of each or of every individual of this society may be stated, as a body we not only may, but have a right, to consider it as highly respectable; more so, perhaps, than any other society in London, from this circumstance—its near connexion with his Majesty, the fountain of all honour. Has any other society, either here or elsewhere, this proud distinction? The foreign Academies are handed over to the Minister; he is their patron and protector. The King himself is ours, as we all know that there is no law enacted, no Academician or officer elected, which his Majesty does not confirm by his sign manual. Though the French Academy is not equally honoured, yet we should not think that if Voltaire, Diderot, or D'Alembert were

Professors of Ancient Literature to the Royal Academy at Paris it was a thing to be laughed at..

"We are apt enough, without doubt, to think higher of our own pursuits and of our own society than we have a right to do, but allowing this a fault, it is still a fault on the right side, belonging to the *esprit de corps*, and certainly less reprehensible than degrading it below the rank which the world are inclined to give us.

"If the proudest of men, such as Dr. Johnson really was in his literary character, request our titles, shall we say, What we give you the world will laugh at you for accepting? 'Tis plain they are not of that opinion, but think that their reputation is increased, and that the world will treat them with more respect from this seal which the Academy have put upon their fame.

"If our titles, then, are considered of some value, then that value we bestowed on Dr. Johnson; and by so doing I think have connected him (as he considered himself connected) with the Academy.

"In regard to what Sir William says, that the Arts are no way interested, I can only say that if they are not I have acted a very foolish part in this business, in having laboured so much that Dr. Johnson's monument should be in St. Paul's instead of Westminster Abbey, where it was first intended to be placed. I could have had no other motive in doing it than beginning to furnish St. Paul's with its natural furniture—monuments, and to give to sculptors a fair field in which they might display their abilities, which Westminster Abbey, from being so full, no longer afforded. I felt that as monuments were now permitted in St. Paul's, a still greater prospect opened itself, possibly to the admission hereafter of pictures, that such a building may not disappoint the expectation naturally raised by the magnificence of its external appearance. It may be said that it is not Dr. Johnson's monument being placed in St. Paul's gives us this prospect; this favour was granted for Mr. Howard long before it was requested for Dr. Johnson. But I can venture to assure you this is not strictly true. That Mr. Howard's committee asked leave and were not refused is true, but neither was it granted. The Dean and Chapter, at the same time they expressed their willingness to grant, expressed likewise their uncertainty, their incompetence of judgment in regulating the size of the figures, or in what part such monuments might be placed so as not to affect the beauty of the architecture.

"Thus the matter stood when I applied for Dr. Johnson's monument to be placed in that Cathedral, and such was the answer I received. I then proposed that the disposition and everything relating to the monuments should be under the direction of the Royal Academy. To this proposal was given a very hearty concurrence, as it relieved them from a very great embarrassment. I then, as you all know, applied to the Academy, and there were selected for this purpose two history painters, two sculptors, and two architects, who have already entered on their office, and have determined where those two monuments are to be placed and the size of the figures.

"It may be thought by some that though the ostensible reason of my conduct is procuring advantages to the Arts, the real motive is to do honour to my friend. But a very little consideration will satisfy any man that all the monumental honours that could be done to Dr. Johnson were finished when the subscription was completed of six hundred guineas for Westminster Abbey. Some of Johnson's committee even thought it more honourable for him to have his monument there than in St. Paul's; and two gentlemen of the committee not only threatened, but actually did resign their seats on the question being carried that the monument should be placed in St. Paul's. Others, though, as they said, they were convinced that it would be advantageous to sculpture, and to be wished for as a beginning to the scheme of ornamenting that church, absolutely refused to recommence the trouble of collecting 500 guineas more, which was required for this new destination. Deserted in a manner by many of my friends, I had no other alternative than either to give it up or declare, as I did, that the business should go forward, and if I could not collect that sum I would take it out of my own pocket rather than it should fail. Nobody having any right to object to this proposal, the business was concluded.

"The Academicians, I think, must grant that my intentions at least were laudable, and I can defy any suspicion of any other motive for the prosperity of Arts. I am, and perhaps the only man, prevented by [1] from availing myself or reaping any advantage. I may, therefore, boldly say I am a disinterested advocate. If the Academicians, however, are of opinion that, with whatever good intentions I have acted they see no advantage proceeding from it, they ought then to leave me to pay for my own folly. He, however, entertained no suspicion but that the Academy thought as he did. He added, he did not think that their money, which they may be said to receive from the public against their will,—he explained what he meant against their will by adding, 'At our first Exhibition we wished to have it opened to be seen by the public gratis; we thought it no honour to ourselves to get money by showing our pictures, but we found it necessary in order to keep out the mob. When we were formed into a Royal Academy we found it necessary to continue the custom, but thought it right to give a short preface to our first catalogue, apologising for this odd appearance of paying for entering a Royal Academy. The money, thus forced upon us, not only has defrayed the annual expenses of the Academy, but we have been able to lay by a considerable sum ready for any occasion that is required, and what more proper occasion is ever likely to present itself?' The President concluded these recommendations to the Academy by saying, that if they subscribed at all, it would be such a sum as would not disgrace a Royal Academy. A very respectable member then proposed 100 guineas, which meeting the unanimous approbation of the Academicians, the business was concluded."

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[1] Left blank.

[In May Sir Joshua sat for his portrait for the last time. The painter was the Swedish artist Breda, and the picture was painted at the request of the Royal

Academy of Sweden, conveyed in the following complimentary letter :—

"Stockholm, May 10th, 1791.

"SIR,—To gratify my arduous wish to procure to the Royal Swedish Academy of Painting and Sculpture, of which I have the honour to be President, the possession of your portrait, permit me to apply to your kindness for the granting me of this peculiar favour. The first place in the Academical Compass is designed for it, as a tribute due to the most celebrated artist of this century; and as Mr. De Breda, Swedish painter, actually in London and lately elected Member of our Academy, is obliged in this capacity to tender a picture of reception to the Academy, I make bold to propose to you to honour this able artist with the preference of performing the picture of a Great Man, the memory of which will for ever be in veneration by those who esteem and profess the art of painting.

"In full persuasion you will not hesitate to yield to this double request, the accomplishment of which I so warmly desire, I have the honour to remain, with the most distinguished consideration, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"T. P. ADELCRANTZ,

"Sur Intendent of the King's Buildings, and President of the
"Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture."

Dr. Parr, who had been asked to furnish the inscription for Johnson's monument, seems to have given the Committee even more trouble than the Doctor himself did in the case of Goldsmith's epitaph. I find two letters on this subject from the pompous scholar to the President.

"July 2nd, 1791.

"DEAR SIR,—The inscription, though short, will, upon being proportionally divided, require a space of eleven or twelve lines. It must be engraved in Roman characters, and indeed I shall have so many directions to give the engraver that I should wish an exact *fac simile* to be taken in London and sent to me before any letters are carved. I shall get a friend to assist me in the copy which will be sent to you.

"It is quite impossible for me to give any answer about a small inscription on the scroll, as I do not understand the general character of the monument, or the sort of inscription which should be selected for it. There are some instances of short Greek moral aphorisms upon ancient monuments, where the general inscription is Latin; but I cannot take upon myself to answer for the propriety of ordering anything engraved upon a scroll. If a draught of the monument were sent to me, and if you would be so good as to suggest some idea arising from it, I perhaps should not be long at a loss to fix upon a proper sentence. You remember the indignant motto which Johnson chose for the last number of his 'Rambler.' Upon the first glance there might seem to be taste and even felicity in using a thought which Johnson had himself used, and which suits very well the character of the man and of his writings. But, upon reflection, I think that four lines are too many; that a Christian cannot talk with propriety of Proserpine; that a dead man ought not to address the public in accents of pride: and to these objections of taste I add a grammatical difficulty in the first syllable of Johnson's name, which, when Grecised, will prevent its being used for the name of Heraclitus; and besides all this, it so happens that any change in the form would destroy the force of the first line. After amusing myself, therefore, with this fancy, I soon abandoned it as both improper and impracticable. I am going to Oxford next week, and shall be at Magdalen College, where I shall be ready to obey any commands you may lay upon me. I very much wish it were in my power to see the monument itself, and the place where it is to be erected; but, as this is impossible, I must waive all decision about the choice of a motto for the scroll till I see a draught of the monument.

"I have the honour to be,
"With great respect, dear Sir,
"Your very faithful and obedient servant,
"SAMUEL PARR."

"Hatton, Sunday, July 17th, 1791.

"DEAR SIR,—Our correspondence is not lame of effect. My former letters put it in my power to reject an improper style, and your last, enclosing a sketch of the monument, convinces me that a motto is wanting to the scroll. I thought of one at Oxford, and it was much approved by a learned friend. But I am not satisfied, and, as there is time before us, I shall wait for the moment of lucky inspiration to fix us a better. Let me assure you that in furnishing the scroll I give up a favourite Greek sentence which I intended to put at the bottom of the monument. Two will be too many, and so my scroll shall prevail over my base. Against the title of Professor of Ancient Literature to the Royal

Academy I enter a firm and final protest. Few know there is such an office, fewer know that Johnson held it; and all that know either know also that not a lecture was ever read nor even a memoir ever published in consequence of it. It will lengthen the inscription, it will load the composition, it will destroy the rhythm, it will not exalt the dignity of Johnson, it will disgrace the taste and judgment of Dr. Parr. You must settle matters with the Academicians as well as you can. If they subscribe for Johnson's sake, they will approve every proper omission, as well as every proper notice, that is to the credit of Johnson's memory. If they wished to blend their own praise with the praise of Johnson, I shall not be sorry to disappoint their vanity, though I might despair of rectifying their error.

"Upon this subject I will say no more, and from a man like Sir Joshua Reynolds I shall hear no more. Let me just add, that for a statuary or a painter it would be right to say that they belonged to a Society which every year attracts the public notice by their productions in these noble arts. But Johnson in them was more obscure than what Cowley calls the 'shadiest shadow.'

"I neither thought, nor had any reason to think, that you saw our excellent and much-respected friend Mr. Windham less often than you used to do. In regard to Mr. Seward, you may tell him whenever and whatsoever you please of the progress made in a business which this worthy and sensitive man, I am well aware, has much at heart. There is time enough before us, and therefore I shall endeavour to see the monument and the intended site on my visit to London next

Christmas, when I shall bring the inscription with me. But, as all human affairs are uncertain, I shall write out a fair copy of the inscription itself and of directions for the engraver, so that they may be ready for use if death should in the mean time deliver from his sorrows the unfortunate curate of Hatton by whom they were written.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir,
"With the greatest respect,
"Your most obedient servant,
"S. PARR.

"The rioters in this neighbourhood have, in the abundance of their zeal for 'Church and King,' committed the most dreadful outrages. They are expected at Warwick in a day or two, and report says that Coventry is their object to-morrow."

In July, 1791, Boswell, to his great delight, was appointed Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Academy in lieu of Baretti. The newspapers abounded in squibs at the appointment, for Bozzy's weaknesses were favourite game with the small wits.]

Sir Joshua's general health till now had been good; and in the month of September in this year, Malone tells us, he was so well and strong that on returning to London from Gregories, the seat of Edmund Burke, he and Sir Joshua left his carriage at the inn at Hayes, and walked five miles on the road in a warm day, without his complaining of any fatigue. "He had at that time," continues Malone, "though above sixty-eight years of age, the appearance of a man not much beyond fifty, and seemed as likely to live for ten or fifteen years as any of his younger friends." But this was not to be. The mischief, under which he finally sank, was already at work. His hitherto equable spirits became much depressed, in consequence of a tumour which had for some time been gathering over his left eye.[1] This was accompanied by so much inflammation that he feared the right eye might be affected.

[On the 14th of October he wrote to ask Chambers to take the chair for him, he being "too much indisposed to risk the coldness of the evening." In the same letter he expresses his satisfaction that the cartoon of Leonardo was got into order.]

On the 5th of November he made his will, writing it himself, and with this affecting preamble:—

"As it is probable that I may shortly be deprived of sight, and may not have an opportunity of making a formal will, I desire that the following memorandum may be considered as my last will and testament."

[On the 10th of November he wrote to West, begging him to supply his place at the General Meeting, and expressing his intention to resign the office of President, as he felt himself incapable of serving it for the ensuing year. A deputation was appointed by the Academy to wait on him with an assurance of the great regret of the members at his determination, and a request that he would still retain the office, and appoint a deputy to fulfil its more laborious duties. He acceded to their wishes, and was formally re-elected President at the meeting of the 10th of December, Mr. West being appointed to act for him when he could not act himself; but he was never able to resume any of the duties of the chair.

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[1] Among Sir Joshua's papers intrusted to me by Miss Gwatkin, I find the following minute description (a fragment only), in Sir Joshua's handwriting, of the sensations accompanying his entire failure of sight in the left eye:—"My other eye (the right) also for these last three years failing by degrees, some months before all sight was abolished, things which I look at seem to swim to the right and left; certain inveterate vapours seem to possess my forehead and temples, which after meat especially, quite to evening, generally urge and depress my eyes with sleepy heaviness. Whilst there was yet some remainder of sight, I no sooner lay down in my bed, and turned my side, but a copious light dazzled out of my shut eyes, and, as my sight diminished, every day colours gradually more obscure flashed out with vehemence; but now that the lucid is wholly extinct, a direct blackness, or else spotted, and as it were spotted with ash-colour, is used to pour itself in, nearer to whitish than black; and the eye, rolling itself a little, admits a little smallness of light, as through a chink."—T. T.

At the same meeting at which Sir Joshua's letter was read, Thomas Lawrence, R. Smirke, T. Stothard, H. Tresham, and Nathaniel Merchant (die-sinker), were elected Associates. The torch of English portrait-painting may thus be said to have been passed from the failing hands of Reynolds into those of Lawrence, then giving promise of power which was never fulfilled.

Sir Joshua's old friend Dr. Barnard, the Bishop of Killaloe, was at the same time appointed Chaplain in succession to Peters. He had in July intimated his readiness to accept the office in this kindly letter to Sir Joshua:—

"St. Wolstans, July 29th, 1791.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Though I returned to Dublin last Sunday evening, I did not reach my house and family till the day before yesterday, when I was agreeably surprised at finding a letter from you lying on my table; to which I send you my *ostensible* answer enclosed, which you will be so good as to lay before the Royal Academy whenever you think proper. I assure you, my dear friend, that I have the justest sense of this last mark of your esteem and regard (for I look upon this spontaneous compliment of the Academy entirely as your work). I accept the office chiefly because it will tend to preserve that connexion with *you* which it has ever been my ambition to cultivate and cement, and which I hope will remain in full force as long as we both shall live. Tell my brother Boswell that I expect to receive *his* congratulations on becoming his fellow-servant; and as he will be now under my more immediate care and inspection, I shall give him good advice as often as I hear he has occasion for it, of which you will be so kind as to inform me from time to time whenever you think he wants it. I am concerned at the account you send me of the King's *marked* disapprobation of the Academy's present to Johnson's monument because I am sure it hurts your feelings, otherwise it would be of little importance; perhaps he may also forget what he said to Mr. West when he signs my appointment.

"I am now enjoying the groves and streams of this delightful place and the charming neighbourhood that surrounds it. But, alas! in another week I must leave it for a very different scene, where I shall probably be detained till towards Christmas in the hurry of business and coarse hospitality among the natives. In such a situation how pleasant it is to receive a letter from a friend! You will have leisure enough upon your hands, and will perhaps have charity enough to bestow half-an-hour upon a poor exile, who will be truly thankful for your remembrance, and is certainly *now* better entitled to it than ever, as being under your more immediate protection.

"As I have nothing interesting to inform you of, I shall take my leave for the present by assuring you that I am, with the truest regard and esteem,

"My dear Sir,

"Your faithful and affectionate humble servant,

"Thos. Killaloe.

"Mrs. Barnard and my son join with me in best compliments to you and Miss Palmer."

More serious even than impending blindness was the depression of spirits and loss of appetite for which Sir Joshua was unable to account, and which his physicians ignorantly ascribed to hypochondria.

Boswell, in a melancholy letter to his friend Temple, dated Nov. 22nd, 1791, says, "My spirits have been still more sunk by seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds almost as low as myself. He has, for more than two months past, had a pain in his blind eye, the effect of which has been to occasion a weakness in the other, and he broods over the dismal apprehension of becoming quite blind. He has been kept so low as to diet that he is quite relaxed and desponding. He, who used to be looked upon as perhaps the most happy man in the world, is now as I tell you. I force myself to be a great deal with him, to do what is in my power to amuse him. Your friend Miss Palmer's assiduity and attention to him in every respect is truly charming."]

1792.—With a mind as vigorous as ever, Reynolds had now finally relinquished the hope of ever painting again. The only occupation, his niece told Miss Burney, of which he was capable, was carefully dusting the paintings in his gallery, and placing them in different points of view.

On the 7th of July last year Miss Burney had been set free from her five years of slavery at Court. Reynolds had been among the most active of her friends in procuring her release. It had been proposed at the club (Charles Fox in the chair) that a round-robin should be addressed to Dr. Burney, who, as Lord Macaulay remarks, "appears to have been as bad a father as a very honest, affectionate, and sweet-tempered man can well be," entreating him to apply to the Queen for the liberation of his daughter, whose health was sinking fast under the fatigues and annoyances of her office. Her release was obtained only in time for her to see Sir Joshua twice more. The first visit was in October. She describes Sir Joshua as wearing a bandage over one eye, and the other shaded with a green half-bonnet. "He seemed serious even to sadness, though extremely kind. 'I am very glad,' he said in a meek voice and dejected accent, 'to see you again; and I wish I could see you better! but I have but one eye now,—and scarcely that.'

"I was really quite touched. The expectation of total blindness depresses him inexpressibly; not, however, inconceivably. I hardly knew how to express, either my concern for his altered situation since our meeting, or my joy in again being with him: but my difficulty was short; Miss Palmer eagerly drew me to herself and recommended to Sir Joshua to go on with his cards. He had no spirit to oppose; probably no inclination.

" Dr. Lawrence, Miss Lawrence his sister, Mr. King, and Dr. Blagdon were the company. Some days no one is admitted.

" One other time we called again, in a morning. Sir Joshua and his niece were alone, and that invaluable man was even more dejected than before."

" I cannot help thinking," writes Malone, " that we should not have lost this most amiable man for some years, but for want of exertion, combined with some want of skill in his physicians. In September he was much distressed by a swelling and inflammation over his lost eye, owing as it has since been thought to some extravasated blood. For this, Mr. Cruikshank, who was called in as his surgeon, bled him with leeches, purged and blistered him repeatedly; and all in vain; for the swelling and pain in that part remained to the time of his death. This pain led him to fear that his other eye would soon be affected; and he found from some cause or other his spirits much depressed, and his appetite decreasing daily. In this state he was in the month of November, and the physicians who then attended him, Sir George Baker and Dr. Warren, assured him that his remaining eye was in no danger, and that with respect to another complaint, if he would exert himself, take exercise, and *think* himself well, he would be well. Unfortunately they never paid any attention to his *loss of appetite* and *depression of spirits;* and, even while he was gradually wasting, their whole language was, ' What can we do for a man who will do nothing for himself?' while at the same time they owned they could not form *any notion whatsoever* of his disorder, and while he was ready and willing to follow any prescription they should order. All this while, that is, during the whole months of November, December, and January, they made not the least *attempt* to investigate the seat or origin of his disease, nor did they call for the aid of a surgeon to examine his body minutely and to discover the latent mischief. Dr. Blagdon (Secretary to the Royal Society, who had studied physic, and practised some time in America),[1] *alone*, uniformly declared that he was confident the complaints of Sir J. R. were not imaginary, but well founded, and that some of the principal *viscera* were affected. His conjecture was but too well founded. . . . .

"At length, about a fortnight before his death, this consultation was called; and *then* the two physicians, who had uniformly declared that he had no particular or specific ailment, concurred with Dr. Heberden and Dr. Carmichael Smith in saying that his liver was affected; and soon afterwards, when he was almost in the languor of death, mercury was applied in vain.

"Though during his whole illness, from December to 23rd February, he *felt* and therefore thought that his malady was mortal, he submitted to the Divine will with perfect resignation, at the same time following the prescriptions of his physicians, though he had little or rather no hope they could be of any use to him." . . . .

Burke, writing to his son Richard, January 26th, 1792, says,—"Our poor friend Sir Joshua declines daily. For some time past he has kept his bed. . . . .

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[1] Dr. Blagdon (whom I remember to have seen) did not practise medicine in England, his duties as Secretary to the Royal Society leaving him no time.

At times he has pain; but for the most part is tolerably easy. Nothing can equal the tranquillity with which he views his end. He congratulates himself on it as a happy conclusion of a happy life. He spoke of you in a style that was affecting. I don't believe there are any persons he values more sincerely than you and your mother."

The end was now nigh at hand.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday evening, February 23rd, Sir Joshua Reynolds died tranquilly, as behoved one of his blameless and kindly life, and with little pain.

"Upon the day of Sir Joshua's death," writes Miss Burney, "I was in my bed with two blisters, and I did not hear of it till two days after. I shall enter nothing upon this subject; our current letters mention the particulars, and I am not desirous to retrace them. His loss is as universally felt as his merit is universally acknowledged, and, joined to all public motives, I had myself private ones of regret that cannot subside. He was always peculiarly kind to me, and had worked at my deliverance from a life he conceived too laborious for me, as if I had been his own daughter; yet, from the time of my coming forth, I only saw him twice. I had not recovered strength for visiting him before he was past receiving me. I grieve inexpressibly never to have been able to make him the small tribute of thanks for his most kind exertions in my cause. I little thought the second time I saw him would be my last opportunity, and my intention was to wait for a more favourable opening."

We owe to Burke's potent pen the following obituary notice—one of the sincerest ever penned; and written within a few hours of Sir Joshua's death, in the house where his body was lying—in the room which he had so often enlivened with his genial company:—

"*Last night*, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, died, at his house in Leicester-fields, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His illness was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenor of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady a distinct view of his dissolution; and he contemplated it with that entire composure which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his own kindness had, indeed, well deserved.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape.

In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

"He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinising eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

"His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow.

"HAIL! AND FAREWELL!"

The executors named in the will were his friends Burke, Malone, and Metcalfe. [They at once communicated to the Council of the Academy their wish that the body should be conveyed to Somerset House the evening before its interment, and that the friends who might wish to accompany it to the grave should proceed thence. They left it to the Academy to consider the propriety of inviting such persons of distinction as used to attend their annual meeting—such as Ministers of State, Foreign Ministers, Presidents of Societies, &c., as they might think proper. Sir William Chambers, who seems to have lost no opportunity, in his relations with the Academy at this time, of showing himself opposed to all that was suggested by the President or proposed in his honour, raised difficulties—as surveyor of the building—on the terms of the grant, which did not empower the Academy to let or lend any portions of their apartment for any other purpose than that to which it was specially appropriated. The executors were informed, on his suggestion, that the proposed invitation of persons of distinction appeared very desirable, but the Council saw so many difficulties attending a proper execution of such a design that they must give up the idea entirely, and confine themselves to their own body. At the same time they directed that the servants of the Academy should be put into mourning, and the Academy be closed till after the funeral.

On Tuesday the 28th, the Club where Sir Joshua had been so constant a guest voted unanimously that his portrait or bust should be placed in the club-room which he had so long enlivened by his kindly and conciliatory intercourse. Lady Thomond presented the portrait of her uncle (a copy), still preserved by this eminent society.

On the same Tuesday a General Meeting was held, at which Mr. West reported that he had seen the King on the difficulty of the Council about the lying in state—that his Majesty approved the caution of the Council, but signified his royal will that the mark of respect to the late President should be shown, and gave his commands for its being so ordered. Chambers, West, Farington, Newton, and Wilton, were directed to wait on the executors.

The difficulty thus, superfluously and as I cannot but think ungraciously raised, having been removed, directions were given, on February the 29th, that the body should be removed the night before the funeral into a portion of the Model Academy, enclosed with black, and lighted by wax-lights in silver sconces, for the purpose: that the members of the Academy should assemble at half past ten on Saturday forenoon, and should follow the body to the grave, immediately after Sir Joshua's own family, pall-bearers, and executors, in the order of their signatures appended to the Academy's Address to the King.

The funeral took place on Saturday the 3rd of March. The grave was dug in the crypt next to the body of his friend Bishop Newton, and close to the tomb of Wren. The distinguished men who attended to do honour to the dead assembled in the library and council chamber, the Academicians in the Exhibition-room. The procession left Somerset House at half past twelve. The first of the line of ninety-one carriages that followed the body had reached St. Paul's before the last had defiled from Somerset House.]

There were ten pall-bearers:—

The Duke of Dorset, Lord High Steward of His Majesty's Household.
Duke of Leeds.
Duke of Portland.
Marquis Townshend.
Marquis of Abercorn.
Earl of Carlisle.
Earl of Inchiquin.
Earl of Upper Ossory.
Lord Viscount Palmerston.
Lord Eliot.

The Chief Mourner was Robert Lovel Gwatkin, Esq. Then followed—

Two attendants of the family.
The Right Hon. Edmund Burke,
Edmund Malone, Esq.,
Philip Metcalfe, Esq.,
Executors.

The Royal Academicians, Associates,[1] and Students.
Bennet Langton, Esq. (Professor in Ancient Literature.)
James Boswell, Esq. (Secretary for Foreign Correspondence.)

The Archbishop of York.
Earl of Fife.
Lord St. Asaph.
Lord Fortescue.
Lord Lucan.
Right Hon. W. Windham.
Sir George Beaumont, Bart.
Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart.
Dr. George Fordyce.
Dr. Brocklesby.
Sir William Scott, M.P.
John Rolle, Esq., M.P.
Reginald Pole Carew, Esq., M.P.
Mat. Montague, Esq., M.P.
Dudley North, Esq., M.P.
Abel Moysey, Esq.
John Thomas Batt, Esq.
Colonel Gwynn.
Dr. Lawrence.
James Martin, Esq.
Edward Jerningham, Esq.
Richard Burke, Esq.
John Julius Angerstein, Esq.
Charles Burney, Esq.
William Cruikshank, Esq.

The Marquis of Buckingham.
Earl of Carysfort.
Lord Bishop of London.
Lord Somers.
The Dean of Norwich.
Sir Abraham Hume, Bart.
Sir Thomas Dundas, Bart.
Sir William Forbes, Bart.
Dr. Ash.
Dr. Blagdon.
George Rose, Esq., M.P.
William Weddell, Esq., M.P.
Richard Clarke, Esq.
Richard P. Knight, Esq., M.P.
Charles Townley, Esq.
John Cleveland, Esq., M.P.
Welbore Ellis Agar, Esq.
Captain Pole.
William Seward, Esq.
——— Drewe, Esq.
William Vachell, Esq.
Thomas Coutts, Esq.
Edward Gwatkin, Esq.
John Hunter, Esq.
—— Home, Esq.

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[1] Stothard, who attended the funeral as an Associate of the Academy, recollected somebody in the coach with him remarking, that there was "now a fine opening for a portrait-painter."

John Philip Kemble, Esq.	Joseph Hickey, Esq.
Mr. Alderman Boydell.	John Devaynes, Esq.
Mr. Poggi.	Mr. Breda.

It is noticed in the 'Annual Register' that this list includes one Knight of the Thistle, two Knights of St. Patrick, three Knights of the Garter, three dukes, and four lord-lieutenants of Ireland. Vandyke was buried in old St. Paul's twenty-seven years before its destruction, and, since Reynolds has been placed in the same earth, the pavement near him has been opened to receive Barry, Opie, West, Fuseli, Lawrence, and Turner, the last of whom directed that he should be laid as close to Sir Joshua as possible.

Burke, writing from Beaconsfield to his son, says, "Miss Palmer, Mr. Gwatkin, and Mrs. Gwatkin have just arrived. I begin to think these women look better already; they are to stay here for some time. Everything turned out fortunately for poor Sir Joshua, from the moment of his birth to the hour I saw him laid in the earth. Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern of all sorts of people. The day was favourable; the order not broken or interrupted in the smallest degree. Your uncle, who was back in the procession, was struck motionless at his entering the great west door. The body was just then entering the choir, and the organ began to open, and the long black train before him produced an astonishing effect on his sensibility, and considering how dear to him the object of that melancholy pomp had been. Everything, I think, was just as our deceased friend would, if living, have wished it to be; for he was, as you know, not altogether indifferent to this kind of observances. He gave, indeed, a direction that no expenses should be employed; but his desire to be buried in St. Paul's justified what we have done; and all circumstances demanded it. . . . .

"We do not know his circumstances exactly, because we have not been able to estimate the immense collection of pictures, drawings, and prints.[1] They stood him in more than twenty thousand pounds. Taking things at the very worst, I do not think Miss Palmer can have less, when all legacies are discharged, than thirty thousand pounds.[2] It was owing, I believe, to his being obliged to take to his bed sooner than he expected, that poor Sir Joshua neglected even to name his nephews, the Palmers. This is the only unlucky thing. They are deeply hurt, and I do not much wonder at it."

The reader has seen that his will was made in a hurried manner, written with his own hand, and under the apprehension of soon being deprived of sight.

All his property, real and personal, with certain exceptions, he left to his niece Miss Palmer.

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[1] The fine collection of drawings was sold in 1794 at fixed prices. It included 54 by Correggio, 28 by Annibale and 18 by Lodovico Caracci, 70 by Vandyck, 9 by Fra Bartolomeo, 32 by Tintoret, 43 by Giulio Romano, 12 by Leonardo da Vinci, 44 by Michael Angelo, 22 by Rubens, 24 by Raffaele, 19 by Rembrandt, 13 by Titian. The old pictures were sold in 1795 for 10,319*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and in 1796 there was a further sale, by the executors, of pictures, finished and unfinished, sketches, &c., which brought in 4535*l.* 18*s.* The sale of the pictures retained by Lady Thomond (on May 18 and 19, 1821) produced 15,040*l.* 13*s.*, and that of drawings by the old masters, sketches by Sir Joshua, &c., on May 26, brought 962*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

[2] She inherited, I believe, in all nearly 100,000*l.*, and married in this year Murrough, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Thomond. The particulars of the sales of Sir Joshua's pictures and drawings will accompany my Catalogue of his works now in preparation.

These exceptions were, to Mrs. Gwatkin 10,000*l.* in the Three per Cents.; to his sister Miss Frances Reynolds, 2500*l.* in the Funds for life, with the reversion to Miss Palmer; to Mr. Burke 2000*l.*, with the cancelling of a bond for the same amount of money borrowed; to the Earl of Upper Ossory the first choice, and to Lord Palmerston the second choice of any picture of his own painting;[1] to Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., the choice of his Claude Lorraines; to Sir George Beaumont, Bart., the Return of the Ark, by Sebastian Bourdon;[2] the sum of 200*l.* to each of his executors, and the same to Mr. Boswell, to be expended, if they thought proper, in the purchase of a picture at the sale of his paintings, and to be kept for his sake; his miniature of Milton, by Cooper, to Mr. Mason; one of Oliver Cromwell, by the same artist, to Richard Burke, junior; his watch and seals to his nephew William Johnson, then at Calcutta; his picture of the Angel contemplating the Cross, the upper part of the Nativity, to the Duke of Portland; to Mrs. Bunbury the portrait of her son; to Mrs. Gwyn her own portrait, with a turban;[3] 1000*l.* to his old and faithful servant Ralph Kirkley, who had lived with him upwards of thirty years.

[Thus passed away, full of years, wealth, and honours, the greatest painter of the English school, the leading mind of our Academy in its inception and most influential stage, and the man who of all English painters has held highest the social and intellectual dignity of his calling. It is not easy to say in which of these respects English art owes most to him.[1]

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[1] The Earl chose a Venus and Cupid (now in possession of R. Fitzpatrick, Esq.), and Lord Palmerston the Infant Academy, still at Broadlands.

[2] This picture is now in the National Gallery, and is mentioned in one of his Discourses.

[3] Both now at Barton.

The sweet, genial, and gentle character of the man sufficiently appears from the records of his life. Little remains to be added in the way of more general appreciation to Burke's masterly obituary notice. Burke, too, with his usual acuteness, when asked by Malone to put on paper his thoughts about Sir Joshua, seized at once on the leading feature of his mind—the love of generalization.[2]

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[1] It was not till 1813 that a monument to Reynolds was erected in St. Paul's. It is, as it should be, from the hand of Flaxman, and stands the fourth of a company of great men whom he honoured, and by whom he was honoured and loved—Samuel Johnson, William Jones, and John Howard. The inscription by Payne Knight is truer than most epitaphs.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
Pictorum sui sæculi facile principi,
Et splendore et commisturis Colorum,
Alternis Vicibus Luminis et Umbræ,
Sese Mutuo excitantium,
Vix Ulli Veterum secundo;
Qui cum summâ artis gloriâ niteretur,
Et morum suavitate et vitæ elegantiâ
Perinde Commendaretur,
Artem etiam ipsam, per orbem terrarum
Languentem et prope inter mortuam
Exemplis egregie venustis suscitavit
Præceptis exquisite conscriptis illustravit,
Atque Emendatiorem et expolitiorem
Posteris exercendam tradidit,
Laudium ejus fautores et amici
Hanc effigiem posuerunt,
MDCCCXIII.

[2] I owe the following paper (in the autograph, respectively, of Malone and Burke) to the kindness of John Forster, Esq. The portion of Burke's notes in italics is printed for the first time:—

"These short notes," says Malone, "were written by Mr. Burke in consequence of my requesting him to throw his thoughts on paper relative to *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, while I was employed in drawing up the account of Sir Joshua which was published in 4to. in the latter part of April, 1797. But Mr. Burke, being very ill from

In my criticisms of his lectures I have pointed out the influence—often misleading, as I conceive—of this

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the beginning of that year, could do no more than put down these few hints; which, after his death, were transmitted to me. They were not, however, found till January, 1798, when a great part of the Life in the 8vo. form was worked off. However, I contrived to insert *almost* the whole of this paper. The observation that Sir J. R. had 'a strong turn for humour' I had made myself before, and had added to my former account. I adopted, however, Mr. B.'s expression that he quickly saw the weak side of things."—E. M.

"He was a great generaliser, and was fond of reducing everything to one system; more perhaps than the variety of principles which operate in the human mind, and in every human work, will properly endure. But this disposition to abstractions, generalizations, and classifications, is the great glory of the human mind; that, indeed, which most distinguishes man from other animals, and is the source of everything that can be called science. I believe his early acquaintance with Mr. Mudge, of Exeter, a very learned and thinking man, much inclined to philosophise in the spirit of the Platonists, disposed him to this habit. He certainly by that means liberalised in a high degree the theory of his own art; and if he had been more methodically instituted in the early part of his life, and had possessed more leisure for study and reflection, he would, in my opinion, have pursued this method with great success. *He had a strong turn for humour, and well saw the weak sides of things. He enjoyed every circumstance of his good fortune, and had no affectation on that subject. And I do not know a fault or weakness of his that he did not convert into something that bordered on a virtue, instead of pushing it to the confines of a vice.*"—E. B.

On receipt of the first edition of Malone's book, Burke, then dying, wrote the following characteristic letter (not before published):—

"My dear Sir,—I have received your valuable present; very valuable indeed from what it contains of your own, as well as of the works of our inestimable friend. Your Life of him is worthy of the subject, which is to say a great deal. I have read over not only that Life, but some part of the Discourses, with an unusual sort of pleasure; partly because, being faded a little on my memory, they have a sort of appearance of novelty, partly by reviving recollections mixed with melancholy and satisfaction. The Flemish journal I had never seen before. You trace in that, everywhere, the spirit of the Discourses, supported by new examples. He is always the same man, the same philosophical, the same artist-like critic, the same sagacious observer, with the same minuteness without the smallest degree of trifling. I find but one thing material which you have omitted in his Life. You state very properly how much he owed to the writings and conversation of Johnson; and nothing shows more the greatness of Sir Joshua's parts than his taking advantage of both, and making some application of them to his profession, when Johnson neither understood nor desired to understand anything of painting, and had no distinct idea of its nomenclature even in those parts which had got most into use in common life. But though Johnson had done very much to enlarge tendency to generalize on his theories of his art. But, with all their faults, these lectures remain one of the

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and strengthen his habit of thinking, Sir J. did not owe his first rudiments of speculation to him. He has always told me that he owed his first dispositions to generalise and to view things in the abstract to old Mr. Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter and brother to the celebrated mechanic of that name. I have seen myself Mr. Mudge the clergyman at Sir Joshua's house. He was a learned and venerable old man, and, as I thought, very much conversant in the Platonic philosophy, and very fond of that method of philosophising. He had been originally a dissenting minister, a description which at that time bred very considerable men both among those who adhered to it and those who left it. He had entirely cured himself of the unpleasant narrowness which in the early part of his life had distinguished these gentlemen, and was perfectly free from that ten times more dangerous enlargement which has been since then their general characteristic. Sir J. Reynolds had always a great love for the whole of that family, and took a great interest in whatever related to them. His acquaintance with the Mudges ought to be reckoned among the earliest of his literary connexions. If the work should come to a second edition, I hope you will not omit this very material circumstance in the institution of a mind like that of our friend. It was from him that I first got a view of the few that have been published of Mr. Mudge's Sermons, and on conversing afterwards with Mr. Mudge I found great traces of Sir Joshua Reynolds in him, and, if I may say so, much of the manner of the master. I cannot finish this part of my letter without thanking you for the very kind manner in which you are pleased to speak of me—far, indeed, beyond anything which I can have a claim to, except from your extraordinary good nature.

"There is a matter, which I am now going to mention to you, which is so full of delicacy that I should not dare to touch it except through the confidential hand of our friend Dr. King, who has been charitable enough to visit me here, and so condescending as to employ himself for me in the manner that you see. You mention the copy money for which you have agreed with the bookseller. If I were to consider that the Life which you have written is entirely your own work, and that the compilation has been made and superintended by your own care, in common justice the money is your property; but if you should consider yourself, perhaps too generously, as holding the money in trust for Lady Inchiquin as an executor, permit me to remind you of one circumstance, and to entreat you to touch it as delicately as possible to Lady Inchiquin. When one wishes to pay homage to the memory of departed eminence, in a friend with whose cast of complexion and turn of mind we are acquainted, we ought to do it in the way in which, if living, we know that he would have desired. I can say with certainty that nothing would have given him more pleasure than to be assured that a monument should be erected to his memory in St. Paul's church. He had too proper a sense of reputation to give any such thing in charge to his representatives. You remember that after his death it was talked of in his Club, and in a manner resolved upon, that a monument should be erected for him, the basis of which should be laid in the subscriptions of most valuable contributions to the criticism of the Fine Arts at a time when opinion on such matters was singularly timid, and all but trammelled to helplessness by cant and convention.

My judgment of the painter's qualities will be found implicitly conveyed in my remarks on his chief pictures as they were exhibited. But if a more general estimate be here required, I would claim, first, for Reynolds a place among the men who have *added* essential qualities to portraiture. Northcote asserted this claim for him, and, I think, justly. I find myself endorsing heartily almost everything Northcote has

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the Club. As I was a large legatee, I was willing to subscribe 100*l.* Now I do not know how the money arising from his works can be so well employed as in further contributing to his fame, in a way connected with the Arts and appropriate to his particular relish. And if you do not choose to make your own use of your own money, I do not know in what way it can be better applied. I am sensible of the enormous price which the fashionable artists demand for works of this kind. But I know that there are others of less name, but of merit which Sir J. R. would not think contemptible, who would execute a very handsome monument for 1500*l.*; towards making up which, besides the 350*l* and my 100*l.*, Lord and Lady Inchiquin would naturally wish to be very liberal contributors. The Club, his friends, and his fame, would do the rest—at least I fancy so. All this, however, I submit to your judgment, without any reservation of a farther opinion of my own. You will speak to Mr. Metcalfe about it, of course.

"As to myself, in whom you are pleased to take an interest, my health is so variable that I do not know well what to say upon the subject. When I wish to turn my thoughts abroad, I see nothing but what tends to make my retreat even into the feelings of my own illness a sort of consolation. Great means of power destroyed by mean, pusillanimous, and most mistaken measures in the use of them. Everything menacing from abroad, everything convulsed within—the violent convulsions of feeble nerves. As to what has happened in Ireland, I expected nothing else from what has been done in that country. There, I doubt, we do not so much agree about the cause, as we must concur in sorrow concerning the melancholy fact of the situation of that country. I shall, therefore, say no more upon this subject; but most cordially wish for success in all your most virtuous and liberal pursuits, as long as the state of the world will permit you to continue them.

"I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate and obliged humble servant,

"ED. BURKE.

"Bath, 4th May, 1797."

left in the way of criticism on Reynolds, and I do not think just appreciation could be put into better words than these :—

"Though Sir Joshua," Northcote remarked to Hazlitt,[1] "borrowed a great deal, he drew largely from himself: or rather it was a strong and peculiar feeling of nature working in him and forcing its way out in spite of all impediments, and that made whatever he touched his own. In spite of his deficiency in drawing and his want of academic rules and a proper education, you see this breaking out like a devil in all his works. It is this that has stamped him. There is a charm in his portraits, a mingled softness and force, a grasping at the end, with nothing harsh or unpleasant in the means, that you will find nowhere else. He may go out of fashion for a time, but you must come back to him again, while a thousand imitators and academic triflers are forgotten. This proves him to have been a real genius. The same thing, however, made him a very bad master. He knew nothing of rules, which are alone to be taught, and he could not communicate his instinctive feeling of beauty or character to others."

It is his feeling of beauty and grace in women and children—triumphing over all the oddity or ugliness of dress which beset his time—and his grasp of character in men, which gives the ineffable charm recognised in good portraits by Sir Joshua. All the people he paints seem, as it were, irradiated by something of amiability, breeding, and sense that comes from the painter. And herein, no doubt, lies much of the secret of effect in all fine portraiture. It depends more on what emanates from the painter than the sitter, and comes to its best in cases where there is a subtle harmony and intercommunication of appreciation and esteem or regard between painter and sitter. I cannot separate the character of Reynolds — calm, simple, unfussy, amiable, and tolerant, prompt to kindly construction of words and things, keenly relishing life and character and social enjoyments, yet not overvaluing money or distinction—from the delightfulness of his pictures. A man of more aspiring genius would inevitably have quarrelled with his time. He seems to have had just the calibre of mind to appreciate what was best in it; to live the fairest, honestest, worthiest life in its most valuable society; and to hand down to us, as in a mirror, the outward appearance of those who made that society.

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[1] Third Conversation.

It is as a portrait-painter he won his fame and will keep it. In his subject-pictures the defects of his technical knowledge are too great to be mastered by any countervailing power he could bring to such work. He was as little in earnest about it as was compatible with his honest nature. He is best in it when he comes closest to portraiture.

Apart from their charms of grace, beauty, and character, and looking at their purely technical qualities, his pictures are to be praised with great reservation. Fine sentiment of colour and happy disposition of light and shadow can rarely be denied them even in second-rate examples. On the other hand, his work is often deficient in solidity, showing flat tinted surfaces instead of the true effects of graduated colour on salient or retiring forms. His earlier works (before 1770) are, as a rule, better in point of modelling, though not of effect, than his later ones. That charm of indistinct outline, which Northcote selected for praise—"waning and retiring, now losing and then recovering itself again"—is almost unfailing, at least in pictures or parts of pictures from his own hand, and not the draperyman's. But his imperfect knowledge of the chemistry of colour, and his somewhat reckless ventures after effect through combinations of pigments and media, have played havoc with hundreds of his pictures, and branded them with the stigma of "evanescence" even more widely than they deserve. The cleaner, in many of these cases, has, I believe, far more to answer for than the experimentalist. But Reynolds must be admitted ignorant of much that to painters under happier conditions was rudimentary knowledge. And we can only excuse his recklessness in experimenting by the intense craving for force and truth of effect that lay at the bottom of it. He felt deeply and almost impatiently the gulf between the technical merits of his pictures and those of the great Venetians or Rembrandt, whom at different epochs he worshipped with equal reverence. I have no doubt his inferiority to these men in power, in mastery of materials, and in certainty of method, was just as apparent to Sir Joshua as it is to any unbiassed judge who now compares his pictures with those of Titian, Rembrandt, or Velasquez. His drawing, too, of limbs and the trunk was always slight: it never goes beyond suggestion, it frequently suggests imperfectly, and is often quite wrong. But he could draw faces admirably with the brush; his attitudes and hands have generally great character; and even in bodies and limbs it is astonishing how much the charm of his sentiment and colour blinds us to careless or wrong drawing.

We should never forget, in estimating Reynolds, that no painter's work includes a wider range of various merit between the best and worst examples. He painted such a vast mass of portraits—I am still afraid to fix their total—and employed draperymen and journeymen so much in repetitions and in draperies and backgrounds, that it is very difficult to say what pictures or parts of pictures are the actual handiwork of the master, even when the evidence of their having come from the Leicester Fields studio, or nest of studios, is quite satisfactory.

Estimating Reynolds at his best, he stands high among the great portrait-painters of the world, and has achieved as distinct a place for himself in their ranks as Titian or Tintoret, Velasquez or Rembrandt. No English painter has a place beside him in this noble army of artists except Gainsborough, who in many technical points may be pronounced his superior, though his range of power is far narrower. Of Sir Joshua's special technical methods and their defects and dangers I have spoken in the course of this book, as of his most remarkable pictures, and of the merits and weaknesses—in my humble judgment—of his æsthetic theories.]

APPENDIX.

(Page 334.)

The following letter from Sir Joshua to Burke has not been before printed:—

To EDMUND BURKE.

Brussels, Aug. 2nd, 1781.

DEAR SIR,—We arrived at Brussels the thirtieth, and shall probably set out this evening for Antwerp. Nothing hitherto has happened worth mentioning, nor have we seen any pictures better than we have at home.

Ghent and Alost have two or three pictures of Rubens, and Brussels perhaps a dozen; the people seem to make so much of his works that it requires some circumspection not to run on the other side. Though pictures hitherto have not answered our expectation, we have been very well amused, and pass our time very agreeably. Yesterday we dined at Mr. Fitzherbert's, with the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Lenon, and we all behaved very well. I don't know whether I might not expect too much, but I thought Mr. Fitz would have laid himself out more for our amusement; he has returned our visit and given us a dinner, or rather let us dine with him at the same time with the Duke of Richmond, and that's all.

The Emperor will probably not return to Brussels; he has left an impression on every rank of people very much to his honour. The Duchess of Chandos recommended to him in a very absurd manner the Princess Royal for a wife. The Emperor said he was too old for her; but she would not accept the excuse, and added that her Duke was as much older than she was, and yet they lived very happily together. Mr. Fitzherbert said the Emperor told this to every person he saw that day.

We propose going to Dusseldorf, consequently shall take the Spa in our way. I write with continual interruption; having so little to say, and so little time to say that little, that I believe I should not have ventured to have wrote if I had not had an opportunity of enclosing my letter in a cover to Mr. Fraser. The chaise is at the door for Antwerp, where, if anything occur, you will hear from me again. We shall stay there, as we do at every other place, just as long as we can amuse ourselves, and hitherto we have been exactly of the same opinion.

Yours,

Joshua Reynolds.

(Page 423.)

From a Manuscript Journal of Miss C. Fanshawe.

(Communicated to me by the Hon. Miss Finch.)

". . . . Passed an hour with Mrs. Siddons.

". . . . She talked of the portraits that had been made of her, and the painful fatigue that several painters gave her by trying a variety of attitudes; while Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whose portrait of her as the Tragic Muse she was alone satisfied, had led her to the chair, and desired her to choose her own position. She immediately placed herself in that which he has so happily adopted. It is well known that he wrote his name (where it was, he said, his ambition that it should remain inscribed) upon the hem of her robe. I admired the sober grandeur of the colouring—almost an absence of colour—which contributed to the sublimity of that noble composition. She told me that she was almost upon her knees to him not to disturb those noble hues by a variety of rich and glowing colours which he would otherwise have introduced. She does not think he painted the duplicate, now in the possession of Lord Grosvenor: The original is at Dulwich College."

In these latter points Mrs. Siddons was mistaken, or Miss F. has misunderstood her.

THE END.

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